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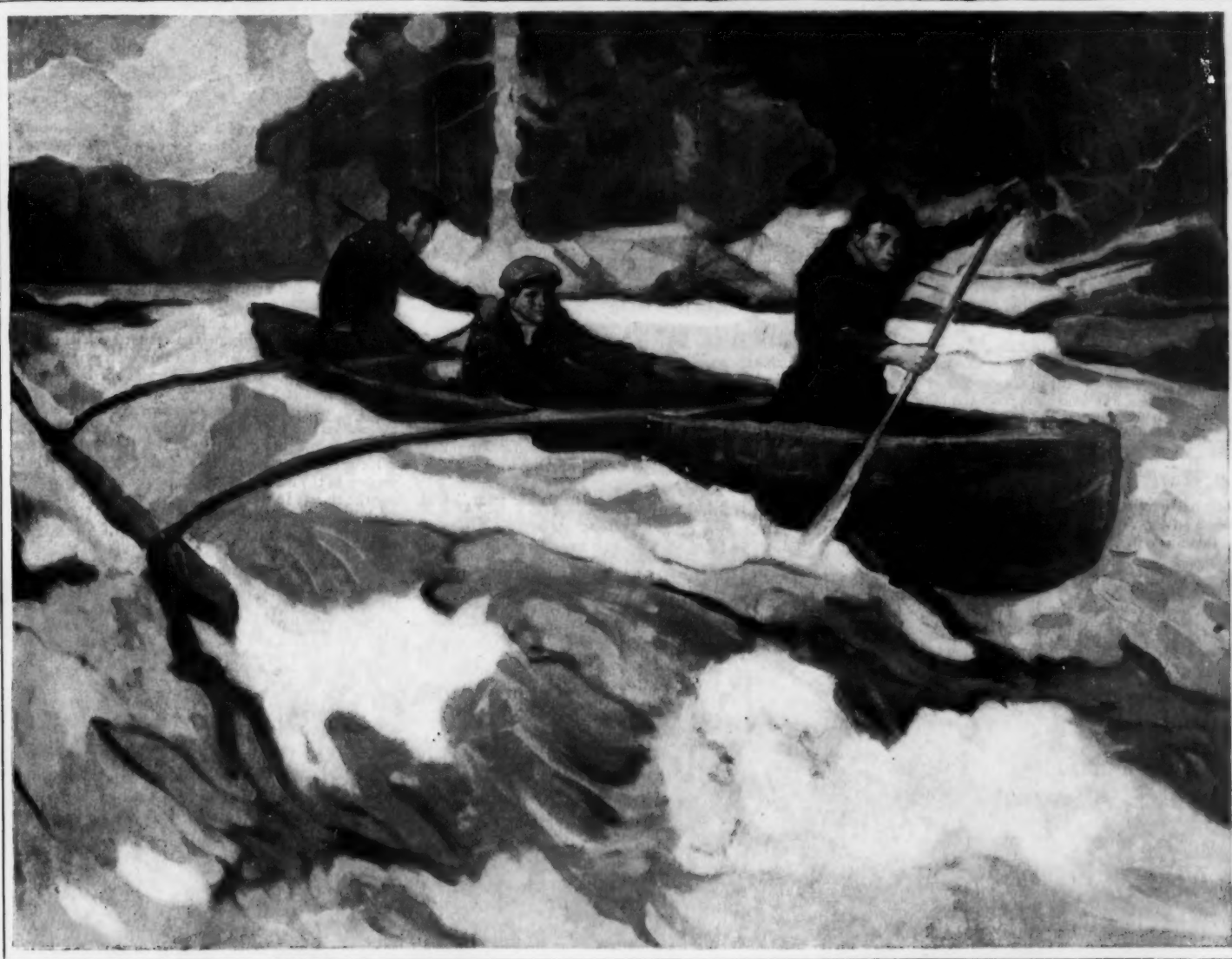
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 103

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 3



The rapids were terrible. Among the rocks roared torrents of white water lashed into foam. Jimmy yelled to the brothers to grab hold and hang on like grim death

[PAGE 156]

Splintershin Camp

The Long Story Complete in This Issue

By E. E. Harriman

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SCHOONOVER

JIMMY! Jimmy Lanning wanted! Jim! A red-haired stenographer was calling from the side door of the office, and Jimmy jumped up at once.

"Coming," he shouted and ran, knowing that T. P. Grier liked a quick response.

"Come right in, Jimmy," boomed the voice of President Grier. "There is no time to be

formal. I am bogged down and need a long pry pole and a husky boy to use it. You know my daughter, Mrs. Nancy Kent, has two boys. Well, Nancy packed off Willis and Walter to Marshall's Military School. It is on the river bank, sixty miles from here, and those youngsters are supposed to be learning more in a week, there, than they would in a month in our city schools.

"All went fairly well," continued President Grier, "until last night, when Mrs. Kent got a long-distance message from a woman teacher who has Willis in her

English class. They have a rattlehead professor of chemistry, who has gone nutty over having boys learn camping and all the attendant rough stuff. He knows nothing about it himself, but says it is ideal in developing a boy. Which is perfectly true, if the boy has it properly administered. Now I camped out a lot when I was young, but I had an uncle who taught me how to do it, until I was able to manage my own affairs. Nancy has always objected to having her boys exposed to a lot of dangers, so they know absolutely nothing of camp-

ing except a little gathered from camping within half a mile of this school, when they packed from the school kitchen!

"Now the school is closed for a month on account of an epidemic of measles. The two Kents were away when it broke out, so they are not quarantined. This chemical prof, Andrews, has allowed those town boys, sixteen and fourteen, to take a boat, load it up from the village and go off up the river in a rowboat, to camp and fish. Their mother is all worked up over it, and insists upon my doing something to save her boys. You can do it for me. You were born in the big timber country, weren't you?"

"Yes, I lived there until I was fifteen," answered Jim. "And you have been with us two years. All right then, Jimmy. I feel that you are level-headed enough and trustworthy enough to be sent out after those two tenderfoot victims. I assume that you know camping,

camp cookery and all of the real backwoodsman's tricks. Do you, Jimmy? Talk straight now."

"I only know one way to talk in such a case, Mr. Grier. My father was a real backwoodsman, and he taught me all he knew; then he had a Chippewa chief add something to my education. I can say that I know a good bit about living out-doors and all it means in work, exposure and discomforts, as well as the joy it brings."

"Good. Then this is what I want you to do. Take a note from me to the various stores and buy a good outfit, everything you need. Then take the train to that school, learn all you can from the chemistry professor about the plans Willis and Walter made; then follow them until you find them. Think you can find them and bring them out safely?"

"I can find them, and I can bring them out if they are as reasonable a pair as they should be; but there are some difficulties."

"You think they may be unreasonable, hey? My grandsons!"

"I am not criticising the boys, but think how any boy would feel if he had been given permission to make such a trip and then had another boy, only a year older, sent in to haul him back. It will hurt, Mr. Grier. Can't you see that it would?"

"Bless my soul! I keep forgetting your age, Jimmy. I guess you know boys better than I do. Go back to your work, and I will speak to Mrs. Kent right after lunch. Then we can talk turkey."

Jimmy hurried back to his job of racking up lumber in a drying shed and heard no more from the big boss until one o'clock. Then he came in answer to another call and found Mrs. Kent fidgeting in the office, while her father and husband tried to calm her nervousness.

"Jimmy," said Mr. Grier. "The general opinion is that you know the mind of a boy pretty well, and Nancy has left it to her husband and dad to say what shall be done about her boys. She doesn't want you to lead them into danger."

"I should be glad if somebody would explain," said Jimmy mildly. "I do not understand. I thought my job was to be one of leading away from real danger, and nothing more."

"Now, Jimmy," said Mr. Grier, "my daughter looks upon this expedition much as she would a journey into the Brazilian forests, where poisonous snakes grow ten feet long or more and anacondas to a length of thirty feet. Now, you are to take the train from here to the school, carrying a pack. Then you are to go up the river, locate the boys and be their main prop, guide, cook and mentor, for a month. How you will manage is entirely up to you. We are not planning to give you orders or advice. I have had a note typed for you to carry. Here it is."

Jimmy took the open sheet handed him and read it, while a slow red crept up his neck and face to his hair.

"Dear boys," it said. "This is Jimmy Lanning, who knows the timber country and the art of camping in comfort. Pump him dry and take him on your journey as a new bit of equipment, guaranteed to be worth having. Enjoy yourselves and trust Jimmy to double your good times and save a lot of hard knocks in doing it. He is a real one, boys. J. P. Grier."

"I will do my best, Mr. Grier."

"If I had any doubts about that, I would never send you."

"I want to take my dog," said Jimmy. "He is worth as much as a man on a trip like this. I can leave anything in his charge, and he will never let man or beast touch it. Then he will trail anybody. Mrs. Kent, if I find your boys have left the river and gone into the woods, I can find them there easily by letting him sniff anything one of them had worn and then setting him on the track. And he is a fine hunting dog."

"Hunting? Why, what—"

"Jimmy plans to depend on his rifle for meat," said Mr. Grier.

"Oh!"

AT two-o'clock, Jimmy climbed on the train and left the city, with a new suit of outing clothes, new sixteen-inch laced boots, said to be made of leather as nearly waterproof as human ingenuity can make leather, his rifle, a Winchester 22 W. R. F., a light pack containing three pounds of hardtack, some salt, one woolen blanket and a light, waterproofed canvas ground cloth, besides a good supply of shells for the rifle, and new undergarments and wool socks. Mrs. Kent talked herself hoarse over his taking so few things and especially so little food. He merely said it was better to scabble for food than to burden himself in packing an unnecessary load. Now his dog stood in the baggage car and looked out calmly, because Jimmy had ordered him in there and told him to stay there, and, being a one-man dog, nothing else mattered to him.

Dog and boy got out within a mile of the school and walked out to interview Andrews, the professor of chemistry. Jimmy found him to be as green as a willow sprout and about as pliable; a man who had a habit of becoming tremendously enthusiastic, without having much solid knowledge to back his eagerness.

"The boys had a good boat and a fine camp outfit, with plenty of food," Andrews assured him. "They had talked with an old riverman who does odd jobs around the school, until they were wild to go, and he told them that he had made the trip with another man, and there was no really bad water. They could make it without difficulty, he said, and he mapped out the way to avoid the worst rapids. I am not worrying about the boys, because they carried this man's maps and written directions."

"Two experienced and powerful rivermen would be quite different from two young boys who are totally inexperienced," Jimmy said, mildly.

He spent the night with the old riverman, heard his version of the matter and got a lot of information regarding the river. In the morning, he set out upon his quest, with his dog trotting beside him. He kept always within view of the river, yet did not try to follow its



Soundlessly Jim lifted his rifle as he saw the deer drinking, close at hand [PAGE 130]



For days, Jimmy whittled and dug and gouged at the dugout
[PAGE 154]

bank, or even to parallel all its curves. He walked with an easy swing that took him along at a good gait, but he did not try to hurry, knowing the truth of the old English adage: "Easy and fair goes far in a day."

Jimmy's dog was a mongrel, with short hair and a powerful body, long jaws of great strength, and good legs capable of great speed. The dog was devoted to his master, obedient to the slightest word or sign. That first day, a little after noon, Jimmy noticed that Pharaoh, the dog, smelled something enticing. He began to quiver, sniff the air and glance up at his master. Jimmy had made his lunch on one piece of hard-tack, and he knew that he would need something more by evening. Now he spoke to Pharaoh softly.

"What is it, boy? Something good? All right, go get it."

In an instant the dog was away, head high, nostrils wide, quartering through the small trees and bushes. Presently he lowered his head to a trail of some kind, whined and began to travel faster. All at once there came a flash of brown, and the dog yelped and leaped into a run. In and out and around he coursed at a speed that made his avoidance of trees a matter to wonder over; then he disappeared. Presently he came trotting back and laid at Jimmy's feet a dead hare which he had run down.

"Our supper, Pharaoh. Bully for you," said Jimmy, picking it up.

And that evening boy and dog dined on hard-tack and broiled hare beside a tiny brook that ran down to the river far north of the school.

All went well until he kindled a fire against a ledge to heat the rock and ground to keep him warm through the night. As the flames rose and flickered against the rock ledge, a raucous voice hailed him out of the dusky gloom. It was savage, ugly and rasping.

"I never allow tramps to start fires on my land," said the voice.

"You are perfectly right in making that rule," Jimmy answered at once. "But, as I can prove that I am not a tramp and that I have taken all precautions to prevent my fire from spreading, suppose you come where I am and examine my credentials. It will only take a minute to show you."

A husky and surly-looking young farmer appeared and paused near the fire. Jimmy grinned at him pleasantly and reached into his coat pocket after a leather folder.

"Ever hear of T. P. Grier, the lumberman?" he asked. "Worked for him three years," the man grumbled, "but what has T. P. in this?"

"Read this note, and it may enlighten you."

Before the man had time to comment, Jimmy was on his feet, showing that he had cleared away all inflammable stuff before lighting a flame, that he had used only driftwood from the river, and that he was observing every rule of the conservationists to protect growing trees. He had extended his protective measures to care for bushes.

"You don't need to say a word more," the man exclaimed. "If T. P. likes you this much, you can have a bed in my house and a breakfast."

"Thank you, sir, but if you don't mind, the dog and I will sleep here and get away early. Our breakfast is already provided for."

Jimmy had kept one hare's leg for breakfast, the other leg and the loins having made him a very satisfying dinner. He traveled on in this fashion for four days, finding the dead ashes of campfires left by the two boys he followed, and living off hard-tack and game run down or shot as he journeyed. Big, fat gray squirrels, hares, grouse and one duck kept him well fed, and he knew how to keep warm at night.

At the end of the fourth day he knew that he must be getting close to the pair he sought, for a still-smoking campfire proved it. The boys had not hurried, but had made many stops along the way, fishing or just loafing to enjoy their new freedom. In this last camp they had tried to build a shelter, and had made a botch of it, since they had had no instruction in doing such work. Their disgust was manifest in the way they had kicked the poor attempt into a mass of wreckage.

"Poor boys! They wouldn't let it stand to show others how little they knew," Jimmy reflected.

Signs told him that they had not slept here, but had moved on just after demolishing the hut. He found their sleeping place in the morning, about a mile further upstream, where they had built a great fire of driftwood on a rocky shore and made their bed too close, and then had dragged it farther away. Again his sympathy for the boys who did not know how to camp grew greater.

"Grown men have made the same mistakes," Jimmy thought. "Half of them would make just as poor a showing if they had to rustle their own stuff. So would I if my father hadn't wanted me to learn as much outdoor stuff as possible."

He found five coals still glowing under a cover of light gray ashes, and Pharaoh discovered where the

boys had dumped scorched eggs which they had tried to scramble. His amazement was great over eggs as part of a camping outfit of grub. Next thing he knew he might stumble on proof that they carried butter along! Jimmy snorted in derision. He followed till noon and found a place where the boys had made a fire, cleaned fish on a rock, and fried them. Again they had used too hot a fire and had dumped scorched food. Jimmy looked at the place where they had tried to cook, and the sooted rocks told him of a fire leaping high, utterly impossible as a cooking fire. He decided that the boys must have help or they would have little chance of escaping indigestion. He hurried his departure from the place and walked more rapidly.

He was keeping well back from the river, because of irregular ridges and hills that made travel nearer to it difficult. In general he kept on high ground so that he could watch the river, but occasionally he went down into a dip and lost sight of the flowing current for some distance. He descended one dip at four o'clock, and when he again came up to a clear view he had passed a sharp bend in the stream. The river shore was very rocky and had been so for miles. Now he saw the first stretch of sand beach he had seen in many hours, with a few birch trees along it and a clump of basswood trees. More than that, he saw a boat in the river.

Jimmy hurried up a long rise to a ridge, from which his view was clear and perfect. There he paused to see what those in the boat meant to do. He wished to be sure. They might be the Kent boys, and they might not. Now he could make out a strip of land above the beach, with a few scattered trees on it, an attractive-looking location for a camp, he thought. Evidently the persons in the boat thought as he did, for they were heading for the sand, one rowing and the other steering with a paddle.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 149]

Following the Lindbergh Circle

This article, fourth of the series
how airways are linking

"Lindbergh Flies On," tells
the Americas

By Earl Reeves



Photo by Valtz, Havana

Colonel Lindbergh takes the controls of the General New, the giant Fokker tri-motor F-VIII, one of the planes on the Pan-American Airways Cuban run

THE silent backer of Lindbergh and of Byrd has begun to link the Americas with air lines. A scant year ago he said this thing was but a dream of the distant future. It ranked as one of those things which "couldn't be done"—for many years at least.

But a "Lone Eagle" of our acquaintance soared through uncharted skies above Central and South America and the West Indies—lining out the "Lindbergh Circle"; the son of an Iowa blacksmith blazed a longer Pan-American trail—leading, this month, to the White House; and the thing which "could not be done" is being done.

This business of shrinking the maps of our geography books proceeds at a pace which fairly leaves one gasping.

I have written on aviation; nevertheless, it came as a surprise to me that almost thirteen thousand miles of passenger and mail air lines were planned, tying North, Central and South America together. Before people generally knew of the whole project, four thousand miles of these air lines were in operation. I have been told that the entire system "cannot possibly" be placed in operation during 1929; and my "guess" is that very nearly all of it will be on some sort of schedule by mid-summer. That is the way aviation is moving.

The man primarily responsible for shrinking the map of the Western Hemisphere is well worthy of acquaintance, and of a prominent place in this series.

When I had met and talked with him, and from some of his associates had learned of his history, it struck me that, if English victories in battle may be said to be won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, then "Dick" Hoyt won his victory in peace on the cinder path of prep school and college.

The idea behind the English saying is, of course, that the tenacity and gameness which win for Britain have their real origin in school sports. I apply this same theory to Hoyt because he was a distance runner—and particularly because he ran the quarter in gruelling mile relay races.

Every quarter-miler, in every race, does a thing that "can't be done": he runs at top speed about a hundred yards farther than it is physically possible to run at top speed. The last hundred he does less on muscle power than on will power.

This may explain why a Pan-American Airways system is being built, and quickly, years ahead of expectations. It may explain Richard F. Hoyt himself, and why he is emerging as one of the three great "Empire Builders of the Air." The other two are C. M. Keys and Edward Boeing; and each of the three controls engine plants, airplane factories and air lines. They

may be compared with Harriman, Hill or Gould, historic railway builders.

Richard Hoyt was born in the town in Massachusetts which bears the name of the famous Colonial silversmith, Paul Revere. Although he grew up in Brookline, "the richest town in the United States," his father, whose business was shoe-findings, was well-to-do, rather than wealthy.

After attending grammar school there, Dick Hoyt attended the Volkman preparatory school, in Boston, where it was discovered that he had a pair of swift legs, plus a stamina not indicated by his slender frame.

The result was renown in relay races. At Harvard it was found that this stamina, which carried Dick Hoyt through, was a thing of even deeper reserves, and he ran the distances and also in cross-country races. He was a swift and expert swimmer, and found time for a variety of college activities, as well as for winning a high scholarship standing. For the last he was awarded the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key.

He left Harvard with an A.B. degree, "magna cum laude,"—having completed also many courses toward a civil engineer's degree,—and entered the banking business in New York. He has become the second



In oval, Richard F. Hoyt, who has helped to make aviation on the "Lindbergh Circle" commercially possible. Above, the huge 850 h. p. Sikorsky S-38 amphibian used on the trans-oceanic service between Miami and Nassau, in the Bahamas. It is convertible from land plane to flying boat in 30 seconds

Again: Lindbergh Flies On!

WHILE this article was being put into type it was announced that Colonel Lindbergh had become, in addition to his myriad of other duties, technical adviser to Pan-American Airways—the importance of which in aviation plans of the future is so graphically described in this article. Colonel Lindbergh will pass on all equipment, plan fields and lay out the air routes which will link the Americas together.

It is the opinion of experts that Herbert Hoover, as a result of his good-will trip to South America, had a hand in the "drafting" of Lindbergh for this, his latest job.—*The Editor.*

senior partner of a very big banking house; and if you think that puts him clear out of sight beyond a boy's horizon, let me hasten to add that when I last saw him he was disappearing through a door with a roll of blueprints under his arm—banker-engineer-aviator—ready to "play" for an hour or two at building a gigantic new aviation factory. He was chief civilian assistant to the commander of the airplane engineering division at McCook Field, Dayton, in wartime; and later he was secretary of the Wright-Martin Company and assistant to the president of the Wright Motor and Aircraft Corporation at New Brunswick, N. J.

The First Air-Commuter

He is a pilot. Eight years ago, when planes were not what they are today, one owned by him burst into flames and descended into Long Island Sound.

For years, Hoyt motor-boats have helped clip minutes and seconds off speed records. His Teaser won the coveted International Trophy Cup. His racing yachts have given similarly worthy accounts of themselves.

Finally, Hoyt was the first man in the United States to use a big amphibian plane for commuting purposes, between his summer home in Marion, Massachusetts, and the foot of Wall Street, East River, New York.

High among the once-in-a-lifetime thrills, I had rated the experience of a boy of our town—son of a Wright official who was taken for an aerial joy-ride by Colonel Lindbergh, and then proudly took him to lunch at the Country Club. But that fairly pales to insignificance beside the experience of Eleanor Hoyt, sixteen. She scooted in behind the controls of her father's big eight-passenger amphibian "yacht" and herself piloted an aerial joy-ride, carrying Colonel Lindbergh as a passenger.

"Well?" the Colonel was asked, when the trip was over.

"She certainly has it for flying," Lindbergh said, with enthusiasm, and in saying it conferred an accolade—because for him the knighthood of the air is made up of those who fly by instinct.

Richard Hoyt financed the ill-fated transatlantic-flight attempt of Commander Noel Davis. He helped finance the flight of his friend Commander Byrd over the North Pole. Over Hoyt's desk in New York hangs, framed, an American flag which Lindbergh carried to Paris. Perhaps he did these things as an engineer-sportsman. As a banker-engineer he directs, as chairman, the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, maker of the famous "Whirlwind" motor; Pan-American Airways, of which more later; Keystone Aviation, builder of giant passenger transports, with which Loening, builder of amphibians, and Travel Air lately have been combined.

The project of linking the Americas is one to stir the imagination. The first links have been welded because of this young man named



Photo by Levick from Loening Aero Eng. Corp.

Colonel Lindbergh's Keystone-Loening amphibian air yacht. The first two planes of this new type that came off the assembling line went to Colonel Lindbergh and Richard F. Hoyt.

Lindbergh, who somehow seems to loom so largely on the aeronautical horizon, in whatever direction you may turn.

A year ago, in an interview, Hoyt himself branded the project as a dream. The peoples of Pan-America were not ready for it; the industry was not ready for it; the governments were not ready. It could not be done.

But when Lindbergh had flown that famous "circle," around the Caribbean Sea, a change began—in the interest of peoples, in the growth of the industry, in the eagerness of governments to see something done. He moved the clock forward five years—or perhaps ten—as regards this international aviation development.

President Coolidge appointed a commission; experts of all kinds began to function, estimating, figuring, surveying—finally laying out tentative routes. And just here comes another "confirmation of Lindbergh"—if he needs any. When the experts had weighed all the factors which determine a best air route—and these factors are many, and of them many are deeply scientific—then the route map was drawn. Over the north coast of South America, through Central America and the West Indies, the route laid out by the experts never varied by more than a few miles from "the Lindbergh Circle": it followed almost identically the route he had flown by instinct.

Above the West Indies today twelve-passenger Fokkers fly, along the trail blazed by Lindbergh—up over Moro Castle, in Havana harbor, and the spot where the Maine was sunk; above San Juan Hill, where "Rough Riders" won immortality under a man named Roosevelt; above the Santo Domingo coast and the ruins of a fort into the building of which went the timbered skeleton of the Santa Maria, after the ship of the Great Discoverer had rested for years as a bleached pile of wreckage upon a rocky coast; above the city of Santo Domingo—and there below lies a cathedral beneath whose floor were buried Christopher Columbus and his son, Diego.

High above mountainous Haiti we fly to avoid turbulent air currents which toss a tiny two-seater plane about like a cork upon the waves. From our twelve thousand feet of altitude we could, if we wished, shut off all three engines and coast for fifteen miles or more.

We have been traveling here, the West Indies line, 1440 miles long, from Miami to San Juan, Porto Rico,

at 125 miles an hour. Frequently, heretofore, the quickest way to travel from San Juan to Havana has been by taking a steamer for New York, and another back to Cuba.

A second line runs from Miami to Nassau, capital of the Bahamas. It was San Salvador, of this group, which Columbus sighted in 1492. This is a short hop of two hours; steamer time is sixteen hours.

A third route connects Havana with Panama, via Yucatan and the several Central American republics. In the beginning, the flying time for this 1800 miles was nineteen hours—three short days in the air, and two overnight stops. The steamer time: seven days. A slower amphibian was used for

can Airways are bringing speed of 125 miles an hour.

In a sense it may be said that there is an international race on to bring to our neighbor republics the benefits of fast-air transport.

In Colombia a German line is operating already, traversing in a few hours distances which in certain seasons require several days. A second German aviation company, subsidiary to the famous "Lufthansa," of Berlin, has established air lines in Argentina. "Aeropostale," owned by the French, operates along the east coast of South America.

At the risk of taking you away from that subject of eager interest which aviation has become of late, I should like to hammer home a point here.

There is a very sound reason why Presidents Coolidge and Hoover have wished to see this project of linking the Americas by air pushed through to a quick conclusion. It is a reason which may mean money in your pocket some day; it will even determine the jobs in life of many who read this magazine.

You have read in your history books of the migrations of peoples, of the pushing forward of new frontiers, of romantic incident, and of the building of fortunes which have followed the path of the pioneer. The "new frontier" is Latin-America; and particularly South America.

The miner's pick and the "six-shooter" may not be so prominent as trimmings of the new



Passengers seated in the interior of a Pan-American Airways plane, en route from Miami.

water-landings where fields were not yet ready; faster land planes will cut this trip to two days. It somehow snarls my imagination to think that from a plane on this route one may glimpse the same view of the Pacific Balboa got from his mountain-top.

A fourth link, not yet ready for operation, will tie Panama and Ecuador together.

A fifth, in operation, is from Guayaquil, Ecuador, to the southernmost tip of Peru. Here you fly over the land of the Aztecs. Peruvian gold, you may remember, lured Spanish adventurers to these shores. It is not all gone; beyond the mountainous eastern horizon, high in the Andes, is a lode, several miles in length, that is said to contain more gold than has ever been taken out of California, from the day of the Forty-niner on to the present.

The sixth length will reach to Valparaiso, Chile, where live the Indians who should take front rank in our story books—a proud race of broad-shouldered men who hold their heads high, because they alone of all the peoples who were in the Western Hemisphere in 1492 have come down through the ages unconquered.

A seventh route, surveyed, will carry across to Buenos Aires, in Argentina, over a temperate land, rich in resources, which is destined to fill up quickly.

The Main Line to Valparaiso

This "main line" of Pan-American Airways indicated here will "shrink the map" between New York and Valparaiso to one-third its

present size, or less. The New York to "Valpo" schedule should be seven days in the beginning, and six shortly thereafter; to-day the two cities are three weeks apart.

An eighth route will follow the northern coast of South America; and a ninth will trail the Windward and Leeward Islands to Porto Rico, thus completing "the Lindbergh Circle."

The ultimate aim is a system of lines which will touch every Central and South American nation and link up with rail schedules and steamer sailings. The revolution in transportation which this will bring may be measured by the fact that in some sizable Latin-American towns to-day if you miss your steamer you face a trifling delay of one month, until the next sailing. Into districts where time all but stands still, Hoyt and his colleagues of Pan-Ameri-



A plane-load of mail ready to be loaded for Central American ports.

frontier to the south of us; nevertheless, South America is a continent awakening, and already our "adventurers" are there.

This neighbor continent is fast filling up; about to become the next "promised land" for the folk of older worlds who want more room and a better chance; and these will include not only emigrants from crowded Europe but countless thousands more from the United States.

This Pan-American Airways project is "a piece of history"—not merely of technical aviation history, but of world history.

In its founding the science of aviation has won some interesting victories. The first line, from Key West to Havana, was established a year ago, and operated with a 99.8 per cent efficiency score. On a day when even a steamer could not make port a giant Fokker completed its journey almost on time. When the terrific cyclone laid waste to such a wide territory in Florida and adjacent islands last summer, and the disaster lay hidden behind blockaded roads and wrecked telegraph lines, a Pan-American plane, turned over to the Red Cross, flew through a gradually diminishing gale back and forth over the Everglades region while Red Cross officials observed and plotted out relief measures. Simultaneously a Sikorsky amphibian sped away eastward to Nassau, capital of the stricken Bahamas, a "loan" to the Governor of those British islands. Using this plane, the Governor made in three hours a survey which it would have taken him ten days to make by water.

More recently, a storm, accompanied by floods and a landslide, blotted out railway communication between San José, capital of Costa Rica, and the chief seaport, Port Limon. Months would be required to complete the repairs. Pan-American Airways "borrowed" Donald Duke, commander of the Boston Airport, and sent him southward to command an eight-passenger Loening amphibian, which, as this article was written, has become the "transportation system" connecting the capital of Costa Rica with the chief seaport.

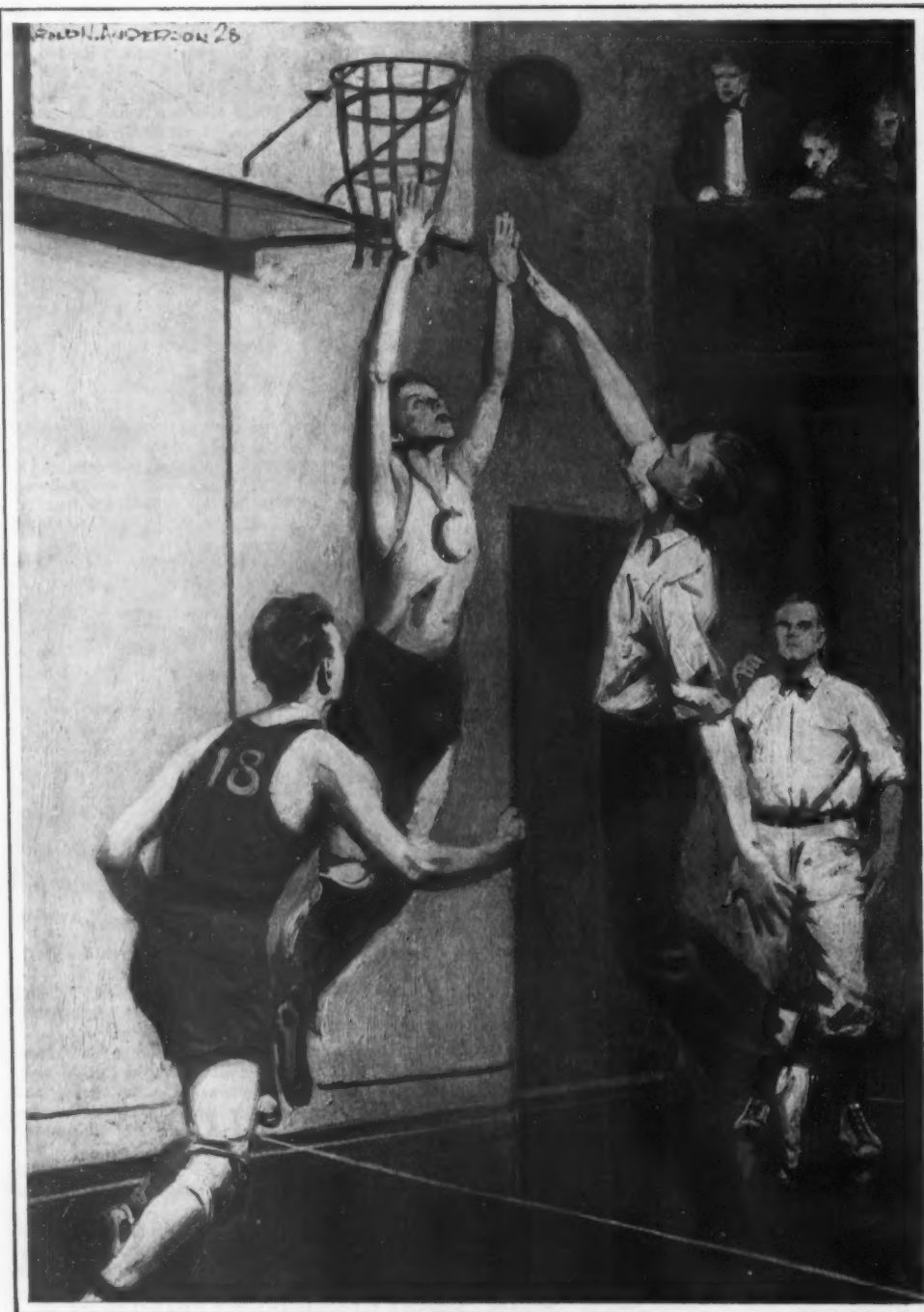
Twenty-five years after Kitty Hawk, the airplane begins linking the Americas more tightly together. It could not possibly be done, so soon; but it *must* be done—as a quarter-miler runs a race.

And it seems to me that joint credit should go to "Slim" Lindbergh, who showed Latin-America what an airplane can do, and to Dick Hoyt, his friend, Empire Builder—new style.



Drawn for The Youth's Companion from information supplied by Dornay & Co.

The "Lindbergh Circle." Note how completely it covers all the principal points of Central America. It is this route which the U. S. Mail and Pan-American Airways' expert chose for the new flying service.



Then Ran made one last basket from nearer, but close to the sideline, and we knew we had the old ball game!

Without Consent of Coach

By *Ralph Henry Barbour*

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ANDERSON

THERE was a blast of cold air, and Jerry Barry, who was still struggling into his shirt, yelled "Shut that door!" I was knotting my tie, and in the little mirror I could see Ran Morse behind me flopping down the steps in arctics and black-and-purple mackinaw, bareheaded, as he always was. "Where's the coach?" he asked breathlessly.

"Right here," Mr. Derby's voice sounded like some more of that same cold wind. He was talking with Seth Hilliard on a bench to the left of the outer door, and Ran hadn't spied him.

"Oh!" Ran turned at the foot of the short stairway. "I'm awfully sorry I couldn't get here in time for practice, sir. You see—"

"Cut that out," broke in Jimmy, pretty snappy. "I don't want to hear why. You weren't here. That's

enough. This is the third time, Morse, and you know what I told you."

"Yes, Coach, but I—"

"I told you once more was all, and I meant it. You seem to think you're so darn good you don't have to do any practicing. I've let you get away with this business twice, but—"

"I don't see how I could have helped—"

"All right, all right. Let that go. What I want on this team is fellows who can show up every day for work. This isn't any correspondence course in basketball. I can't teach you the game if you're not here. And you're not here too often, Morse."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Ran stiffly. "Maybe I could have avoided it those other times, though I don't see how, but today it—it—well, I just couldn't help it, Coach."

"That's your affair," Jimmy Derby shrugged. "I want fellows who *can* help it. I don't say you don't have some mighty good alibis, but they just don't interest me."

There was a bit of a silence then. The rest of us hadn't been missing a word, because all during practice that afternoon we'd been wondering among ourselves what was going to happen when Ran finally showed up. Coach is a little guy, but he's bad medicine when things don't suit him. After a moment Ran asked very quietly:

"You mean that I'm through, sir?"

"I mean that you're through for the present. I'm not dropping you from the team, Morse, although I might be saving myself trouble later on if I did. Maybe you can think up some way of fixing it so your important engagements won't conflict with practice. Anyway, take a week or so and see."

Ran was mad clear through, but he kept his temper, which is something he can do and I can't. I guess if he couldn't be and I wouldn't have been rooming together a year and a half! He looked as if he was thinking of a lot of things he wanted to say, but after a couple of seconds he just turned around and climbed the steps again and went out. After the door had closed no one spoke for a while, and about the only sound was made by Tubby Ames, who started to whistle softly through his teeth. Finally, though, I said:

"Gosh, Coach, that's sort of tough on the team, isn't it? Clarkson will simply wipe up the floor with us."

"I don't think so," said Jimmy in that sort of cocksure way of his. "Not if you fellows snap into it and find the basket now and then. Of course if you play the sort of game you did against Pelham last Saturday you'll get licked for sure; and it wouldn't make much difference if Morse played, either. Anyway, you'll have to do the best you can. If you lose, don't blame me. I've been patient with Morse, but he made the mistake of thinking I didn't have any sense. I don't care how good he or any of the rest of you are. When you can't put your backs into it, you're out." He gave us all a pretty dirty look and made for the door into the corridor. "Seventy-three tonight, fellows," he added from the threshold, "and that doesn't mean twenty-five minutes to eight, either."

"Say-a-ay," drawled Bert Cochrane when Jimmy had gone, "the little cuss has sure been chewing splinters! Someone open that side door and let's get thawed out!"

"That's a great note," grumbled Tubby. "How come he couldn't wait until after the game tonight before chucking Ran? A swell chance we've got to beat those guys now!"

"You said it! Just the same, you can't blame Jimmy. Just as he said, Ran had it coming to him, and if we get licked we can thank Ran for it. That right, Johnny?"

Well, I didn't care a whole lot for Joe Turner, and Ran was my chum, but I had to acknowledge that Joe was right. "Of course," I added, "Ran said he couldn't get here, and I believe him."

"Well, he ought to manage it somehow," said Seth. "It isn't square to get himself fired and have the team licked. I've missed just one practice this season, and that was when I was sick with the flu that time. Trouble with Ran is—"

"Forget it," I said. "Ran's out tonight, so let's see if we can't do the trick without him. Jimmy says we can, and maybe he's right. If we can keep those fellows from piling up a score in the first period, the way they did last year, we can out-stay them, I'll bet a hat. Tilly, you're up against a mighty good man tonight, but if you hang to him we won't miss Ran a mite. What do you say, boy?"

"All right, Cap, I'll sure hang," answered Warner. Of course I knew pretty well he couldn't, because Tilly isn't half the player that Ran Morse is, and this Clarkson left guard, DuSaules, is a whiz. But it's a pretty sane idea to let a fellow think he can do a thing, whether he can or not, because it gives him confidence; and Tilly was sure going to need a lot.

WHEN I got back to the room Ran was studying, or pretending to, and he looked up as I came in and grinned. I suppose he grinned because he was feeling sort of mean and didn't want to advertise it, but right then I didn't think about that, and that silly smile of his caught me on the raw. I sure gave it to him heavy. Told him he had let the team down, and that Jimmy had been dead easy with him, and that if we got licked by Clarkson, which we would beyond a chance, it would be his fault. And a lot else. Ran kept on staring at the book between his elbows and didn't make a peep. Usually that makes me madder than ever, and it did this time, and I said everything all over again and then thought of a few good insults that hadn't occurred to me before. And finally I yapped: "Well, what was it today? I suppose the Doc had you over at the Cottage advising him how to run the school, eh?"

Ran lifted his head then and gave me a steady look

across the table. "That's for you to find out," he said shortly and began studying again.

I beefed around a bit more, but Ran glued his eyes to the book, and pretty soon I went off to wash up. I began to get over my mad and then to wondering what it was that had kept Ran from practice, and left the team in a fair way to get snowed under by Clarkson Academy. Last I'd seen of him was about half an hour before practice, well, say three-twenty-five, when he had started off to the village to see the printer. (Ran's one of the editors of the Record, the school weekly; just a sort of office-boy, really, but they call him an assistant editor, and one of his jobs is to look after the printing of the paper.) Well, I couldn't think of anything connected with the Record important enough to keep Ran from practice, and so I gave up that problem and went back to the room and made up with him. I told him I was sorry, and he nodded and didn't say anything. So I told him again, using different words, and ended up with:

"You see, old man, being captain, I sort of take it harder."

"Certainly," he said then. "I quite understand that. Still, you know, I'm not exactly enjoying it myself."

Well, that was fair enough. Of course I might have reminded him that it was his own fault, but I didn't. Instead I said: "Say, why don't you ask Jimmy if he won't let you play tonight? He's going to feel better after he's had his supper, and maybe if you sort of stroked him right—"

"Oh, no, he means what he says, Johnny. Only thing to do is let him alone. I suppose that from his point of view he's quite right. From mine he's dead wrong. But he's the boss. Just at first I thought I'd quit, but I mulled it over and saw that it wouldn't be fair to you and the rest of the gang. So I'll take my medicine and try not to make a face."

"Look here," I said, "if you've got a good alibi for this afternoon, why don't you spring it? Jimmy's kind of loose on the trigger, Ran, but I think he's fair, and if you can show him he's wrong—"

"Nothing doing," answered Ran haughtily. "I tried to explain over there in the locker room and he wouldn't have it. I'm through. The next move's up to him."

After supper I acted on the advice I'd offered Ran and cornered the coach in the corridor. But shucks, he was just as stubborn as Ran had been. "If he has a hog-proof alibi for not attending practice this afternoon, Porter, I'll listen to it. I won't promise anything more than that, though. His alibi's got to be mighty good to make me change my mind." Well, I knew Ran wouldn't warm to that idea, and so I tried pathos. I darn near got a tremble in my voice as I told him how much we all wanted to beat Clarkson after the way she'd treated us last year, and how there wasn't the ghost of a show of doing that if we couldn't use Ran.

"Seems to me," I said, "you could begin Ran's lay-off tomorrow just as well. That would give us a chance at that gang tonight, Coach. It doesn't seem quite fair to the rest of us, does it? What I mean is—"

"It's no good, Porter. I've said my last word. Try to get your men over there on time tonight. I want a full fifteen minutes of shooting before the game."

The Clarkson game wasn't our big one; that came off three weeks later with Slade; but we sure did want to win this one, because last year Clarkson had licked us disgracefully. Well, it was 34 to 13, if I've got to tell you. And when I say "we" I don't mean just the fellows on the basketball squad; I mean the whole school, the whole three hundred and forty-two of us, or whatever the number was we had that term. And when we went out on the floor at seven-forty that evening you couldn't have got another chap into the gymnasium with a shoe-horn. I caught sight of Ran up in the cheering section and waved to him, and he waved back and shouted something.—I don't know what, because there was an awful lot of noise,—but I noticed that he didn't look very happy.

WE got started right on the dot, according to the clock at the end of the hall, and Seth and the six-foot Clarkson center, Mimms, jumped. We were playing the strongest line-up possible: Tilly Warner and Joe Turner, forwards, Seth Hilliard, center, and Tubby Ames and I, guards. Of course if we could have played Ran at right forward we would have done it, but since we couldn't we were doing the best we knew how. I don't remember many of the details of that game, especially the early part of it. The fellow I was playing against, Darrel, was mighty good, and he kept me busy. I remember that Mimms got the ball on the jump, and Seth covered him, and he tossed it over his head to one of his side, and the fun began. I was pretty busy for a while, because Clarkson tried to get the jump on us and run up a score at the start, just as she had done the last time. Tubby and I broke up some nice combinations, and finally Seth got the ball and dribbled right down the floor to within ten feet of the other basket before he passed. Tilly made a shot, but it was too low and hit

the rim, and that was as near as we came to scoring for some time. Clarkson got the ball again and rushed it back and tried hard to get it in from close up. I guess they made six tries without a basket, for Tubby and I surely made it hot for them. Then I had a personal foul called on me, and Clarkson had two free throws and made the second good. That was the first score of the game, and it came after nearly five minutes. So it didn't look as if Clarkson was going to make any such runaway as last year's, and I began to think that perhaps, after all, we might even win the old game.

Joe Turner made our first basket with a nice easy overhead pop, and we were leading, two to one. But after that everything went Clarkson's way for a while. I guess we were all too anxious, for we began getting fouls called on us, and Clarkson added four more one-spots to her tally. Then she began shooting from the sides and had the dog-gonest luck you ever saw. I got time out, and we held a conference; and after that we covered closer, and the only other shot Clarkson made good was a longish one from about thirty feet in front of the board. Seth got him a corking good basket from almost the middle of the floor, a regular Ran Morse heave, and I put in a free throw. But five was the best we could do by the time the half ended, and Clarkson was ahead with thirteen. Not so good!

Tubby had been pretty roughly used during that busy twenty minutes, and Jimmy took him out and put Jerry Barry in at left guard. He gave us the usual talk while Riordan was working on us; slammed it in pretty hard, too, as he can when he wants to, and then soaped us down by telling us how good we were going to be the next half!

Well, we were good. We started off on the offensive and carried the war right down to the other fellow's goal. We got to thinking ourselves better than Clarkson as soon as Joe had made the first basket, and after that we didn't have nearly as much trouble with those guys. There was a good five minutes when Jerry and I didn't have much to do but yell; and, as about four hundred others were already yelling, nobody heard us. Joe got his basket, and then Seth curved one in that was a wow, and after that Joe shot another. Clarkson scored a single on a free throw somewhere in between, and the score was 14 to 11, with the Green still ahead. The game slowed up a bit about then, and Clarkson put in a new left forward and a new right guard.

I was to blame for the next score when I left Darrel uncovered for a second in my corner and he took a pass and wheeled his arm overhead before I got to him. That made me hopping mad, and the next thing I knew I had my third foul and Clarkson had another free throw! It doesn't pay to lose your temper when you're playing basketball—take it from one who knows. That little happening put the enemy well in the lead again, and I was sure getting anxious. Clarkson took a time-out, and we sat down and tried to get our wind; and I said all I could think of that might help, which wasn't much. But the crowd was still cheering hard, and I looked up and saw old Ran shaking a fist at me, and I felt better. Jimmy sent Leroy Beals in for Joe Turner, then, and Lee brought us some good dope from Jimmy. There was still seven minutes to play when the referee got us up again, and we set out to get seven points. As it turned out, we didn't get them, but we did hold Clarkson safe the rest of the half, although why she missed four times on free throws is something I don't know.

Tilly scored for us after another couple of minutes, and then Lee—Leroy Beals, that is—made a wonderful shot over his shoulder that ran all around the rim forty-eleven times, and gave us all heart disease before it fell through. We needed only two points then to tie and three to win, and I'll tell the waiting world we played ball! We were a lighter crowd

than Clarkson, and we were standing the gaff better after some thirty-five minutes of play. The Green put in a new sub every minute or two or stuck a first-string man back, but the new ones weren't so good, and the old ones showed the pace. There was a time toward the last when Clarkson stalled for time every chance she got, and once when she got a penalty called on her we had a chance to add another tally to our fifteen. But Seth missed the throw. Clarkson took her second time-out then, and I kept the gang off the floor; made them stand up and pretend they weren't dog-tired. Poor Tilly could hardly keep on his feet, and had to keep walking around so as not to fall over. There was about two minutes to go when Jimmy sent Joe Turner back in, and Joe sort of put new life into us. We needed it by then, for we were all in but the buttons, and playing more by instinct than anything. Tilly Warner went down every time a Clarkson fellow touched him, and he couldn't have tossed a basket if he'd had the floor to himself. We knew that, of course, and he wouldn't have been in there at the last if we had had a man to take his place. But we hadn't; not with Ran Morse sitting up there in the balcony. The best we could do was to keep the ball away from Tilly as much as possible, and that's what we did. I had my hands pretty full, for the fresh chap I was playing against could move around quicker and more unexpected than anyone I ever saw; and I was scared to take any chances because, with three fouls against me already, another would have been ruin.

It got down to the last minute, and we were still two points to the bad. I didn't have much hope of winning or tying then, for Clarkson had her whole team down near her goal and was just staving us off, perfectly willing to take the game at 17 to 15. Of course, every fellow in the gymnasium, except the players and officials, was shouting and yelling like mad. We didn't shout much, because we didn't have any breath for it, but we tried to now and then. That last sixty seconds was a fine old riot, our side trying desperately to get one more basket, Clarkson doggedly defending. I guess there wasn't much science around just then, and I know it wasn't science that finally put the ball through the net. It was just dumb luck.

We had given up trying to get close enough for short shots, for, with Tilly groggy and glassy-eyed, we were really playing with four men, and Clarkson took every pass that came near scoring distance, or knocked it down. I think

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Ran kept on staring at the book. I said everything to him all over again and then thought of a few good insults that hadn't occurred to me before



"I had the umpire's little whisk broom in my hand, and I pointed it right at him," said Captain Pen. "He was so startled he nearly fell over"

Curves vs. The Kings of Swat

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

BOYS," said Captain Pen one day, "did I ever tell you my experience with the two boisterous tribes of the Kalaboola Country?"

"No, sir, you never did," answered Skeet Somerville. "Where is the Kalaboola Country?"

The Captain surveyed the inquisitive Skeet with his one good eye. "You would want to know that, wouldn't you? Well, it's inland a good bit from the southwestern coast of Africa and you get to it by a river—"

"What river?" inquired Skeet.

"The Yewstobee River," replied Captain Pen, with a malicious twinkle. "Yes, sir, the old yellow, treacherous Yewstobee—and it was well named, because now I hear it has dried up. Anyway, I was navigatin' this river once, some time back. I was the only white man, but of course I hired a good bunch of natives at the tradin' post—namely, Galumpus—"

"Galumpus! Where's that?" piped up Skeet.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Captain Pen. "You're as bad as a feller I once had aboard on a six months' voyage who wanted to know every fifteen minutes where we were. He about wore me out. Now, young feller, Galumpus is, or was, at the mouth of the Yewstobee River, on the southern bank. I don't s'pose the maps have it on 'em—any more'n they have Keegan's pond, where you boys skate and fish. But that ain't any reason it ain't there. And now, if all the questions are out of your system, I'll proceed with this yarn—which may get to be as high colored as one of Aunt Caroline Pratt's hooked rugs, featurin' parrots, Newfoundland dogs, hollyhocks and sunsets all in one."

I WAS warned at the beginnin' (began Captain Pen). The lone trader at Galumpus, where my ship was layin' to, says to me, "I warn you about the natives of the Kalaboola Hills up-river. You'll have to pass quite near their country. And if they should capture you—"

He left it unsaid, but I knew what he meant. However, I was bent on explorin' this partikler country, as I'd heard it was chuck-full of interestin' scenery and objects—and in those days I was a great feller for pluggin' off into jungles and deserts to see—what I could see.

I had a dozen natives,—guides and carriers,—and we used three big canoes. You see, I was aimin' to do a little tradin'. I'd heard there was gold and ivory to be had, so I had a whole canoe loaded with some merchandise I'd bought at an auction—a job lot. Just a lot of

ornaments, toys and several cases of sportin' goods—baseball outfits.

Well, off we started up the Yewstobee, and our chief trouble was navigatin' rapids here and there. But, outside of one tip-over, we were gettin' along fine, and all the time nearin' this Kalaboola Country—which might well have been called the Bugaboo Country, seein' the effect it had on my guides. The nearer we came to it the more panicky they became. I began to think there might be somethin' in the reports.

It was on an afternoon, about an hour or so before sunset, when we rounded a bend in the yellow current and trouble came down on us. One minute all was quiet and peaceful; the next a regular hullabaloo broke out.

A band of fierce-lookin' savages plunged out from the bank, some in dug-out canoes, others swimmin', and we were surrounded in a jiffy. No use to fight. Besides, my boys were demoralized. They took us ashore, dragged the canoes up on the bank, and marched us toward a village not far away.

I managed to whisper a word to my faithful head guide, who could speak a little English. "Who are these people—and what are they?"

"They Kalas. No cannibal, but verree bad fighters. They fight all time. Other tribe big men over ridge. They Boolas. Hittem with war clubs."

"Oh, I see now. The Kalas and the Boolas. That's why it's called the Kalaboola Country."

"Yessam. Kalas hittem with boomerang. All time fight."

The Kala fellers who had us in tow didn't look like awful tough citizens, but maybe they were different in action. Certainly they didn't offer us any indignities after the capture. Up we went to the village, which was just a bunch of grass-topped huts, grouped in a sort of a horseshoe. A lot more Kalas came out to see us.

"They take us to Chief," said my guide.

He was right. Into one of the bigger huts my captors led me, leavin' my black crew outside. The Chief looked me over with a real bilious eye. He was bigger than the rest and a hard-lookin' citizen. I noticed one funny thing about him—a modern wrist watch strapped on his fat brown wrist. This seemed to give him a lot of concern. He kept glancin' at it.

"Who you?" he asked me, about as polite as a bulldog. And he looked like one.

I told him who I was and what I was doin' in that country. He just grunted and looked at his wrist watch again.

"Ho! Ho!" he suddenly hollered. "Three-fifteen clock! Go! Go!"

Well, that peaceful village changed in a shot to the wildest bedlam. Everybody started shriekin' and dancin'. And every man jack of 'em grabbed a fistful of boomerangs and rushed toward a high ridge which looked down on the village, about two hundred yards away.

Over the top of that ridge suddenly poured a crowd of savages, which I guessed must have been the Boolas—dozens of 'em, and they were bigger and blacker than the Kalas. They were armed with enormous war clubs.

The battle was on. Of course there were no firearms, but for all that the racket was terrible. Clubs banged, and boomerangs filled the air with their crazy curves. I saw one Kala heave a boomerang sou'west, and blessed if it didn't tack to port in midair and knock a Boola off the ridge nor' east!

It was over in about twenty minutes. The Boolas retreated, carryin' other Boolas who had been boomeranged and a couple of captive Kalas. And the Kalas went back to their huts, as calm as if there hadn't been any battle.

Chief Kasaba—that was the name of the Kala leader—came stridin' over to me, rubbin' a bump on his shiny round head which some Boola had given him as a present.

"What's it all about?" I asked him. "What have these Boolas got against you?"

He looked pretty hot and worn. I had a bag of big red and green lollypops—the five-cent kind; so I gave him a red one. He sniffed of it, tasted it, and a beautiful smile came over his face. He stuck the whole thing in his big mouth, leavin' only the stick out.

"We fightem every day—3:15 clock," he said.

"What! A battle like that—every day?"

"Yessam. Sometime we go over Boola Country—sometime Boola come Kala Country. All same. No matter, so long we have big fight."

"Oh, I see. A sort of a ceremony. Well, what did the Boolas ever do to you?"

"Only fightem."

He sighed—and I gave him a nice green lollypop, as the red one had disappeared. Somehow I gathered he was sick of this daily war, and I said as much to him.

"Yessam. We lose lot good Kala boy. All same with Boola boy."

"Well, why don't you stop it?" I asked. "There won't be any of either of you if you keep throwin' around boomerangs and war clubs. Look at your head. That lump is as big as an egg."

"Yessam. Chief Wini give me that. Nobody can hit me but Chief Wini—and nobody can boomerang Chief Wini but me."

ONE mornin' the Chief wanted to see what was in the boxes I had, and, as I couldn't help myself, I broke 'em open. He was entranced with everything. But he was puzzled when he came to a case full of baseballs and gloves. I had another packed with bats, masks, uniforms—in fact, a whole outfit for two teams. The Chief took up one of the baseballs and bit into it.

"Hi!" I hollered. "Those ain't food or candy. They're baseballs. You throw 'em."

I explained the best I could, told him it was a great game. Right away he wanted to know how.

My willingness to show him might have proved serious for me, because I stood off from him fifty feet and threw it right at him. He stuck out his hands, but the ball went right through his fingers, *bang!* into his stomach. He sat down.

"Woof!" he grunted. "That game worse than fightin' Boolas!"

When he got his wind back again I showed him how to hold his hands. He learned quick, that chief, and in fifteen minutes he was catchin' 'em real pretty.

The other Kalas crowded around, and they had to learn, too. In a little while I had half a dozen balls flyin' around, and there was a mitt on a good many hands.

I never saw anybody learn baseball like they did. They were born ball players—except for one thing. They couldn't throw a straight ball to save their lives! Been heavin' boomerangs so long, they couldn't. The more they practiced the more curves they threw. Why, there were half a dozen who could bend a ball right around a tree!

Well, nothin' would do but I had to lay out a diamond. So right on the battlefield, which was nice and flat, I marked off the diamond, made a home plate, and big flat stones I used for first, second and third bases. Then I explained the game. They picked up fast. By noon-time those Kalas couldn't think of a thing but the new sport. They didn't even want to stop for their noontime bite of fish.

I promised the Chief a surprise that afternoon, which tickled him as if he'd been a little boy. From bein' a captive, in a few hours I'd risen to be a sort of a fairy godfather to those people. They'd forgotten, for the first time in their lives, the everyday battle with their enemies, the Boolas.

I sprang my surprise that afternoon. I put some gorgeous baseball uniforms on a dozen of these Kalas. They

were bright red with white trimmin's, caps to match, and emerald green stockin's. You never saw such proud and happy fellers in your life as those gay-colored Kalas.

As these boys threw some pretty wild inshoots and out-curves, I had to protect myself. So I put on an umpire's chest-protector and mask. There were some shin-guards, too; so I added them. The Kalas were entranced with my appearance, and when I put on the mask they all kowtowed to the ground. I guess no umpire was ever treated with the reverence I was.

We began a game right away. I began callin' balls and strikes, and they got the idea as quick as they had all the others. Never saw such bright fellers at a game.

There wasn't but one idea in that section when 3:15 came around—baseball! When that zero hour came, it failed to interest a single Kala. Over the top of the ridge came the whoopin', yellin' Boolas. And there they stopped—stunned. Their whoops died in their throats. And their war clubs dropped like daisies in the hot sun. I tell you, the sight of a dozen boys in red and green uniforms, doin' somethin' they'd never seen before, just knocked those Boolas harder than a whole load of boomerangs.

My boys went right on playin' the game, ignorin' the enemy. I noticed the Boolas looked my way quite a lot. They were stirrin' about, kind of restless.

So between innin's I walked right up on the ridge to Chief Wini. I glared right at him through the mask on my face—and he retreated a step. I had the umpire's little whisk broom in my hand, and I pointed it right at him. He was so startled he nearly fell over.

"See here, you Boola boys," I said, tryin' to sound like an umpire, "you can sit here and see the game. But you behave yourselves."

They grunted and bowed. Suddenly I grabbed the Chief's war club, banged my mask with it—and my face was still inside it, don't forget—and yelled, "I'm the Umpire!"

Chief Wini gulped, and his eyes stuck out. I went back to the game. The Boolas never moved or took their eyes off the performance while it went on. And after it was over they disappeared over the ridge without a sound.

That told me the idea I'd had all along was right. The next afternoon a single Boola came up on the top of the ridge with a piece of white cloth on a pole. He explained to one of Chief Kasaba's lieutenants that Chief Wini wanted to parley with the Great Iron-Face Man, and guaranteed him every courtesy. I was the Great Iron-Face Man—meanin', no doubt, my umpire's mask.

So over I went with the Boola man. Chief Wini received me in his hut. He gave me a necklace of tiger claws—and I presented him with red and green lollypops.

I knew what he wanted. He wanted baseball, although he didn't know the name of it. Would I be so

good as to come over to the Boola Country, bring a few baseballs and things and teach them the game, the game so wonderful that it drove all thoughts of war from the head.

I told him I'd do the best I could, and departed. Chief Kasaba was jealous and wouldn't hear to it at first, but when I pointed out to him that it would end the everyday fightin' he agreed.

So the next day I took with me an outfit for the Boolas—a dozen uniforms, bright blue, with orange stockin's, and the tools of the profession.

Chief Wini and all his Boola boys were fairly tremblin' with excitement. There wasn't a war club in sight. They'd already cleared away a field, and I showed 'em how to lay it out.

Teachin' the Boolas was some different. They weren't boomerang throwers and couldn't throw a ball like the Kalas. But, O, my, couldn't they bat! When one of those huskies hit the ball on the nose, it not only went out of the field; it flew in pieces. You see, they'd been usin' heavy war clubs all their lives, and Louisville Sluggers were like toys to 'em.

My work was cut out for me after that. In the mornin' I taught the Kalas, and in the afternoons I'd go over and coach the Boolas. In two weeks both those tribes had a pretty good idea of baseball, although they played it entirely different. The Kalas were born pitchers and fielders, the best I ever saw. And the Boolas excelled at the bat.

Of course you can guess what had to happen. These two teams had to meet and try their mettle. I remember it was the Fourth of July.

If you think a World's Series is an excitin' affair, you don't know a thing about real baseball excitement. Both those Kalas and Boolas couldn't eat for a whole day before the great game which was to settle the baseball supremacy of the Kalaboola Country.

Chief Kasaba handed me his battin' order early in the mornin' of the Fourth. His own name was last.

"I pitch," he said, "for the honor of Kala!"

"How's the old arm?" I asked him.

"Veree strong," he said. "All I need is two-three nice lollypop. Then I go out and strike out every Boola man!"

This Chief, I might say, could bend a ball right across the plate from an unbelievable angle. In fact, to throw a good inshoot he used to face first base, he put so much on the ball! And sometimes you'd think the Kala catcher was throwin' down to first to nip a hitter, and the ball would break midway and catch another man runnin' to second!

Yes, sir, those Kala boys certainly could put a lot on the ball.

I went over to Chief Wini at 9:30. The game was to start at 10.

"Here my battin' order," he said. "I lead-off man, see?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]

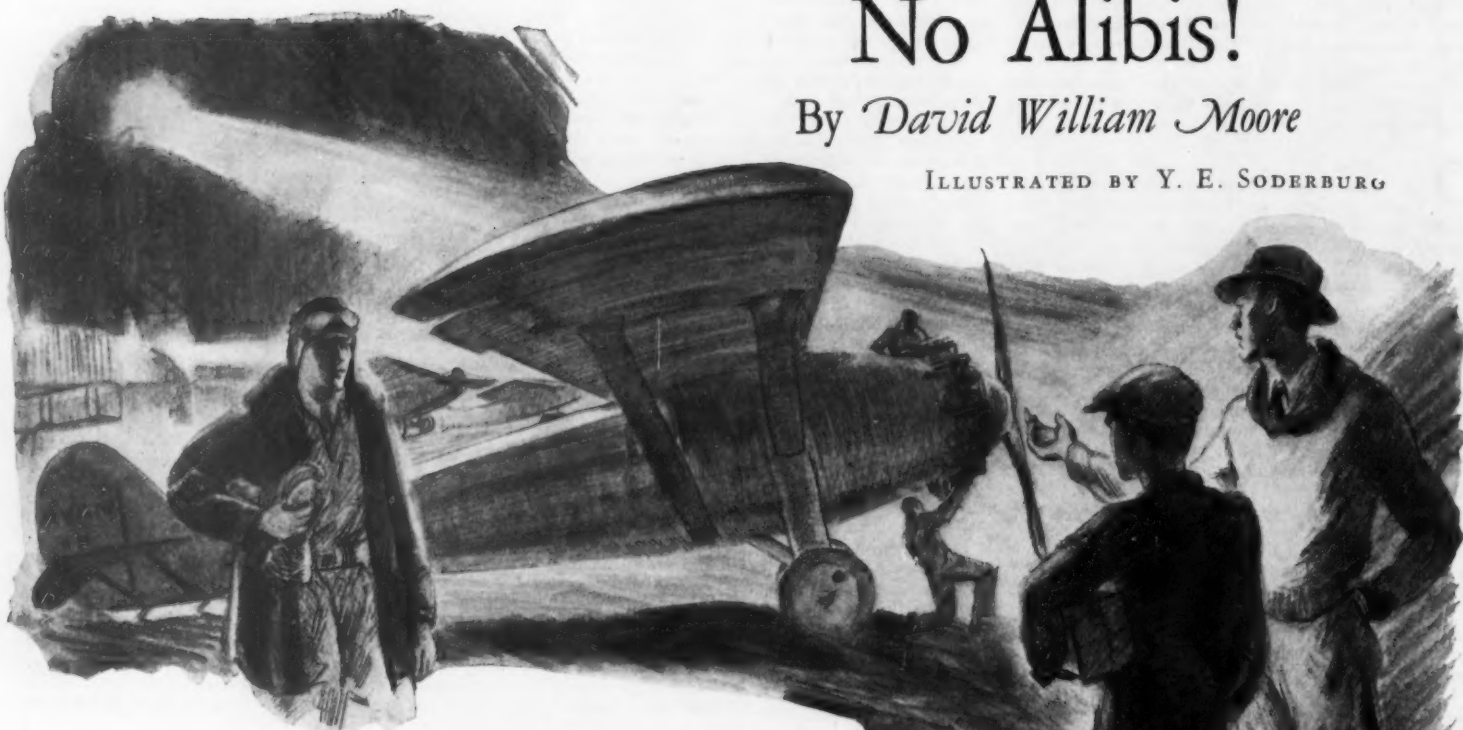


Chief Wini swung, but went under the ball just a mite. That ball shot like a bullet, straight up in the air, he hit it so hard

No Alibis!

By David William Moore

ILLUSTRATED BY Y. E. SODERBURG



"Oh, that's easy," said the fellow to Speed. "Hey, Jim," he called. "Get that new Ryan ready. Run to Chicago"

SAY, boss, what's the matter with this dump, anyway? I haven't got any more to do than a paper weight. I'll be feeling as lazy as a vice-president if something doesn't turn up quick."

It was Speed Kane speaking, the wide-awake young assistant in the production department of the Hannibal Advertising Agency. Speed was all set to jump into a big day's work; he was full of vim and vigor and vitamins and all that sort of thing—but there was no big day's work into which he could jump. Speed liked to hustle, but he couldn't hustle doing nothing; so he quickly became impatient, like a fish in the middle of the Sahara Desert. He presented a gloomy countenance to his immediate superior, Herb Rowe. "If I don't get something to do pretty soon, I'll go out and start painting the building."

Herb looked at his helper with tolerant disgust. He had never been quite able to understand Speed's ideas about keeping busy. It just didn't seem human for a kid to want to work. Yet, in spite of all theories and traditions to the contrary, he had been able to sit comfortably at his desk and watch Speed literally "eat up" most of the work in the production department. For Speed loved his job—humble though it was. Expensive artists made drawings to illustrate the products that the Hannibal Agency advertised; high-pressure copy writers turned out irresistibly persuasive copy; it was Speed's job to see that these materials were converted into something that would print—so that the world might see and read. So he sent paintings and drawings to engravers to have them made into cuts for newspapers and magazines, and had copy set into type by printers and later electrotyped into a solid block of metal to go on the presses. He had a thousand and one details to watch, and he watched them with eyes that combined the best features of those possessed by Argus and a Canadian lynx. And so Herb had come to appreciate Speed and spoke accordingly.

"I believe you were bragging about a birthday last week, weren't you? How old did you say you were?"

"Seventeen. Why?"

"No why at all. I just wanted to check up. You've just been talking as if you were about ten years old."

"I suppose it's a crime to want work to do, eh?" retorted Speed.

"No, not a crime. But it's silly. When you reach maturity, you'll know enough to take your rest when it's handed to you. You're not going to get all the work in the world done, so why fret about it?"

"Humph!" and Speed considered Herb with supreme contempt. "You'll be sitting on a park bench instead of that swivel chair one of these days. And I'll drive by in—"

"I reckon you knew Joe Stripp was working on the Hanover account, didn't you?"

"Yeh, sure."

"Well, he got it. And it'll reach this department

some time today; and when it comes, boy, you'll be busier than Santa Claus. The big chief—"

It was as if Herb were introducing that important personage, for just at the moment when he spoke the words the door opened and the chief himself, in vigorous person, entered. The chief didn't often honor the production department with a call. But Herb Rowe, more accustomed to meeting with the big man, regarded the chief calmly, even cordially. "Good morning, Mr. Hannibal."

But Mr. Hannibal wasn't concerned with whether it was a good morning or a bad morning. "Want to say t'you fellows here in the production department that Hanover work must have your best attention. Do you understand?"

Both Herb and Speed nodded.

"It doesn't matter what comes up," continued the chief, "Hanover must have service. No expense matters. Use your heads. We've got to give better service than we ever gave any account before."

"Sure," said Herb. "I'll see to it that the production department comes through, all right."

Mr. Hannibal hesitated a moment before leaving. He looked first at Herb, then at Speed. "Remember, no alibis will go! Get that fixed in your heads!" Then he went out, apparently on his way to other departments to let them have the same gentle information.

EARLY in the afternoon the Hanover work hit the production department like a cyclone. Or, rather, like a tidal wave. Speed Kane, accustomed to handling great hunks of work, found himself wondering how there could be so much plate and type production in the whole world.

There were twenty-six advertisements for the weekly magazines; five folders for follow-up on the inquiries; forty advertisements for New York City newspapers;

A New Character, a New Author, a New Series and A New Idea

WITH this March issue, young Speed Kane breezes into The Companion's pages. Speed is a wide-awake, hustling, alert young chap who will make regular appearances hereafter. He sums up Young America in business, and we feel certain that the lively accounts of his experiences, sometimes triumphant, sometimes disastrous, but always amusing, which Mr. Moore will write for you, will prove one of the most popular new features that The Companion has ever given you. Here are stories that will strike a new note. And "No Alibis" is only a beginning. After you've read it you'll be eager to read

SPEED USES HIS HEAD

You'll find it in the April issue

thirty-six advertisements for San Francisco; twenty-four advertisements for almost every other city on the map, including Chicago. Speed finally focused his attention on this Chicago campaign because it was scheduled to start on the following Monday, and it was now Tuesday.

"Next to watching the Reds clean up on the Giants," Speed remarked to Herb, when it was getting close to five o'clock, "there isn't anything else in the whole blamed world that I'd rather do than work like this, and—"

He looked up to see Judy McGann, file girl extraordinary, standing at his desk. Speed had forgotten all about Judy! She had heard what he was saying to Herb, and she pouted most appealingly. "I heard what you said, Speed. I didn't think you'd talk that way."

"Aw, shucks," grinned Speed. He turned to see if Herb was listening and saw that he was not.

"But I heard what you said," she insisted, though her voice softened quite noticeably.

"Some day you and I'll go somewhere together, eh, Judy?" he asked.

But she didn't seem to be satisfied. "When, Speed?"

Speed didn't answer. He sat staring at Judy for a moment, realizing that women could be very disturbing. How could women be so unreasonable when a man had work to do?

And Judy, back at her files, wondered about the pitfalls, why business should so often interrupt more pleasant things. And she did some thinking, wherefrom she evolved a plot. She would throw a party, and Speed would have to come, or else—

She told him about it the next morning. "It'll be Friday evening. Just a few boys and girls. Now don't forget."

Not an invitation, but a command. And Speed wasn't in tune with the idea of anything like a party. Friday promised to be a hard, tedious day for him, with the Hanover account just getting warmed up. There would

be a million details to watch, a million things to be cleaned up. Most likely he'd have to work right through into the evening. And here this girl had to go and plan a party!

"Just can't make it, Judy," he declared solemnly. "I just can't. I'll have to work."

There was disbelief in her cool blue eyes. "You're simply trying to be mean. That's what I think."

"Aw, you know I'm not, Judy. The boss said that if this work isn't—"

"The boss didn't say you couldn't come to my party."

Whereupon, Speed threw up his hands in desperation. "Well, I'm not coming. I've told you why, and if you won't believe me then there's nothing more I can say."

And Judy left him feeling like a dog. He'd had to hurt her. There wasn't any other way. But, oh, well, this Hanover account had to come first. And he got busy again, trying to free his mind from the tangle, though with little success.

It wasn't until Friday afternoon late that Judy came again to Speed's desk. She had stayed away, sending memorandums requiring attention with the office boy. No doubt, she was holding out on him, hoping to make him surrender. Now she came, as if to accuse him of treason. She regarded him coldly. "I just thought you'd be pleased to know that my party has been called off."

Speed's eyes brightened. "That's fine, Judy. When I get my steam yacht I'll take you for a jaunt around the world."

"If you aren't too busy," she added, and swept out of the room.

Rotten world! And before Speed had time to get himself completely adjusted to this final episode with Judy he found Herb Rowe standing over his desk. Herb, apparently, had just been reading a scorching memorandum from Joe Stripp.

"You're doing a hot job on this Hanover thing," said Herb, holding the paper close to him, as if it were precious evidence to be guarded. "Why didn't those cuts go to Chicago for insertion in the Saturday newspapers?"

Speed gulped. "Why—er—my gosh! Say, those ads were to start Monday. That's what my schedule says."

Herb continued to glare. "That may be what your schedule says. But Stripp says he wrote you a memorandum on Wednesday advising of the changes. This memorandum is a check-up, and it says that these cuts must go out *this morning* by air mail, absolutely, if they haven't already gone."

"But I never got that memorandum."

"No alibis will go," stated Herb cheerlessly. "Here," and he handed Stripp's note to Speed. "I'll leave this with you. Think it over and do what you please. And, boy, if you don't want a nice new tin can tied on to you you'd better do *something*!"

ROTTEN world was right. Speed sat alone at his desk trying his best to think. Shrapnel was falling all about him. Something had to be done. No alibis would go! He grabbed his telephone and called the engraver. How about those Chicago cuts? They would be delivered first thing in the morning, came the reply. How about tonight? Had to have them! Well, they might be ready by seven o'clock. Then get them up here! And the receiver banged on the hook.



"Well," and Hanover bit his words off short, "if those cuts aren't in Chicago this evening, there's going to be trouble!"

Now what? Speed knew there was no chance now for air mail. The last mail plane had left. He thought of sending the cuts by special delivery, taking them to a train himself. That had worked in the past. So he went again to his telephone. "Find out if there is another train from here this evening that reaches Chicago before midnight," he barked. Shortly came the information that the next train to Chicago was at ten o'clock and it reached there in the morning.

So Speed settled back in his chair to wallow in his gloom. Job gone; girl gone; the whole darn world had turned upside down upon him. Go to a party!

But as he began to think more rationally, he conceived the idea that maybe there wouldn't be such a catastrophe, after all. Maybe the Hanover campaign could still function with the advertisements starting on Monday. Yes; there would be some way out. All of his good work in the past couldn't be snuffed out by this one incident.

Ting-a-ling-ling!

"Mr. Hanover is out here and wants to talk to somebody about some cuts. Mr. Hannibal and Mr. Stripp have gone home. Can you talk with him?"

"Yes, send him back," snapped Speed, as he gritted his teeth. No, Fate wasn't through with him yet. And Speed was shaking like a leaf when his door burst open a few seconds later. He looked up helplessly at the great client. The visitor seemed not to notice Speed's suffering.

"How about those Chicago cuts? Just wanted to check up and make sure they'd gone. Had a wire a few minutes ago that the salesmen were all ready to start out in the morning."

"I'm sorry," began Speed, "but there seems to have been a mix-up, and—"

"Well," and Hanover bit his words off short, "if those cuts aren't in Chicago this evening, there's going to be trouble. I've heard a lot about service. If this agency can't take care of my business, then I'll go somewhere else."

"Well," and Speed labored desperately to present a manly countenance for the client to glare into, "I'll do the very best I can."

For a second the head of the house of Hanover looked at Speed, then turned abruptly and walked out. There was no need of saying more. His step, the line of his massive shoulders, the way he carried his head, all spelled D-O-O-M for Speed—spelled it in large bold-face capital letters.

No alibis will go! What a terrible meaning can be ground into a few innocent little words!

The harder Speed thought the more impossible became his problem. Even when the man from the engraver's dumped the cuts on to his desk, when he could hold the cuts in his own hands, no idea came to him.

Spare no expense. That was a comforting foundation upon which to build, Speed reasoned. He might charter a special train. But no; even as a dream it wasn't practicable, for a train couldn't get there before midnight, when the newspapers would be going to press. Only an airplane—gosh! Spare no expense! No alibis will go!

Speed rushed out to the front office, where, luckily, he found old Huggley, the bookkeeper, still on the job. "Give me a hundred dollars; Hanover expense account," he barked, trying to make his words sound authoritative. It was the first time he had ever asked for expense money. And it worked. The old man looked up in-



Speed didn't answer. He sat staring at Judy for a moment, realizing that women could be very disturbing

quiringly, but only just a glance. He, too, no doubt, had been informed of the importance of Hanover and was not surprised. "Hope you have a nice trip," he said, as he counted out the bills. It was the same hope he had for even the most important salesmen. But there was in this only a momentary thrill, for much remained to be done. Back to his office on a run, and at his telephone again. The operator was gone, of course, by now, and he had to waste a minute or two getting a call through. Send up a taxicab right away!

So, in ten minutes, Speed was trying to hold something like an upright position on the hard cushions of the fast-flying taxicab. This was his first ride in a taxicab.

"Hot dog!" he mumbled to himself, happily. For his predicament had developed into a great adventure. Indeed, it was so great that it awed him. Only those awful words, *no alibis will go!* kept him "sold" on his drastic plan of action. He simply had to go through with it; there was no other way; so why not get whatever kick there was for him?

With a clatter of gears and a squeaking of brakes the taxicab pulled up, and Speed jumped out. A big sign in electric lights announced that this was the Snapley Aviation Field. There were many other bright lights—lights everywhere, it seemed; and great planes were being shunted into hangars for the night. Speed was bewildered. This was a new experience for him. He wanted to run. But—spare no expense!

Speed walked over to a man who seemed to be directing the handling of the planes. "Want a plane for Chicago. What about it?" Speed's voice trembled, but the man didn't notice.

"Any special kind of plane?"

"No—only I must be in Chicago before midnight."

"Oh, that's easy," said the fellow to Speed. "Hey, Jim," he called, "get that new Ryan ready. Run to Chicago." Then to Speed, "It'll be thirty-five dollars each way."

Speed handed over the money, just as if he were paying street-car fare. It was just that matter-of-fact. Speed had always thought of flying as something like going over Niagara in a barrel. Here he was flying as a mere detail of the business.

Speed was quickly helped into the passenger cockpit, and the pilot took his place. There were no farewells, no last-moment statements. Gosh! Gosh! Gosh! He hadn't even told his mother he was going. Then the engine roared, the fuselage seemed to sway, and there was motion forward. And before Speed had time to collect his frazzled nerves the bumping stopped and the great plane was easily taking the air. "Hot dog!" he said in an undertone, fearing the pilot might overhear. "I guess we're going to make those little alibis look mighty sick this time."

The lights of the city to the left quickly faded away, leaving a terrifying expanse of inky blackness. Why, anything might happen way up here in the sky like this. What if there were a cyclone? We've got to give service! What if lightning should strike the plane? No alibis will go!

There in front of him sat the pilot, calmly handling his controls. He wasn't afraid. He knew there wasn't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 158]

What is Safety at Sea?

By Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims, U. S. N., Ret.



Rear Admiral William S. Sims

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION this month is proud to present Rear Admiral William S. Sims as the author of this fascinating and informing article on safety at sea. No officer of our Navy has had a more distinguished career or has, by his utterances, done more to keep this nation sanely informed on naval and marine affairs. He has been Commander of the Atlantic Torpedo Flotilla, President of the Naval War College, Commander of American Naval Operations in Euro-

pean Waters during the World War, and has held innumerable other posts of great responsibility. Admiral Sims has made history; it was he who directed the American operations which materially assisted in smashing the German submarine blockade in 1917.

He has never been afraid to criticize, and when he speaks the nautical world listens, and listens respectfully. No young people's magazine could present an author of greater distinction, or one whose writings could have a greater appeal to inquiring youth.

Besides his many articles on naval and marine matters he is the author, with Burton J. Hendrick, of "The Victory at Sea," published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. No more thrilling history of our Navy's work in the Great War has ever been written.

THE world not long ago witnessed one of the great tragedies of the sea. When the liner Vestris heeled over thirty-two degrees to starboard and sank off the Virginia capes, carrying more than one hundred souls to their death, the shock and sorrow of the disaster raised once again an age-old question: can the seas ever be made completely safe for the passengers who entrust their lives to ocean-going craft?

I have no desire to become a party to the controversy which the sinking of the Vestris brought about. Whatever its cause, we all recognize it as a heartbreaking tragedy, and I can see no good in blaming, when it is too late, any individual. Yet I am glad to talk to the young people of America through the pages of The Youth's Companion, because I know that young people in rapidly increasing numbers are entrusting themselves to transatlantic liners to find, in other countries than this, different cultures, different outlooks, different attitudes. Where one youth crossed the ocean twenty years ago, at least a hundred do now. Under the circumstances it is perfectly natural to be willing to answer a few straight questions. People say: "Here was the Vestris—a new ship, as the age of liners is measured, with no bad record behind her; operated by old-established ship owners. Here was her commander—Captain Carey, with an unblemished record of thirty-six years at sea. Yet without a collision, in a sea that any modern, well-found vessel should normally have had no trouble in surviving, Captain Carey lost his ship and carried himself and some 115 passengers and crew to their deaths. If such a thing can happen in our modern times will it ever be completely safe to trust our lives to the keeping of even the most

experienced navigators, the most luxurious and carefully-built ships?" I am going to try to answer that question.

But if my answer is to be clear we need to know a few things about some of the outstanding disasters which modern ships have suffered. And when we look at the record we are somewhat surprised to realize that the Vestris disaster has more than once before been overshadowed by even greater calamities.

The Tragedy of the Titanic

Far and away the outstanding marine tragedy of our times was the sinking of the Titanic in 1912. It was a proud ship that sailed from Southampton on April 10, 1912—and rightly so. She was the largest steamship in the world. She was commanded by Captain E. C. Smith, the commodore of a great fleet—a man who only a short time before had said to newspaper reporters, "There is very little to say about me, gentlemen. I have spent forty uneventful years at sea." In perfect good faith her designers and owners had advertised her far and wide as the "unsinkable ship." When she left Southampton harbor the back-wash suction from her three propellers snapped the hawsers of another great ship near by. That gives you some idea of her strength, and



Photo by Wide World

The S. S. Republic traveling through a North Atlantic gale. The Republic was sunk in January, 1909, shortly after this photograph was taken, after she had collided with the Italian freighter Florida off Nantucket Lightship

her potential speed and power. It was an imperious beginning to a voyage; yet that voyage ended in the most terrible and heartbreaking wreck in the history of navigation. At about 11:40 on the evening of April 14 the lookout signaled an alarm to the bridge—three sharp bells, which meant "Obstacle dead ahead." The helm went hard over, but not soon enough. The Titanic's bow struck and glanced off an iceberg that had drifted into the steamship lane. And when the first rescue ship, the Carpathia, reached the position given in the wireless message she found nothing but a few lifeboats and a sea full of drifting wreckage. The greatest steamship in the world had foundered in less than three hours, and more than 1,500 of her 2,224 passengers had gone down with her.

Because she was an "unsinkable ship" her lifeboat equipment had been neglected. If all the lifeboats and life-rafts on board had been safely launched and filled to their capacity with passengers there would still have been one person left on board for every one in the boats. The Titanic struck because the warnings that had been sent her about the danger of icebergs across her path had been ignored. The steamer Baltic had notified her that they would be met about eleven o'clock. At 11:40 she met one—and collided with it. It was her maiden voyage, and the time she made on it would be telegraphed all over the world, so that in spite of the known



Photo by P. & A.

The deck of the sinking Vestris. Even in the excitement and confusion of this tragic disaster one survivor remained level-headed enough to snap this photograph

danger she was running at top speed. That caused the wreck, but it was inadequate life-saving equipment that caused the great loss of life. The weather was cold, but if the sea had not been calm even the lifeboats she had would have been carried under by the waves.

Investigations followed on both sides of the Atlantic, out of which much good came, but the people who wanted to travel on the vessels that were left soon began to be forgetful of the question of safety. At any rate, there was no great body of public opinion, once the immediate indignation had died down, which demanded a greater measure of safety at sea.

Two years after the Titanic went down, and life-saving gear all over the world had been taken out and examined and made as safe and reliable as men could make it, with the knowledge—and, more important, the money—at their disposal, the Empress of Ireland sank and carried more than a thousand people to their death.

The Empress of Ireland

The Empress of Ireland was smaller than the Titanic, but in her way as fine a ship. Her run was from Quebec to Liverpool, and on a May day in 1914 she started down the St. Lawrence for the Atlantic. At half past one on the morning of May 29 she was steaming slowly through intermittent fog not far from Quebec, when the lookout saw another steamer in the river. Then the fog closed in again, and she disappeared. A short time later, on the opposite side from that on which the steamer had been sighted, a steel bow crashed dead amidships into the starboard side of the Empress of Ireland. The sighted ship had changed her course. The bow penetrated for twelve feet, and the Empress began to fill. Her bow was swung toward shore in an attempt to beach her, but as soon as the nose of the other steamer had been pulled free of the gaping hole, the engine-room flooded, and pumps and engines stopped. The Empress capsized and sank in fourteen minutes from the time of the collision, but in the last ten minutes before she went down nine lifeboats were safely lowered over the side, and nearly 500 of the passengers and crew were saved.

Captain Kendall of the Empress was rowed out to the steamer which had run him down, the Danish collier Storstad. He boarded her, and, meeting her captain on deck, is reported to have said to him: "Sir, you are a murderer!" A court of inquiry sustained that view, for it placed full responsibility for the collision on the Storstad.

Now, the Empress of Ireland, unlike the Titanic, was well equipped with lifeboats and rafts, but the loss of life aboard her was proportionately even greater. Marine



Photo by Keystone

What happens when a ship goes on the rocks: this is the steamer Wiltshire, which stranded on the Great Barrier Island off New Zealand and broke into two sections

One of the greatest naval authorities of our times answers some questions everyone is asking

Those days of "competition, pleasure and feverish excitement" were in the seventies, a period considered fairly sedate in this era of airplanes, automobiles and oil-burning, turbine-driven Atlantic liners. The comment I have quoted stands, however; it is as true today as it was fifty years ago. The real responsibility for safety at sea lies with the public. Until public opinion has been sufficiently educated to demand safety instead of speed and luxury, no ship owner can possibly afford to build the safe ship of which we have been talking. Such a ship would cost a great deal to construct; it would not have great public rooms extending up through several decks, and it would lack many of the luxuries which are now thought necessary. I do not think that many people would care to travel on it, not because it would not be comfortable, safe and reasonably fast, but because it would not be what they had been accustomed to. It could not operate in competition with other ships.

Only if public opinion were strong enough could these safe ships be built. It would require an international agreement by which all the great nations would not only require their own builders to conform with the necessary regulations but would close their ports to such ships of other nations as failed to conform to them. Only public opinion can bring about such an agreement.

No Ship is Unsinkable

There is no such thing as an unsinkable ship. Only a log could be called unsinkable. But it is possible to build ships which will be infinitely more difficult to sink than any merchantman afloat today.

It can be done by bulkheading and compartmenting, by dividing the entire hull into smaller compartments each of which could be flooded without affecting any of the others, and by combining with them air-tight buoyancy chambers in the upper structure of the decks, using for the purpose some of the space now wasted in giving spaciousness to passenger quarters. Travel at sea is a serious business—more serious than any travel on land can possibly be—and it ought to be treated as such. If an automobile loses a wheel, the driver may be injured, but there are hospitals close by and means of taking him there; if a train is derailed, help is not long in coming. But when a great passenger liner meets with collision in mid-ocean, or goes on a reef along some desolate coast, help is not quite so near. Wireless will bring it, but on the vast stretches of the ocean another ship may be far away, and in the few hours, or few minutes, the damaged vessel may have to stay afloat that help is often too late. Lifeboats may have been launched, if the sea is calm enough, but if a wind springs up, or if extreme cold sets in, they will prove no protection.

Because no product of engineering seems quite as confidence-inspiring as an Atlantic liner, with its immense size, and its appearance of strength and safety, the traveler who has never seen salt water rising slowly up the walls of a stateroom, or heard the sharp command, "All hands to the boats!" is apt to resent having the ceiling of the grand saloon no higher than that of his own

living-room, just as the shipper, who can insure himself completely against all cargo losses, will resent higher freight rates. That safe ships are more important than luxury and low freight rates is a lesson every great disaster from the loss of the Titanic to that of the Vestris should have taught the world, and yet the world has it still to learn.

"The three functions of a ship," said Admiral von Tirpitz, when he was Lord High Admiral of the German navy, "are to float and float and float!"

We have seen that the demand for speed and luxury has made it impossible for any one shipbuilder or even all the shipbuilders in any one country to build safe ships and still remain in business. But let us suppose that the question of cost were removed by laws adopted and enforced everywhere that made safety paramount above



Note the expression of fear on the face of the man above. He is aiding, with the others, in trying to launch the lifeboats of the sinking ship

experts gleaned numerous lessons from these two disasters, but the only one which really mattered was this: there will be no safety at sea until ships are built which, for all practical purposes, can not sink, and which will carry, in case they do, adequate equipment for the safety of all those on board.

Why are not such "safe" ships, with such equipment, built as a matter of course? To find the answer it may help to consider a wreck which has now been almost forgotten.

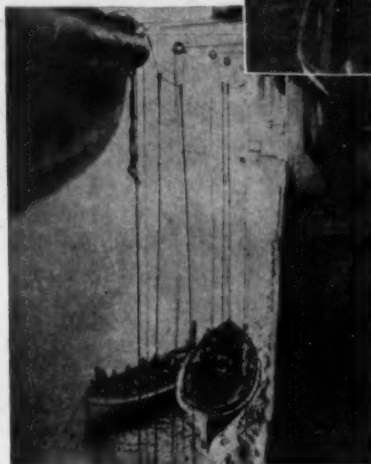
About fifty years ago a steamer named the Schiller was wrecked in a fog off the Bishop Rock Lighthouse, near the English Channel, and 300 persons out of the 350 on board were drowned. The details might be those of any one of a dozen later disasters. The Schiller was off her course in a dense fog but her captain was anxious to complete his run in good time, and in trying to do so ran his command hard on the rocks of the Retarrier Ledge, near the Scilly Islands. When attempts were made to launch the boats two were smashed by the fall of the funnel, and the rest were swept away by a heavy sea. Let me quote a contemporary writer on the loss:

"A loss of three hundred lives was primarily due to the unwillingness of the ship's captain to prolong his voyage by only a few hours. Yet no special blame, perhaps, ought to be thrown on his memory, for he was unquestionably thinking of the interests of his owners; and, as the old sea-adage 'the more days the more dollars' applies with peculiar force to a passenger-laden transatlantic steamer, it is notorious that owners do not regard with favor those captains who lengthen their passages by what they are apt to consider unnecessary caution. Are the owners, then, the persons in fault? Not entirely; they depend on the patronage of the public for interest on their capital, and in these days of competition, pleasure and feverish excitement ships which are reputed to make slow voyages soon find their cargoes reduced and their berths empty."



Canadian Pacific

The new Welin-Maclachlan launching device installed on the Duchess of Bedford. By means of this device a lifeboat can be launched by one man in one minute



Copyright, Photopress

Lifeboat drill on the great Leviathan. Launching a lifeboat in calm waters like this is very different from doing it in a heavy sea

everything else. How would the designer go about creating a ship which would "float and float and float"? How would he solve the problem of building life-saving equipment which could be launched and would remain seaworthy in the roughest weather?

My earliest experience with those problems came in 1900, at the time of the Paris Exhibition. Two years previously the steamer La Bourgogne had collided with the British steel sailing ship Cromartyshire, off Sable Island, and gone down with 360 people on board. Among them were a Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Pollok, whose heirs were so deeply moved by the tragedy that they offered a prize of \$20,000 for the best plan for the saving of life at sea. The heirs lived in Paris, where I was naval attaché to the American embassy at the time, and I was asked to take charge of the great amount of correspondence concerning the award, which was to be competed for at the exhibition. Later on I was appointed a member of the exhibition's international nautical jury which sat to determine the best out of the hundreds of schemes submitted. There were more than four hundred in all, and, while many of them were the work of cranks and men who had never been near the sea, there were a few which showed profound knowledge and thought. The best of them all, although it was not of enough immediate availability to warrant giving it the entire first prize, was a proposal, accompanied by a model, for the launching of large barges from the deck of a sinking ship.

The barge itself—there might be two or more, depending on the size of the ship—was decked over, and carried beneath the deck compartments for food and water, blankets, signaling apparatus, and other essentials, together with a sail. On deck was a folding mast. The barges were to be large enough on any ship to carry the entire passenger list and the crew, all under cover and in comparative comfort.

The most ingenious part of the whole plan was the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

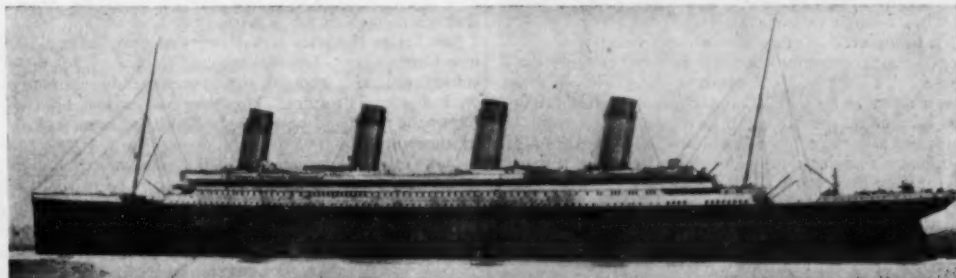


Photo by Wide World

The doomed Titanic photographed at Southampton just before she started on her maiden voyage. That voyage ended in the most tragic disaster in maritime history

Running With the March Hares

By Margaret Warde

ILLUSTRATED BY D. S. WENDELL

SAY, Joan, got a little job for you." It was Mr. Stephen Adams, hailing her from the bank door one sloppy March morning. "Come inside a minute while I tell you about it."

Joan went in, hoping that Mr. Adams's job wouldn't force her to an explanation that she was already fairly busy with a confidential mission. Having always lived in a small town, Joan realized that it would be far safer not to open her mouth about anything she was doing, unless she wanted the whole village to discover by mysterious processes of its own that she was helping Tony Hazard to realize that work is work and the world is full of it.

Mr. Stephen Adams also understood small-town curiosities. "Step this way," he ordered, and ushered Joan into his private office. "You a March Hare?" he demanded curtly. "You going to that treasure hunt the kids have on for tonight?"

"I—I think so, Mr. Adams," said Joan. "Mother doesn't like night motoring very well, but she almost said yes this time, because Curtis Slade asked me."

"Curt Slade is a nice, sensible fellow," announced Mr. Adams. "Now, Miss Fix-It, you go, and don't you forget that I'm retaining you with a five-dollar bill to keep the party within bounds. I guess you know what I mean all right. No reckless driving; no rushing up slippery back roads where a person in his senses wouldn't go, except on foot. You've all got feet. See that you use 'em when needed. Then back to the rendezvous at eleven sharp; and after the supper all the cars make straight for home. See? Everything just as your mothers would want it, Miss Fix-It, and five dollars in it for you to keep your finger on the throttle every single minute and slow 'em down as needed. Oh, and have that crazy niece of mine and Tony Hazard, who's taking her, ride in your car. And don't you let Edwina drive! She knows all about a car, but she can't remember that it has brakes."

"Gracious, Mr. Adams!" sighed Joan, appalled by the dramatic complexity of her new job. Then she remembered how Mr. Adams had snubbed her about tackling Miss Susan Wideawake's affairs; she needn't give him a chance to do so again now, by acting skittish over the job he offered. After all, she was pretty sure she could handle it. Curt and Tony and Billy Liscomb were all right; Ted Wallace couldn't drive well enough to take chances, and his sister Sally, who would be along, knew it, if Ted didn't. The Bump boys were the only real March Hares in the club that Edwina had organized, and luckily they weren't driving in the treasure hunt. Surely with Curt on her side she could manage Edwina somehow.

"I was just thinking how awful it would be to forget brakes," lied Joan sweetly, to explain that too impulsive "gracious." "I'll try my best to have everything go as you'd want," she added with her most businesslike air. "I'll report here tomorrow at nine-thirty."

Mr. Stephen Adams chuckled. "I guess you know your stuff, Jo," he said, as he bowed her out.

Edwina Oliver was Mrs. Steve Adams's niece, though when she visited in Hillsboro Mr. Steve usually had to assume a good deal of the responsibility for her. She lived in Flat Butte, North Dakota, on a big wheat ranch. She was named after her father, who had brought her up so that, as far as possible, she could take the



They dashed to the auto camp, and Dill's "smartness" was justified. The red bucket held a slip of paper

place of the son he had wanted and never had. She could ride any horse in the outfit, break colts as efficiently as the boss wrangler, and was as proud as her father of the top prices the Oliver grain always brought, and eager to understand the reasons.

So when, at fifteen, she was summarily plucked from her beloved prairies and sent East to school, because her mother insisted, her mother's sister, Mrs. Stephen Adams, who was put in charge of her, found her rather a handful.

She was sent home from two schools that first fall and absolutely refused to stay at a third. Then she visited the Adamses until Christmas and enjoyed her first taste of small-town boy-and-girl fun so much that she eagerly agreed to go back to the detested school and "walk turkey" there, provided she might spend her short vacations and all the week-ends she could manage in Hillsboro. So matters were arranged, and Edwina's visits, which always meant a party of some sort at the Adamses, and various exciting episodes besides, were eagerly anticipated by the Hillsboro young folk.

When Edwina was seventeen she suddenly discovered that, though riding in a motor car was tame sport, driving one on a concrete road was even more exciting than horseback riding at its Western best. Christmas time was a series of hectic combats between Stephen Adams and Edwina on the subject of Edwina's being taught to drive and allowed to try for a license. The battle ended in Edwina's buying a dilapidated Ford with her Christmas money from home, hiring Sam Peters to teach her to run it, and triumphantly passing the license tests, all before Mr. Stephen Adams had discovered what she was up to. When he found her and a corps of male helpers painting the Ford a brilliant scarlet in his back yard, there was nothing to do but agree with Edwina that the paint job badly needed doing.

"And then what do you propose to do with

this—car?" demanded Mr. Adams tartly.

"Why, sell it," explained Edwina sweetly. "You can always sell a Ford, Uncle Steve, especially a nice shiny red one. Sell it tomorrow, and go back to school next morning, and maybe never see you again! So there's nothing to worry about now, is there?"

There wasn't, and there wouldn't have been, since Edwina's Easter vacation was to be spent with her parents in Washington, and in June she was going home for good, except that late in February a serious flu epidemic struck Edwina's school, and the girls were sent home for a fortnight.

Edwina's delight in the unexpected vacation was tempered by the fact that a financial stringency prevented her even trying to buy back the red Ford, or bargain for its counterpart. Besides Mrs. Steve was ill, and her uncle had made her promise when she arrived not to do anything that might disturb her.

BEFORE the fortnight was out, other schools closed for the flu and Hillsboro was full of idle boys and girls. Afternoons and evenings they overran the Blakes' hospitable sitting-room, playing bridge with the doctor, or pushing back the furniture and rolling up the rugs for an impromptu dance. One night someone suggested an Alice-in-Wonderland party, which culminated in the organization of the March Hares. "So," as Edwina magnificently explained, "we can do a few crazy things together now, and not blow up the minute we get back to our old schools."

It was Edwina, too, who announced that Uncle Steve would be

"awfully bucked up" if they made him an honorary member, and then she'd ask him to provide the treasure for the hunt, which was to be the Hares' opening entertainment.

Uncle Steve rose to her bait; he valued his newly acquired popularity with the young folks very highly. Having provided a munificent "treasure," he made Edwina promise that the March Hares would "just act silly-mad, if they felt like it, but not really wild." And then, being a cautious New Englander, he took measures to see that they kept the bargain.

It was a wonderful night for a treasure hunt; March was coming in like a lamb, bringing with her just a few lazy flakes of snow to dust over the dinginess of dying winter. The five cars gathered in front of the Blakes', lights blazing, engines throbbing, ready to start at the drop of Doctor Blake's old gray hat, were powdered over with fairy feathers.

Edwina and Tony were riding with Curtis and Joan. Edwina had demurred at first; she wanted to take the Adams's seven-passenger sedan, because, with at least six Hares in the car with her, there would be at least six Hares who couldn't get to the treasure ahead of her. But Mr. Stephen Adams informed her that the seven-passenger car was put up for the winter, that he was using the other sedan that night, and, furthermore, that Edwina's hard-won license had expired with the preceding December.

"Did I pay four dollars just for three days?" murmured Edwina, and forbore to tell her Uncle Steve what all the kids knew, if he didn't, that one license on the front seat was enough to get by with.

Just before the start Jack Bump and Dill Gates piled into Curtis's car. Ted Wallace had stepped on his self-starter very hard, when his engine was already running—with disastrous results. The boys had pushed his car out of the road, and he and Judy Blake had been stuffed in somewhere.

"Oh, jolly!" Edwina greeted the new arrivals. "I'd better ride in front with Curt and Joan. I'm smaller than any of the rest of you."

"Not with that 'possum coat, I'll say you aren't," grumbled Curtis.

"Oh, well, I don't need a coat." And Edwina obligingly shed the offending garment. "Got two of Aunt Isabel's sweaters under it."

"Oh, Curt, he's dropping the hat!" shrieked Dill

Gates, tucking Edwina's discarded wrap around her silken knees. "Oh, go on, Curtis!"

Curtis wasn't to be hustled by a girl's scream. "Can't shift in a hurry, with all these—legs," he grumbled, and got off, after all, before any of the rest.

"Say, where are we going?" demanded Tony Hawkins. Joan had the important bit of paper. "Look in a bucket that hangs, but not by a well," she read, as Tony held his flash over her shoulder.

"Gee, where's that?" said Curtis, slowing down and letting two cars dash by him.

"Oh-h-h!" shrieked Dill Gates. "I'll bet it's that old red wooden pail that's stuck up out at the auto camp!"

"The other cars weren't headed that way," objected Edwina.

"Nobody as smart as Dill in 'em," boasted Jack Bump.

Finally, for lack of other inspiration, they dashed to the auto camp, and Dill's "smartness" was justified. The red bucket that hung on the post by the entrance gate held a slip of paper.

"Read it quick," ordered Edwina shrilly, "out loud, so we can all be thinking. And then put it back and get away fast, before anyone sees us."

"The box is in the sand," read Jack Bump, "in the sandiest place in town," and stood stock-still staring at the bit of paper as if some magic ink would come out on it to tell him more.

"Put it back and come on!" ordered Edwina stormily.

"Well, which way?" demanded Curt.

"Oh, anywhere, while we think," Edwina told him.

"Now, Joan, where's the sandiest place in Hillsboro? Where is it, Tony? I don't know, naturally. Don't you, Jack? Can't somebody besides Dill have an idea?"

"There's a sand-pit on the Hicks farm," suggested Jack Bump. "But then there's lots of sand-pits on farms—"

"You know that big one where the Hillsboro Marble Company gets its sand," suggested Joan, "with the bucket line that goes over the hill to their mills."

"Oh, yes!" cried Edwina. "I know that place. Drive there, Curt, and go!"

"What'll you bet," suggested Tony Hawkins, "that the rest of the crowd went out there chasing after the bucket business?"

"Oh, golly, then we're away ahead!" cried Edwina delightedly.

"Game's young yet," Tony warned her. "Curt, why not park in that wood road, side of the sand-pit, and sneak in from there? Then anybody that's trying to examine the bucket carriers might miss us—anyhow, not see where we locate the box—if we find it."

Curt's careful dismounted in deep silence on the dark little lane. Joan, catching her scarf on a door handle, was the last one out of the car. Turning her flashlight up the road to see where the rest had gone, she noticed another car parked just ahead of Curt's. Another turn of her light revealed a little gray house, its windows all dark, across the road. She smiled to herself, wondering what the farm people must be thinking about this sudden invasion of their privacy. And just then she happened to notice the number plate on the car in front of Curt's: 1776. Why, that wasn't a treasure-hunt car! It was Mr. Stephen Adams's sedan—the car she had heard him tell Edwina he was using himself tonight. What on earth was he doing here—unless—unless he didn't trust her and he'd followed—

"Found it first lick!" whispered Tony Hawkins in her ear. "You come take a look—it's a sticker, and the way it's written makes all the difference."

WHEN Tony and Joan got back to the road after inspecting the cryptic message, the other cars, on the "bucket business," had gone and Edwina, throwing secrecy to the winds, was standing beside the Adams's car, yelling at them to hurry. Dill and Jack Bump were already inside. Curtis was standing dispiritedly by his own car, awaiting the laggards.

"Gee, Joan, I don't know what to do!" he said. "Got two tires down, and I solemnly promised Dad I wouldn't drive on a flat. Only one spare, so what good is that? Edwina says drive to town and come right back from a garage—"

"We're going without you if you don't hurry," announced Edwina loudly. "And I'm doing the driving, Curt, if that's any help to your troubled conscience. Anyhow, you needn't worry but that Uncle Steve will know who's to blame."

Joan thought hard how best to "keep her hand on the throttle," as Mr. Adams had put it. "You ought to tell Mr. Adams that you're taking his car," she told Edwina. "I think he'd be willing, but—"

"Oh, we've tried to do that," broke in Edwina, impatiently; "called and knocked at that house over there."

"And I'd let one of the boys drive," went on Joan persuasively. "It's icy in places, and you haven't driven much at night, have you?"

"Never!" admitted Edwina cheerfully. "There's always a first time, you know. Jack's going to back out of here for me, and then—it's my party! Rather stay here and wait for the garage man?" ended Edwina with a mysterious little laugh.

The mystery was explained when Jack backed the car out with its head away from town, and Edwina, slipping into the driver's seat, started at a mad pace up the hilly back road toward Tarringford.

Joan, who had refused to be a third in front, and was curled up on the floor of the tonneau, looked at her watch.

"It's a quarter to eleven now," she announced.

"There's hardly time to get to Silver Beach for the cats. You ought to turn back, Edwina. Besides, Mr. Adams was somewhere round, of course, if he didn't hear when you called. He'll be worried about his car, and he'll want to get home."

"Better turn around, Edwina," chimed in Tony Hazard helpfully.

"Jack says not," returned Edwina. "Jack and I, we're in favor of getting what we go out for. He has a hunch that the bridge the last direction-paper meant is that covered one just this side of Tarringford."

"But that's ten miles—" began Joan, and bit her lips shut. Silly argument got you nowhere. Clutching the blanket roll for support, as the car swayed and lurched with Edwina's careless handling, Joan wondered what she could do—could have done—to keep her compact with Mr. Adams. She could think of nothing. That was the trouble with motor parties; things happened, and there was never anything reasonable to do about them. That, Joan suddenly understood, was why mothers objected.

The car swung round a curve, and everybody bounced into the air.

"My, Joan, you're hard as iron!" wailed Dill forlornly. "You caught me right across the ankle."

"Why, no, I didn't, Dill," denied Joan. "None of me is 'way over in front of you."

"Then it's chains or something down there," said Dill, and fumbled in the folds of the motor robe. "It's a tin box!" She held it up triumphantly. "Why not sit on it, Jo? O dear!" The box cover had slipped back and an avalanche of neatly folded papers fluttered down upon Joan.

"Hi, there, Dill, watch your step!" Tony Hazard turned on a flashlight to pick up the scattered documents. "I say!" he cried. "Here's a bond—a U. S. Liberty bond! Here's another! Ed Oliver, stop the car till we get this young fortune picked up off the floor."

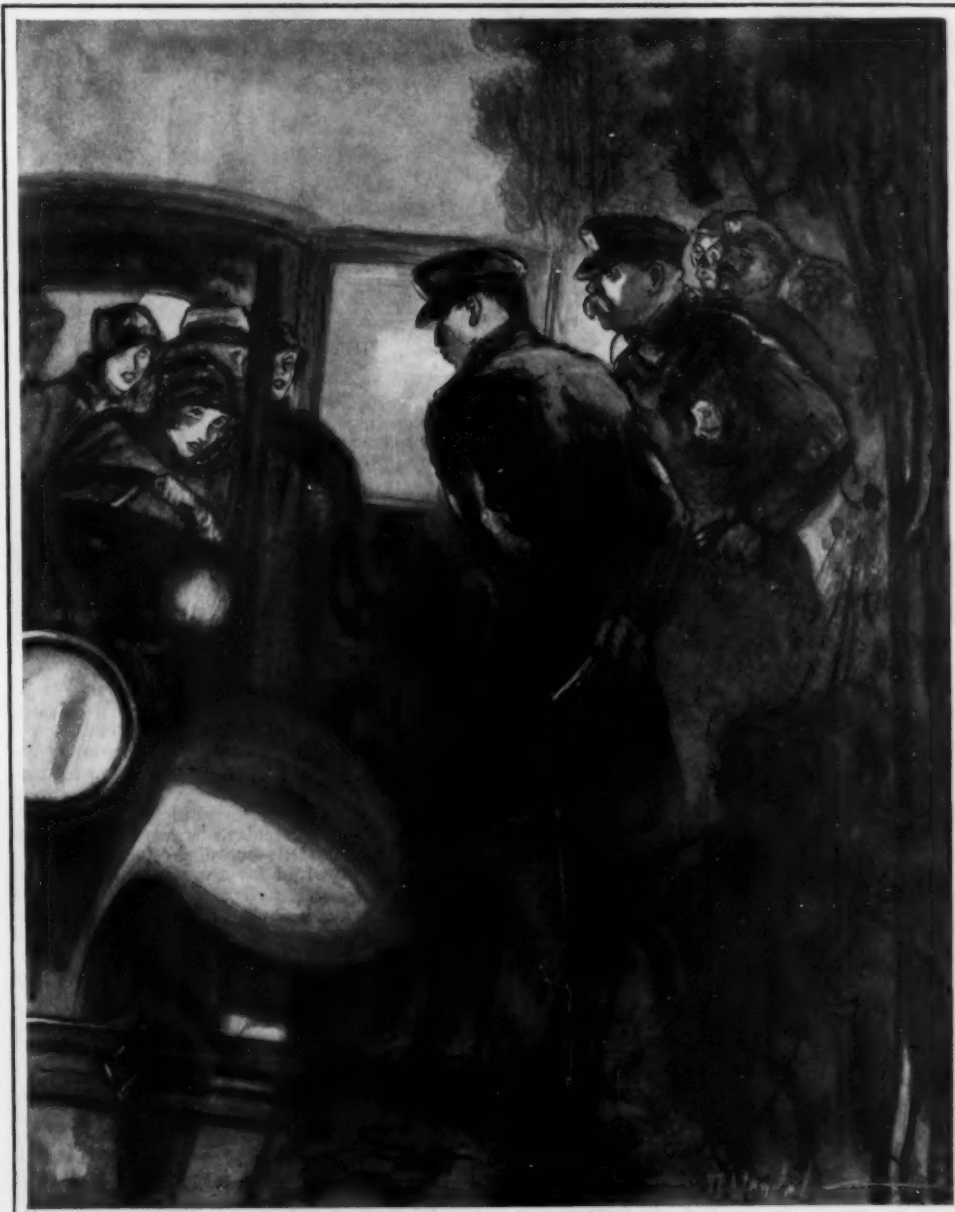
"Oh, well, if you call me Ed!" murmured Edwina, and bumped to a halt.

"Listen!" Dill had turned on the top light and was examining one of the crisp documents. "This one is for a thousand dollars. My, what a lot of money we've got on us tonight!"

"All that I've picked up are for a thousand," Tony chimed in, "and there must be a hundred at least—"

"We must take it back to Mr. Adams as fast as we can," said Joan, who was standing on the running-board while the dispatch box was being repacked. There was a ring of authority in her voice now. This time the strange vagaries of night-motoring were playing into her hands. With all these bonds in the car Edwina would have to behave.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 160]



"I don't know what you want," Edwina announced, "but I know you've made a mistake. We are just some Hillsboro boys and girls out for a drive"

Jimmy Turns Turtle

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON



"They wanted an answer to the note right away," the freshman reminded him. "They'll get one that will make their hair curl," answered Jimmy, thoroughly angry

LES MOORE was trying to sing, with a feeble accompaniment of his own on an old guitar belonging to Big Jake Hilligoss. Big Jake wanted to study. Billy Armstrong sat on the bed beside Jim Byers, fourth member of the Jordan Big Four, and pulled at him. Eddie Jepson, another Alpha-Omega and captain of the track team, sat on the other side of Jimmy and hauled at him. Jake was angry, Jimmy stubborn, and Billy and Jepson insistent. Les sang:

"When they wanted a man
To encourage the van,
Or harry the foe in the rear,
Or storm a redoubt,
They were sure to send out
For—"

"Byers, Byers!" shouted a freshman in the hall, jerking open the door of Jake's room just in time to supply a name for the song Les sang. "Telephone, Jim," he added, seeing Jimmy seated on the edge of Jake's bed. Thankful for the interruption, because he was uncomfortable in the argument with Billy and Jepson, Jimmy left the room and went to the telephone booth downstairs. In another moment he was just as ill at ease as he had been in the argument upstairs.

"Byers? This is Coach Wilson calling," came a voice over the wire.

"Oh, hello, Coach," said Jimmy, with a sinking feeling. Why couldn't they let a fellow alone for a little while at least?

"Say, Jim, I want to get you to do me a favor," Coach Wilson said. "This turtle race we're running Saturday is awfully important in our track program. I want it to go over big. The entries are not coming in fast enough. We need a lot of men out for it, so that we can pick up a few candidates for the track team, see? Got to find some new distance runners, and this race ought to produce some.

I hear the Alpha-Omegas will not have a team, and I wish you'd take hold over there and help Jepson line up a team—won't you? And enter the race, yourself, too."

"Oh, I can't run four miles, Coach," Jimmy protested.

"Sure you can," Wilson replied. "And even if you can't, what of it? If you will enter, it will be a big boost for the race. A lot of other fellows will enter if the football captain and star baseball and basketball player starts. Gives us advertising, see?—with you in it. Be a good sport, now!"

"Oh, Coach, there wouldn't be any sense in it,"

said Jim. "Even if I could run four miles, I wouldn't be a candidate for the track team. Coach Phillips wants me to help with spring football, and I've got to play baseball, and, gee whiz, a fellow ought to have a chance to use some time for himself."

"This will take only an hour or so," urged the track coach. "Come ahead and help us out, Jim."

"Oh, well—"

"Anyhow, you think it over, and come out if you can," Wilson insisted. "Don't throw us down, Jim!"

Instead of going back to Big Jake's room to resume the argument with Billy and Jepson, Jim went to his own room so that he might think in peace. Everybody seemed to be hounding him to drop everything he wanted to do for himself, to run in Saturday's turtle race. Coach Wilson had offered a turtle-soup dinner to the fraternity winning the race with a five-man team. More, he had offered as a trophy the turtle shell itself, to be polished and lettered so that it would form a unique ornament for some fraternity's lounging-room. His idea, as he had explained to Jim, was to find some new distance runners for his track team among the fraternity men competing in the turtle race.

"It's a good stunt, too," mused Jimmy, to himself. "But I don't see why they have to try to rope me in. I can't run. And by jing, I don't think I will."

EASIER in his mind as a result of having made this tentative decision, he turned to his table and picked up a book. It was already past the time when he should be on his studies. But he had forgotten to lock his door, and almost before he had opened his book it burst open. In came Billy, Les and Eddie Jepson, followed an instant later by Big Jake Hilligoss.

"Listen, you guys," exclaimed Jake, angrily. "Why don't you let the man alone? Can't you see he doesn't want any part of your fool race? You've dragged him out

for basketball twice when he didn't want to play, and last year you hooked him to run the hurdles for the track team, when he didn't want to hurdle. Now you're after him—"

"Lay off, Jake," Billy protested. "He's man enough to take care of himself. We got to have a team in this turtle race."

"All right, let Jim alone," Jake proposed, quickly. "I'll run in the blamed turtle race for him."

"Say, lead foot, we don't want *real* turtles in this race," Les Moore laughed. "You're too heavy in the heels."

"Beat you," snapped Jake, resentfully. The big fellow weighed almost 220 pounds and obviously was not suited to long-distance running.

"Listen, Jim," spoke up Eddie Jepson, sitting down on a corner of the study table. "It's not only for the track team, and for Jordan, remember. Any letter man would do all he could if it was only just for Jordan. We've got to set examples to get other fellows interested in winning their J. But it's more than that. We've got to do it for the house, understand? We got plenty fellows in football and basketball and baseball. People call us the athletic fraternity, see? Now, how would it look if we were the only bunch on the campus that couldn't turn out five fellows for this little old turtle race? Everybody would say we're a fine gang of candies, now, wouldn't they?"

"Sure, and they ought to," Jimmy agreed, readily. "But that doesn't put it up to me! You've got four fellows. Find another one among the thirty or so in the house besides me."

"But I'm captain of track this year," Jepson argued. "I want the Alpha-Omega team to be good. Selfish, maybe, but I think the house owes it to me to turn out a good team. Won't we turn out every guy in the house that's ever had a football in his hands just to help the eleven next fall, when you're captain? Sure, we will."

"What gets me," chimed in Les Moore, "is, here's my buddy, and I know he's a good game guy. But if he doesn't show for this race, people will say he's yellow, or afraid he can't run four miles, or is out of condition, or something. They'll think he's a fine guy to be football captain—"

"Aw, say, Les, people wouldn't say those things about me," protested Jim. "I should worry if they did, but they wouldn't. You guys get on out of here. Coach Wilson called me up a little while ago and asked me to run, and I told him I'd think about it. But how can a fellow think with all this racket and pulling and hauling going on around him, what I want to know! Beat it, all of you!"

"You think it over, Jim," begged Jepson, earnestly.

"Give me a chance," Jimmy retorted.

"Come on, fellows," and Jepson headed the way out of Jimmy's room. Only Jake tarried, and he lingered for just a moment, holding the doorknob in his big hand.

"You know, Jim," he said, with a grin, "I believe it would be easier to run that race than to be fighting off these guys all the time. And think of that old turtle-soup—for the whole gang of us! Boy!"

This was on a Thursday evening, late in March. Almost two weeks had passed since the last basketball game of winter, and Les and Billy and Jake had gone out for spring football practice. Jimmy, however, at the advice of Coach Phillips, had broken training for two weeks.

The much-talked-about turtle race was scheduled for Saturday forenoon at ten o'clock. The weather was still cool and bracing, Jimmy reflected. A lot of the football men and players from other teams, his old mates in Jordan's battles, would be in the race. It might be fun—and of course, if the Alpha-Omegas could win, the turtle-soup dinner in the big dining-room, with Coach Wilson serving, would certainly be a circus. After all, a fellow owed something to his fraternity—the gang that was always pulling for him in a football game, or a baseball game. The race would only take an hour or so, altogether, including maybe the time for dressing and the time for a shower afterward. And, while the race was to be four miles, still it would not be a sprint, and a fellow ought to be able to do that distance—

Jimmy decided to help maintain Alpha-Omega's reputation for athletics, and to try to win the turtle-soup dinner and turtle-shell trophy. It did not occur to him for one minute that he would have any trouble running four miles. He thought, instead, what good scouts Les and Billy and the rest of them were, and resolved to pitch



But when Jimmy reached a good position, what he thought was his second wind began to desert him. It came with difficulty and he slowed down

in with them for a big day Saturday. Then he attacked his textbook, and read for an hour with a light heart and clear mind.

Finishing the stint he had set for himself, he got ready for bed. In his pajamas he started in search of Eddie Jepson, to tell the track captain he had decided to run the turtle race. But a freshman met him at the door, bearing a note.

"I was told to tell you to read it right away and give me an answer," said the freshman.

"All right," said Jim. He held the letter under his reading lamp, and this is what he read:

"Although a shoemaker should stick to his last (and Jimmy gasped with surprise, for this was one of the arguments he had used against Jepson, Les and Billy), an Alpha-Omega should also stick to Alpha-Omega, for it is his last and first friend.

"Although Heaven entrusts no great cargo to the ship that spread its sails to every wind that blows (another quotation from Jim's argument), it is a dumb ship that does not trim to go with her sister ships.

"Although Jack-of-all-trades may be master of none (Jimmy blushed on remembering he had cited Jack's bad example), he should not quibble over one more trade.

"Therefore, we do hereby instruct, order and command Jim Byers, said shoemaker, said ship and said Jack to enter and run in the great turtle race as a member of the Alpha-Omega team, to the end that this Kourt may regale itself in rich turtle-soup Saturday night at Coach Wilson's expense. We do also notify said Byers his promise so to do is awaited here and now by Kangaroo Kourt; pending which promise no dire punishment is yet agreed upon. Fail not at your Peril."

Jimmy Byers was furious. If Billy and Jepson and the rest thought they could drive or bully him into running that fool turtle race, he'd show them! He wouldn't run a step! Kangaroo Kourt on a fellow because he had not said right off the bat that he would go out and gallop four miles, why— Jim's first impulse was to follow the freshman back to Kourt and read a riot act of his own to all the Kangaroos. But he thought better of it.

"They wanted an answer to the note right away," the freshman reminded him.

"They'll get one that will make their hair curl," answered Jimmy, thoroughly angry.

He picked up a pencil and a sheet of paper, and wrote: "Said Byers was on his way to tell Jepson what he had decided to do about said turtle race when this ultimatum came. When Jepson brings it back again, torn in little pieces, he will find out what said Byers proposes to do. Not till then! Kan the Kangaroo stuff."

"Take that back, freshman," said Jim, "and tell Jepson I've gone to bed, if he wants to find me."

Five minutes later, as he lay in his bunk in the dormitory on the third floor, a committee of three came to wait on him and learn his decision.

"What are you going to do about the turtle race?" Jepson demanded.

"Switch on the light," Jimmy replied, sitting up. The light came on. "Have you got those pieces?"

"Yeah, here they are," grinned Jepson, displaying them in a hand he had been holding behind his back.

"Oh, and there's Bill Armstrong, the lazy bum, and poor Les Moore," Jimmy scoffed. "All right, let's see each of you eat a piece of it, hey?"

"Sure," Jepson laughed, "if you're—"

"I am," said Jim. "I'll run. Swallow it, Bill! And you too, Les. Now then, go on out of here, for I've got to train for this race by getting some sleep."

ON Friday evening Jim met with Les and Billy in Jepson's room. With them was the fifth member of the Alpha-Omega team, Johnny Dobbins, a long-legged sophomore who had run on his high-school track team.

"The idea is this," Jepson explained. "Each fraternity enters five men, and no team can win unless all five men finish. The team with the lowest score wins first place, and they will give points to each man according to the place in which he finishes. First gets one point, second, two points, and so on. See? Now then, the first thing we've got to promise ourselves is that every man of us will finish, if he has to crawl in on his hands and knees. What do you say?"

"We'll all finish," said Les.

"Can't help it—thinking about that turtle-soup," Billy grinned. "Boy, it's going to be great stuff to-morrow night!"

"If we win," Jepson continued. "Now, then, we've agreed we'll all finish. All right. The next thing is, how will we race? It's not going to be a cinch to win this

EVERYONE who has had his baptism in distance running knows what a fine, true, realistic story Jonathan Brooks has written this month, in "Jimmy Turns Turtle." Track is a great sport, but, as in all sports, proper advice and training are vital to success. So when you finish this story turn from fiction to fact, and read

SIX RULES FOR RUNNERS

By Ted Meredith

the greatest quarter-miler in athletic history, who gives you half a dozen pieces of invaluable advice. It's on page 143.

race. The Nu-Sigs have two cross-country men on their team, five-mile runners. The Tau-Betas have three basketball players, and they can run. Nearly every team will have some good men on it, and—"

"Yeah, but the Nu-Sigs, for instance," Billy argued. "They've got two cross-country men, but they haven't got another fellow that can run around the block, let alone four miles."

"Don't be too sure of it. Freshmen can enter," Jepson warned. "Now, then, here's my idea. Dobbins can run. You other three are in good enough condition to finish, aren't you?"

"I'll be up there with you fellows," laughed Billy, cockily.

"Suppose we go out with the leaders and hit up a good gait right from the start," said Jepson. "After a mile or two that will kill off a lot of fellows, and they will not be able to finish at all. That will cut down the number of teams we have to beat. They'll try to keep up, and they can't, see? Then about the third mile we'll ease off a little, and finish strong in the fourth. That will give all of us a chance to finish. What do you say?"

They agreed on Jepson's strategy, and all went to bed early so as to be sure of plenty of rest and the subsequent energy needed for the long grind on the morrow. All of them ate sparingly of breakfast, save Billy, who never for any reason cut down his eating, but despite that fact remained thin as a rail.

At nine o'clock, when they went to the gym, they found every runner in Jordan getting ready, with a crowd of other men who had never been known to take part in athletics. Coach Wilson gave out sets of five paper letters to be pinned on jerseys or sweat-shirts, each fraternity team receiving a supply of letters to designate its runners. Alpha-Omega drew the letter H. Jepson distributed these letters. Then he took each of the men into the gym and had them all rubbed with grease, for the day was chilly and raw. A steady breeze was blowing, and rain seemed imminent.

At fifteen minutes of ten Coach Wilson sounded his first call, and at five minutes before the hour had all the runners assembled in front of the gym.

"Sixteen teams, or eighty men, will start," he shouted to the motley group that crowded together dressed in baseball suits, track outfits, basketball togs, and even plain old clothes. "The winning five eats turtle-soup to-night, on me! The course is from here across the campus on the power-house road, to Fourth Street, out Fourth to the Myers road, across on the Myers road to the Tenth Street road, in on Tenth to Gym Avenue, and back on Gym to these steps here. Almost exactly four miles. Course marked. Track marshals to make sure all proper turns are made. Everybody ready?"

He looked at his watch, and the group scrambled for forward positions in front of the steps. A crowd of a thousand or more students crowded about on the grass

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 165]



The fire-room of the Miraflores! Here in the acrid smell of the ash, bathed in sweat and foul with coal dust, Rod struggled on like a doomed spirit in the Inferno

[PAGE 162]

Lubber's Luck

By E. B. Price

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

A QUICK SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

RODNEY GRANGER lives with his mother on a small farm in the harbor town of Porthaven. He is the son of a sea captain who was lost with his ship, and in deference to his mother's wishes he remains a landsman, though the call of the sea is in his blood. One evening on his way home he comes upon two men attempting to repair a disabled automobile. They are startled by his presence and attempt to detain him, although they are not successful. At home, Rod puzzles over their strange behavior and cannot understand why they apparently believed he had heard something not meant for him. Then he leaves his mother to watch the tramp steamer *Miraflores* as she coals up at the docks. Succumbing for a moment to the lure of anything that has to do with the sea, he accepts the invitation of Mr. Rankin, second mate, to go aboard and inspect the dingy craft.

He explores the vessel from bridge to engine-room, but is horrified when he attempts to leave to find that the *Miraflores* has cast off and is getting under way. His demands to be put off are unavailing, and he wonders desperately how he can get in touch with his mother, who, he knows, will think that he has run away to sea. He has scarcely recovered his bearings after his first surprise when he has another—even more startling! He comes, on the deck of the *Miraflores*, face to face with one of the two strangers whose car had broken down on the Porthaven road! The man did not speak to him, and he sees no one else that night but Rankin, who escorts him, none too gently, to filthy quarters in the fo'castle, where he finally sinks into an exhausted sleep.

In the morning he meets the captain, George Brisbane, who tells him that the names of the two mysterious passengers are Crowder and Hubbard. But he can get no more information beyond this, and his attempts to communicate with his mother by radio are met only with suspicious refusals. Suddenly, however, he comes face to face with a girl—thirteen or fourteen years old, brown as a gypsy, with a tangled mop of dark hair. She is Victory Brisbane, the daughter of the captain, and, unlike the other strange people aboard the *Miraflores*, she is friendly to Rodney. She has lived at sea all her life and is fascinated by what Rodney tells her of life on shore. But she

will confide in him only to the extent of saying, "Pop obliges gentlemen once'n a while outside his reg'lar trade—and you know too much for those guys Crowder and Hubbard." The guilt of these two and of Captain Brisbane becomes more obvious to Rodney every moment, but whether they are escaping murderers, bank robbers, or what, he has no idea.

All this time the *Miraflores* has been pounding away northward. After several days Rod apparently makes one more friend—Jan, an enormous Swede who, like other members of the crew, assumes that Rod knows far more than he does. It is from Jan that the first hint comes as to what the mysterious business on board the *Miraflores* may be. Almost simultaneously he and Victory tell him that they have seen Crowder and Hubbard poring over an untold wealth of diamonds in their cabin! But as Rodney puzzles over what he can do to block the plans of the smugglers the *Miraflores* sights land and anchors in a shallow harbor. So quickly that the events daze him, Rod is put into a small boat, rowed to shore and dumped unceremoniously on the beach.

CHAPTER FIVE

Castaway or Stowaway?

FEELINGS of rage alternated with those of despair as Rod finally turned on his heel and faced the strange land on which he had been cast away. The boat had regained the *Miraflores*, and he somehow had no desire to see her begin to move away. Resolutely he turned his back upon her and confronted a tall, half-starved-looking man who stood silently regarding him from beside one of the drawn-up canoes.

"Well," said Rod, trying to grin, "here I am. Hope you're glad to see me."

The man backed off a little. "You got a sickness?" he asked, in a hoarse, nasal voice with a curious accent. "Never felt better in my life," Rod assured him.

"Ship got rid o' you," the man said suspiciously. "Why?"

"Too long a story to tell you," Rod said. "I was kidnaped. They're getting away with a big robbery."

The man raised his eyebrows and backed still farther. By this time the children had reassembled, and they skulked behind the beach boats. Another man and a gaunt woman were approaching quietly from the nearest patchwork cabin.

"So I'm here till I can get away," Rod continued. "When does a boat or something leave?"

The men looked at each other, puzzled. "No bawt," one volunteered. "We sails in good weather to Noose Landin'. Bawt from the mainland teches there."

"Oh," said Rod, discouraged. "Will you sail me there?"

He had not stopped to figure out exactly how he was to pay passage on any vessel, but he relied on being able to work his way.

There was a disheartening silence. Then the first man spoke up. "Sojers mought git us, helpin' robbers." He shook his head.

Rod realized that he had made a false start. He had not counted upon the dull ignorance with which he must contend. "But I'm not a robber," he explained. "I'm the one the robbers were afraid of. I'm on the law side—see?"

Only head-shakes met his argument. The law strengthened his position not at all.

"At least you can give me a bed and something to eat, till I figure on how to get away from here?"

This was met by a silent apathy, till Rod pulled from his pocket a handful of silver. A gleam then lit the dull eyes, and the woman said, "Be ye hungry, boy?"

"I shall be, soon," Rod agreed.

The figures melted one by one back among the tall spruces and hemlocks that came down almost to the water's edge. The crazy cabins were perched in untidy clearings among stumps and brush. No wonder the children's bare legs were scratched and their clothes in tatters! Rod floundered among brush and brambles to the nearest hut, whose front was perched on high stilts while the back grew against the mounting hillside. Within, he found the scared woman who had asked if he were hungry. He laid a quarter on the table as the most telling aid toward procuring supper and a lodging. At his entrance half a dozen children scurried up a rough ladder into a sort of loft above, from which they peeped down, bright-eyed, like a nestful of mice. The cabin's one bare room was just beginning to be temptingly redolent of fried salt fish and coffee when the master of the house strode in and shouted to Rod:

"You kape off from my house and my woman!"

He pointed forcibly toward the door. Rod had no idea of how to cope with the primitive ideas of these people. He was aghast and helpless before the cold distrust of the man, whose powerful hand was now on his arm. Outside once more, Rod made his way back to the beach and sat down there on the gunwale of a boat, discouraged, baffled, and not knowing what to do next. The first of dusk was creeping out from the black depths of the hemlock forests to touch the sea. Rod raised his head despondently, to scan the gray waters—and was astounded to see the Miraflores still lying in the offing as she had lain an hour ago! He rubbed his eyes and stared again. There she was, solid and plainly visible. What on earth could it mean? For what were they waiting? Was it possible that they intended to pick him up again after all—that this was meant only to frighten him into holding his tongue? Or were Crowder and Hubbard off on dark business on some other island? Impossible—unless they intended to bury their loot like Captain Kidd, and that method was infrequently practiced by modern pirates! Rod had walked into the edge of the tide in his puzzled absorption and stood now with the water curling around his ankles.

"Goin' to walk out to her, boy?" a harsh voice hailed him, and he turned to see a grizzled old man whom he had not met before.

"No, just wondering why she stays there," Rod said.

"Stays 'cause she's got to stay," the old fisherman declared. "On the bottom, she is."

Rod whistled. "My eye! Is that it? Is she there for good? Will she break up?"

"Aw, naw," said the old man. "She's jest teched. Shoal and sand it is. Fools, friskin' in without pilot. They'll wait till high tide at midnight an' float on their way."

High tide at midnight! Rod stood paralyzed by a swift rush of thoughts that swept him. Plan after plan sped by and was discarded. Then Rod wheeled to the old man and, pulling almost all his money from his pocket, said:

"Would this be enough to get you to do something for me? A simple enough thing, and I swear it'll get you into no trouble."

THEY talked there on the lonely beach in the deepening twilight, and at last the old man nodded his untidy gray head in grudging assent. Rod snatched from his pocket that letter he had been writing so long to his mother, added an explanatory postscript, and delivered it over to the fisherman, who promised to post it at the earliest opportunity. Rod had learned that there was no telegraphic communication with civilization from this forgotten spot, but he was still unaware that the mail boat which touched at Moose Landing did so only twice a month. He had confident visions of his letter speeding within a day or two on its way to his mother and setting at rest her frenzied speculation.

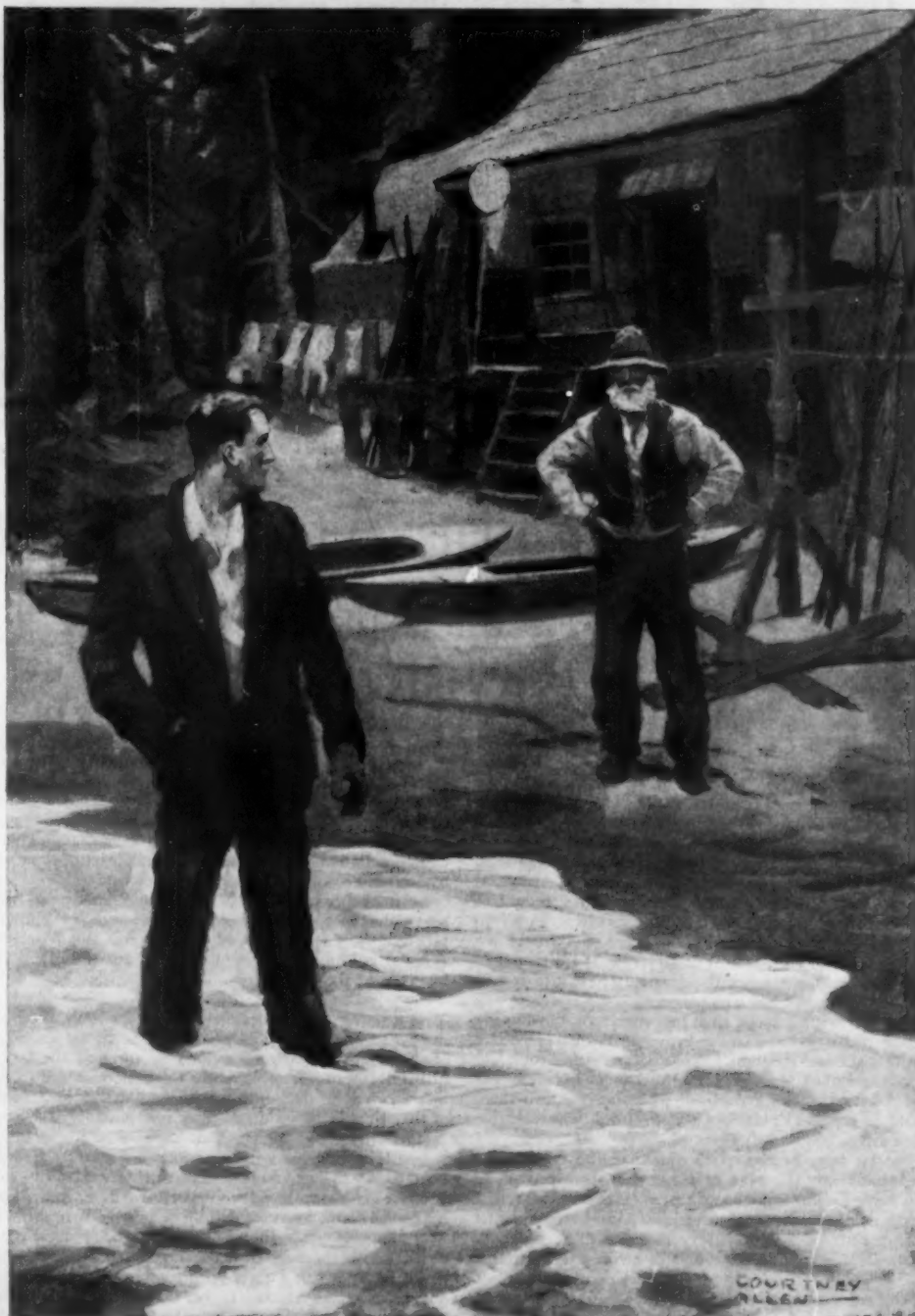
How long it seemed till full dark! Rod paced the sand, gnawing the hard bread the old man had brought him, trying vainly to see his watch. At last it came—that dead hour between last afterglow and moonrise. Deep darkness and silence all over Kip's Arm. Silence too on the water as Rod and the old fisherman quietly launched one of the skin canoes and, placing in it a package of food, pushed off into the night. The paddle made no noise; the canoe glided like a floating leaf, black in the black, under the stern of the Miraflores. It stole along her quarter until Rod's groping hands caught the first of a series of small iron rungs that scaled her wall-side. His packet hooked to his belt, Rod stepped clear of the canoe, crawled up the giddy way, hand over hand, until his eyes were on deck level. He clung with numb fingers while Rankin and the first mate strolled slowly by, the bowls of their pipes glowing like little bobbing stars. No one else was to be seen. Rod slid over the bulwark, lay flat, crawled behind the funnel, crouched

in the velvet shadow of the deck-house. He had decided upon his hiding-place—under the roofed canvas of one of the lifeboats. They were slung so high that it was not easy to see into them. He chose one far aft, so that it was not even directly commanded by the bridge. A quick foot on the bulwark, and he was in—just in time, as Rankin and his companion turned and began walking toward the stern again. He crouched in the blackness that smelt of paint and rope and mouldy canvas, his heart pounding wildly. The plan he had formulated was so far accomplished. Heaven only knew how much farther he would be able to carry it. There in the twilight of Kip's Arm he had decided firmly that he would rejoin the Miraflores and bend every energy toward frustrating Crowder and Hubbard. Cowering now in his narrow hiding-place, he thought himself a fool to imagine that he could cope with the plans of these malefactors single-handed. But at least he might be able to do something for Victory—help her, somehow, to escape her present life and enter into her rightful heritage. Well—if he failed in one, he might succeed in the other. At any rate, it was great adventure. That magical mail, which his logic had not stopped to reason out, would explain everything to his mother, and he would be free to carry on with this perilous quest. For the first time the possibility of reward entered his mind. If he should be able to bring about the arrest of the thieves, he supposed there

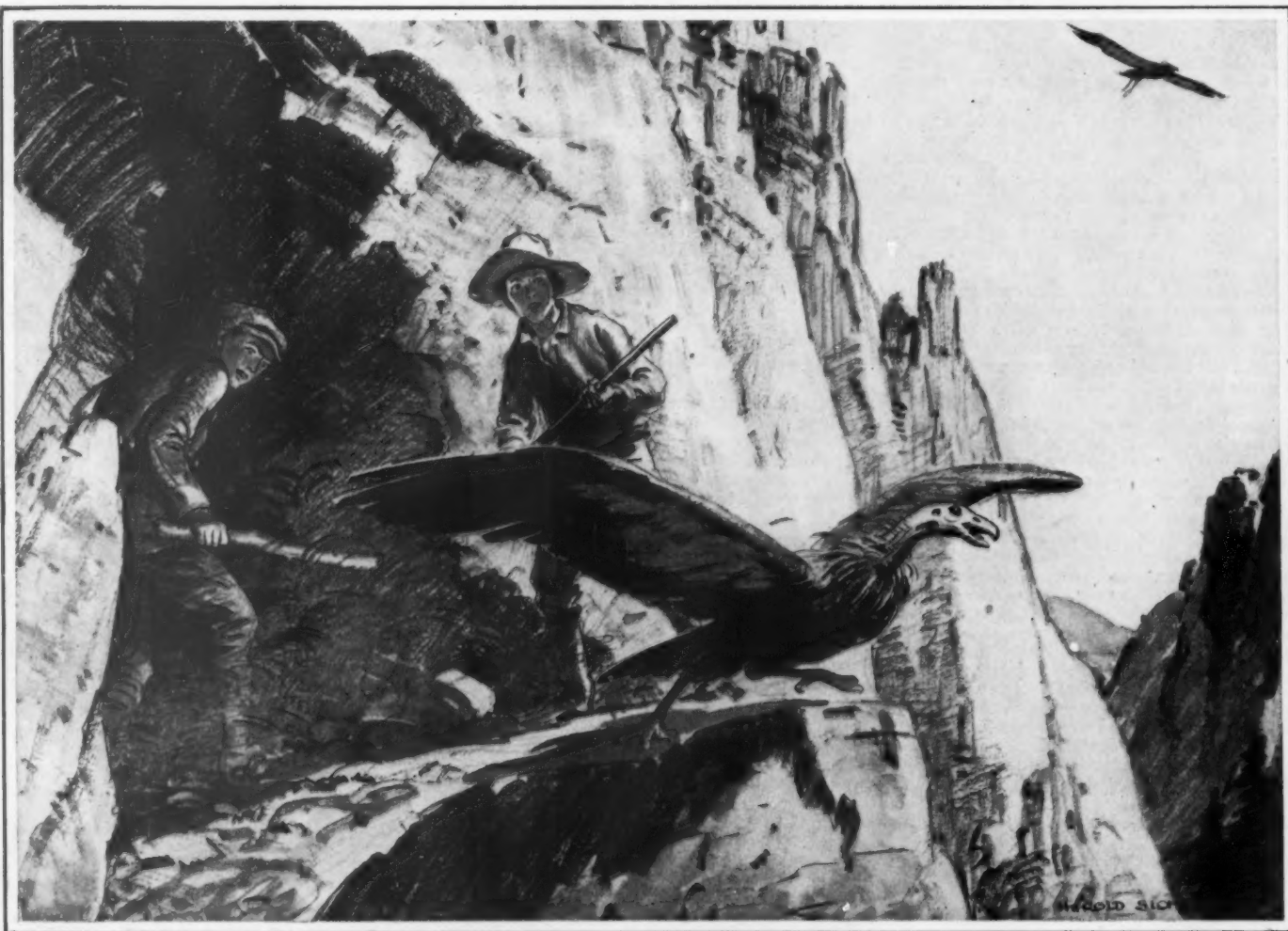
would be a reward. It might be as much as a hundred dollars—for all those diamonds. That would be wonderful for his mother. Then he laughed at himself. So likely he'd be able to pull off anything of that sort—like those storybook lads! Lucky if he got off with his skin, now. He pulled Jan's coat around him, for it was cold. Well, it was too late to get off now, for the Miraflores was coming alive. The tide was full; she was riding free. Clang! went her engine-room bell, and her engine woke again, her screws thrashed, the water hissed away astern. She was under way once more, bound for that unknown port, and Rod, poor fool that he was, had stowed away aboard of her!

He woke from uneasy sleep to find cold rain drenching his narrow quarters. The canvas cover pulged and dripped above him with a pool of collected water. Stiff, cramped and very hungry, he squatted on a thwart of the lifeboat and raised the canvas a little on the seaward side. By the ray of feeble gray light admitted, he opened his packet of food and munched resolutely on a piece of hard bread and a strip of dried fish. Soon thirst beset him more and more urgently, and he sucked up a little rain water that had run in and settled in a fold of the canvas. He was on the port side of the ship, but, peering out, he could no longer descry land. Now that the Miraflores was so far on her way perhaps he might

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Then Rod wheeled to the old man and, pulling almost all his money from his pocket, said: "Would this be enough to get you to do something for me?"



Next moment Addison was nearly knocked off his feet by the sudden outward rush of the angry condor

AFTER completing his studies at the Harvard Scientific School, my Cousin Addison became first instructor and afterward a professor of zoölogy at Yale University. But all through his boyhood at our old farm in Maine he had been quite as much interested in mineralogy as in birds, beasts, or insects, and before he left home had made a considerable collection of mineral specimens from the rocks and ores of our country.

Before long he had attracted the attention of Louis Agassiz, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was induced to study zoölogy for two years under this celebrated naturalist. As a result of this course, he received his appointment at Yale, but in his heart he always retained that early fondness for minerals and for specimen-hunting. One of his early triumphs in mining I told you a few months ago in "Harder than Pharaoh's Heart."

One of the first calls for his services in this line took him to the Ozark Mountains, in southern Missouri, where certain local interests believed that they had discovered silver and had erected a smelter. Addison was easily able to demonstrate to them that what they had found was zinc instead of silver—a sad disappointment at the time, though the discovery has since proved the beginning of a great industry.

Another trip at about the same time took our mining expert to Black Lake in the Province of Quebec, where enthusiastic but ignorant persons believed that they had discovered an immense deposit of platinum, and were near the point of mobbing Addison when he informed them that the supposed platinum was nothing more valuable than asbestos.

But far more hazardous to him than the grief of the Canadians was the rage of three sharp prospectors in southern California who were endeavoring to sell a fraudulent gold mine. These fellows had blasted a tunnel that penetrated a nearly perpendicular cliff, probably with actual expectation at first of striking a profitable lead of gold-bearing quartz. Discovering no indications of the precious metal, however, they determined to recoup themselves for their labor and expenses by a device afterwards notorious in the West and in Alaska. They procured ten ounces of gold dust and, loading a shot gun with it—an ounce at a charge—fired this into the jambs

The Angry Condor

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

of the tunnel and also into loose specimens of the rock, of which they had made a considerable heap at the entrance to the tunnel. The shining yellow particles penetrated the quartz and gave it an appearance of being rich in gold.

Later the mine had been placed on the market and purchasers solicited in the usual way, a cash price of seventy-five thousand dollars being put on the property.

As it chanced, the same mining syndicate that had sent Addison to the Ozark region now asked him to proceed to California and investigate this highly-vaunted gold mine—without previous announcement of his visit to the proprietors.

HE set off by the then new Pacific Railway, reached San Francisco, then journeyed mostly by stage to Sonora and thence walked up through the foothills into Fresno County, where the mine was said to be located; but he had difficulty in finding it, the region at that time being wild and little inhabited.

He finally came upon a little cabin where a widow, named Hewitt, lived with her son, a boy of sixteen, and kept bees. In her younger days this Mrs. Hewitt had been a New Hampshire schoolmistress. Later in life her husband became an invalid from what was then termed "consumption"; and they had come to the mountains of California in the hope of benefiting his health. But he had died, and, being quite without means, the courageous woman had resorted to bee-farming as a means of livelihood, first with a few hives, which—at the time of Addison's visit—had increased to fifty.

The boy, patriotically named Abraham Lincoln Hewitt, was a fine strong youth and a worthy son of his

mother. Addison liked him from the first day of their acquaintance. It was this young Abe Hewitt who had shown him the way to the mine; and it was at the Hewitt cabin that he was entertained during the three days he spent in Fresno County.

His arrival at the mine was clearly a surprise to the three proprietors; and he did not fail to observe that they regarded him with distrust, probably from his unannounced visit.

But he entered upon his business pleasantly, informing them whom he represented, and asked—since they wished to sell the property—to be allowed to look it over. To this request they assented, while expatiating at great length on the richness of the vein they had struck, then exhibited specimens of the gold-bearing quartz and afterward conducted him into the tunnel, which had to be inspected by lantern-light.

The presence of gold was unmistakable; and Addison had never heard of a "shot" mine. The trick was a new one in the annals of mining obliquity. He was puzzled. The formation there was not one in which he would have expected to find gold. Yet there it was—real gold in fair quantity.

He was with the mine owners for several hours, conversing easily, making inquiries about the country, saying that he was a stranger in California, and so forth. He was attempting to learn something of the miners, personally, and what had induced them to blast a tunnel into that particular formation.

The prospectors replied to his questions shortly and appeared indisposed to be communicative. When Addison asked to take away specimens of the gold-bearing ore, they curtly refused to permit it. Nevertheless he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 160]



This department of The Youth's Companion is dedicated to all wholesome sports in season and to the upbuilding of true sportsmanship. "Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard."
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SPORT

EDITED, UNDER DIRECTION OF OUR SPORT ADVISORY COUNCIL,

BY SOL METZGER

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Six Rules for Runners

Straight-from-the-shoulder advice from the greatest quarter-miler who ever ran a race

By Ted Meredith

Assistant Track Coach, University of
Pennsylvania

Here Are Ted Meredith's Six Rules

First: Never run your full distance in practice.

Second: Run naturally, and don't be self-conscious about form.

Third: Remember that your arms are as important as your legs.

Fourth: Start training gradually; you need three months of practice before any race you expect to win.

Fifth: In practice, always leave the track feeling as if you could have done better if you had tried.

Sixth: Never be discouraged; you need time as well as work.



Ted Meredith



Form! James A. Payne, crack Western hurdler, gets off to a flying start

IN my position, many boys tell me they want to be runners and come to me for advice. The first thing I do for them, and the first thing I want to do for readers of "Sport" in The Youth's Companion, is to sound a word of caution.

If you want to be a runner, *never run too much*. It is perfectly true that to become a runner of any ability a boy must do a lot of running. But it should be spread out over a long period, and never overdone at any one time.

When I first began to run, we used to hear much more of promising youngsters who got burned out than we do now. Better methods of coaching and supervision have brought this change about. Not only is coaching more intelligent, but where there used to be but one coach there are now a hundred.

My own first training, for example, was absolutely wrong. At the age of fourteen I went out for my high-school relay team. We were pre-

paring for the Penn Relay Carnival. Each day I would run at least two miles in preparing for a quarter-mile run. This was dead wrong. Fortunately, I had not done it long before I was warned to cut my training down, and so I suffered no ill effects.

At present, coaches may use either of two methods in the early preparation of runners. The first is this: always keep under the distance for which you are training. If you are training for the mile, never run a full mile. The second is to jog slowly well over the distance and gradually cut it down.

If you are under twenty, I advise you to follow the first method; if you are well over this age, the second may be safe enough and perhaps more effective.

Pavlo Nurmi, the "flying Finn," became great by dint of hard, grueling training at long distances. Gradually he decreased his distances and increased his speed, and as the result of his tremendous endurance and his unflagging courage he now holds the records from a mile to ten miles. Joie Ray started out as a five-miler. The strength and endurance he developed in this running enabled him later to run more fast miles than any runner has ever done before. But not everyone is a Nurmi or a Ray, and I do not advise the methods which were so successful with them as being adapted to the average boy who wants to begin his career as a runner.

There are a number of general rules which apply to all running. The first rule deals with the matter of developing good form—something which every runner needs to consider carefully. The best rule to follow is: *run naturally*. There is no set form which can be made to apply to all runners. If you have natural ability and run in a natural style, you will soon hit on the correct carriage of your body. It takes practice—but that is what practice is for.

I say there is no set form because there are almost as many different physiques as there are runners. Berna, the former Cornell two-mile record holder, is six feet three inches tall; Joie Ray, holder of the indoor two-mile record, does not stand more than five feet seven inches. Where is the coach who could develop one form

which would apply to both men? Yet both made fast time, and both ran well, although their forms could not have been more unlike.

Many coaches tell beginners to be careful of lost motion. Motion takes time, and lost motion loses time. When we speak of lost motion we mean allowing the foot to go too far back or to come up too far forward or to give too much swing to the arms. I am very much inclined to think that all this will take care of itself if the beginner will just assume a natural style of running. It is good, conscientious, unrelenting practice that will eliminate the faults of lost motion. I very seldom say more than this to a runner, because nothing destroys natural ability so quickly as self-consciousness. If in any sport you are always thinking of what you must do next, you find it almost impossible to do it correctly.

The arms play a big part in running. They, too, should be held in a natural position. Do not keep them tense. You need them to aid your every stride. In the shorter distances, the arms are particularly important, and a runner must spend much time in keeping them up to the muscular development which the legs get through running. I have always advised runners to pull chest weights in the gym each day after running.

With the facilities which a boy has today, there is no reason why his training period need be crammed into a month or six weeks, as mine was when I first started running. To be properly prepared, a runner should allow himself at least three months of training before he enters the big races in which he is aiming for victory. The start of training should be very gradual, and he need not necessarily run every day. In fact I advise against it. During the first three weeks it is necessary to practice only three or four days each week—and do not over, after that, practice more than five days a week.

In practice, always come off the track feeling that you could have done a little better if you had tried. If you follow this rule, you will always have something stored up for the time when you must put forth your last final effort in a race.

I still remember that in the best year I ever had during my career, the coach sent me off the track for the afternoon just when I felt I wanted to do some really hard training. It was in that way that he stored up energy which he knew I would need. As a result, I was able to win two intercollegiate championships in the same day, making records in both. If I had had my own way, I should have sapped a lot of that strength in training, and I do not think that I should ever have been able to do as well as I did later on in the season.

And that is why I say: Be careful not to overdo the practice work. If you are training for the quarter-mile, make your speed tests for 350 yards and then stop. If you are training for the mile, do your trials over three-quarters of a mile, and do not run that distance at any faster pace than you think you can cover for the full mile.

And finally: Never be discouraged. Do not expect too much improvement to come over a short period. If it were easy to become a

champion in running, it would not be worth while, and you wouldn't want to be. Nothing comes without work. And there must be time, too—time for all the work to soak in.

Diet for March

A LITTLE over a decade ago there flashed upon the cinder paths of America the greatest middle distance runner of all times. His name was Ted Meredith, who gives you the benefit of his many years of experience in the article "Six Rules for Runners" on this page this month. One thing that makes the name of Ted Meredith immortal in the history of the track is this: he performed the amazing feat of breaking two world's records in one afternoon. One record was for the quarter mile; the other was for the half. From the modest way he describes this achievement in his own article you would never realize how great his accomplishment was. During his college career he won these two events at every meet he participated in as well as at the intercollegiate. He was an Olympic champion on several occasions.

Ted proved that he was a highly versatile runner into the bargain when, during a duel meet between Penn and Dartmouth, he entered and won both the dashes in remarkably fast time. This year he has been appointed assistant to Lawson Robertson, the Olympic trainer, to handle the track candidates at his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania.

I asked Ted several questions about diet and training and what he said was so helpful that I am passing it on to you here without change.

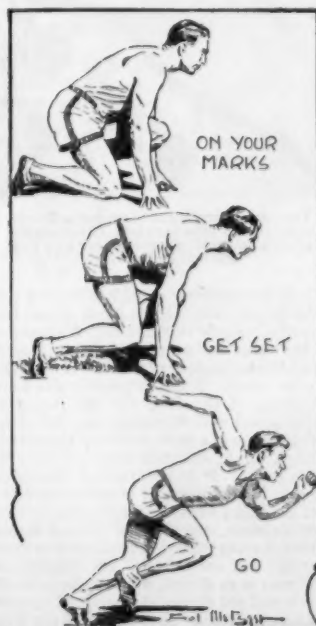
Proper Diet for the Runner

"Generally speaking, an athlete may eat any kind of food in moderation. The type of food found upon the average family table does not differ greatly from that served on college training tables.

Therefore the athlete, while in training, may allow himself a variety of healthful menus. But he must hold his appetite in check by eating slowly and with moderation, so that his stomach will at no time be overloaded or his digestive organs taxed beyond their capacity.

"On the day of the competition, he should eat two meals before going to the athletic field.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 163]



Sprinting

THE beggar runs the legs off you," said Vincent Richards recently at the completion of his eighteenth tennis match with Kozeluh, the Czechoslovakian, who ranks as the outstanding professional tennis player of the world. "He has the greatest pair of legs on any athlete," continued Richards, "due, no doubt, to his soccer and hockey playing. He is a star at both games."

The longer you study sport the more you will become convinced that no one can be an athlete who lacks strong legs. And the further you investigate the more certain you become that speed of foot is the dominant quality of sport stars.

Ty Cobb and, before him, "Honus" Wagner, the pair of professional baseball players who hold almost all records for length of service in the big leagues, both attribute their long and successful careers in the game to the strength of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 163]

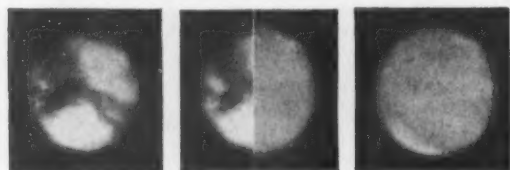


MISCELLANY



The slope of Mount Hamilton, Calif., with the snowy peaks of the Sierras in the far distance. This photograph was taken through a red-ray filter.

MARS is a moot question. Debaters who scan the list of arguable subjects have stricken out "Should women vote?" and "Is flying practical," but "Is Mars inhabited?" stands in 1929 as good for two sides and three judges. Mars is the one sky object, except our moon



The pictures at the top of this page show the effect of photographing through different ray filters; those directly above demonstrate how the principle is used in astronomy. On the left is Mars, photographed through a red filter which cuts through the blanket of atmosphere surrounding the planet. On the right an ultra-violet filter has been used. In the center the two pictures have been cut in half and fitted together to measure the depth of the atmosphere of Mars.

and Jupiter, on which we can see rich surface detail. It comes nearer to us than any but Venus, the moon and the small asteroid Eros. Among the mysteries of the sky Mars has looked easiest to solve.

"You can't prove it," thunders back a mighty opposing side.

It is time today to sift the truth about Mars, to prepare for revelations that may flash on us when mankind first looks or photographs through the mammoth telescope planned in California.

In the Sky This Month Mars in March

By D. H. and J. F. Chappell
Lick Observatory, University of California

If we look south any clear night this month, and follow out the great V of stars that points to the horns of the Bull (Taurus), on out to the edge of that constellation, Mars will be glowing. The planet is easy to recognize by its decided red tinge. Its two moons are named Phobos and Deimos (meaning Fear and Flight), discovered by Hall at Washington in 1877.

Phobos swings about the planet three times daily, rising in the west. It is the only known moon with a period shorter than the rotation of its planet. The rotation of Mars is only a trifle slower than that of the earth, and therefore a spot seen on Mars one night will be visible at about the same time many nights after. A new face is before us about every twenty days. At each pole are caps of white during the Martian winter, which shrink to nothing as the season warms. In trying to prove this white substance to be snow, Russell cites the disappearing of white areas seen near the sunrise limb as though they melt under the rising sun.

Mars has dark patches once thought to be seas, but since they show no shine under sunlight, as would water, and show seasonal changes and also streaks, they seem more like vegetated land. There has also sometimes been observed a network of special markings peculiar for their straightness and a tendency to double. Schiaparelli, first noting the lines in 1877, named them *canali*, an Italian word that means channels. That this name was transferred rather than translated into English may have helped spread the much doubted fact that these lines are true canals dug by man-like creatures on Mars. That they

are in some way artificially formed has been held by Lowell, and well argued against by A. R. Wallace, Arrhenius and others.

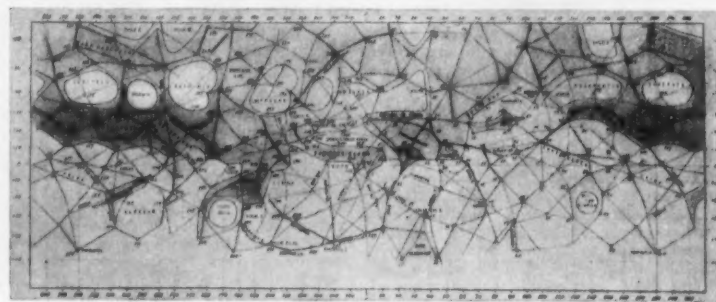
To support life favorable temperature and atmosphere are acknowledged necessities. Study of the heat on Mars has been made, the region near the equator at noon giving as high as 50° F. The make-up of the air is tested by passing the planet's light through a prism. Another atmospheric study, to gauge depth, is being made by W. H. Wright: red filter photographs that deeply discern the planet, compared with violet filter ones that picture only the outer air envelope.

Whether or not we believe any animals or people live on Mars need not limit our concept of that possibility for the rest of the universe. Practically all thinkers today agree that life,



The same scene as on the left, taken on the same day but through an ultra-violet ray filter. The Sierras have disappeared, and the entire background has lost its detail.

so sturdy and tenuous a fact on this earth, has likely also developed elsewhere in the universe—if not on Mars, then on some other planet, going about some other sun. We have as yet to know of planets around other suns, for the darkness and the distance hide them from us if they exist, just as we are likely also hidden from them, but new telescope and new methods of research are constantly adding to our knowledge.



A map of Mars, drawn by Dr. R. J. Trumpler. Note the curious circular areas. The fourth from the left in the upper part of the map and the first from the left in the lower part are particularly interesting. They are known respectively as Hellas and Elysium. Astronomers who have studied them for many years have found that they are intersected by symmetrically arranged straight lines, and that the patterns which the lines form change from time to time. It has been suggested that on these immense areas—Hellas is about 900 miles across, and Elysium 1200—the Martians may be attempting to communicate with other planets, and that in reply some similar design should be constructed on some vast level area like the Sahara Desert. If the Martian designs should then change to match our own, the principle of communication would be well established. Unfortunately, the enormous expense of construction renders this scheme unlikely for some time to come.

A Great Soldier's Fear

The Companion's Religious Article

THE commander-in-chief of the Union armies in the Civil War, we learn in W. E. Woodward's recent biography, "Meet General Grant," was the slave of a curious superstition. He never would retrace his steps.

If he started anywhere, no circumstances could persuade him to turn back. Suppose he forgot his umbrella when leaving the house; he would walk round the block before reëntering his front door. If he were on some country road searching for a particular place and discovered that in his ignorance he had passed it, he made a practice of continuing ahead until he found a highway crossing his path; this he would use and by a wide circle finally come to his goal from the side he had first approached it. Psychologists may find in this trait the secret of his military success. At any rate, after the battle of Fort Donelson the initials of his name, U. S. Grant, were taken to mean "Unconditional Surrender Grant." Irresolution is ever an expensive vice. Apparently General Grant, whatever other weakness he might be guilty of, never intended to fail at this point.

It is an open question whether in the realm of the spiritual life there is not too much retracing of steps. Men enjoy the same emotions over and over again rather than move out into new regions of feeling. They are satisfied with the old and tried and familiar and comfortable in religion, whereas God in the interest of reality wants them to be pioneers, explorers, venturers. Piety sometimes faces backward when it ought to be facing forward, the glow of the dawn upon its countenance. God's orders to the soul are "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Too few are the souls who hear and obey.

The famous pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers assured them that there was yet more light to break forth from God's Holy Word. Countless

sincere souls have proved this statement to be true in their own experience. The well-known Bible text, precious today for the comfort it has brought, may in the providence of God suddenly flash new meaning into the heart tomorrow. The ancient symbols and rituals of the Church may take on new serviceableness and worth if we approach them with a mood of expectancy. God wants his children to grow. Growth means, not an eternal echoing of the old, but an outreach into the new.

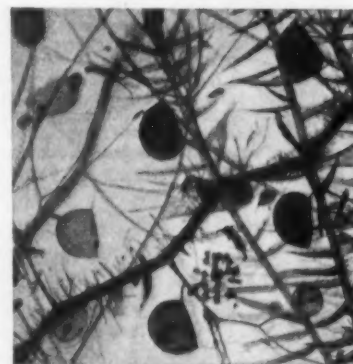
Prophets therefore have their place. They are the trail-makers of the human spirit, opening up areas of truth hitherto unexplored. Poets have their place, for the essence of poetry is to reveal unrealized beauties and profundities in the humdrum of daily life. Artists have their place, for art helps the eye to see and the soul to appreciate color and significance and romance and glory in an environment which otherwise might seem weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.

Ulysses S. Grant was unwilling to travel a monotonous sentry-beat day after day in his father's tannery; so he went to West Point. He hated war, never read a book on strategy, and yet became a military genius, as magnanimous in victory as he was unperturbed in defeat. If more of the Grant brand of superstition, with its unwillingness eternally to retrace old steps, characterized religious faith today, perhaps that faith would ascend to loftier levels of joy and achievement.

Painful Tongue

The Companion's Medical Article

WHATEVER part of the body is the seat of soreness or pain, it always seems as if the pain would be more tolerable and less crippling elsewhere; but the tongue is really one of the worst places, for it is so movable, and its movements are so necessary in speaking and eating, that one can seldom forget its existence if it is uncomfortable.



These fragile and beautiful rotifers and their associates are blown in glass. The originals of which these are the models are only one-millionth as large.

There are numerous conditions causing pain in the tongue, some only temporary, others lasting and apparently interminable. A sharp pain on the under surface of the tongue may be caused by the blocking of the duct of a salivary or other gland. If the stoppage is due to inflammation of the duct, the pain comes on gradually and with increasing intensity; if due to the passage of a concretion from the salivary gland, it will be sudden in onset, usually while one is eating. In inflammation of the tongue the pain is continuous; it is first noticed at a meal and ceases when the tongue is at rest, but it soon returns, and the ache becomes steady. At the same time the tongue swells, and its movements are stiff and difficult. The inflammation may result in an abscess, and then the pain will be increased and become throbbing. This acute inflammation usually cures itself in a few days.

Another form of persistently painful tongue is due to chronic inflammation. When this inflammation is chronic from the outset, and does not follow the acute condition above described, the earliest symptom will be pain or discomfort at the tip or along the edge of the tongue, as if it had been scalded; soon this soreness extends over the entire surface and the organ aches in its very substance. The pain is greatly increased by hot or spiced foods and by speaking and chewing. There may occasionally be light-colored patches at the tip or on the back of the tongue, but ordinarily there is nothing to indicate trouble except the pain. The inflammation is due to an infection, perhaps from some focus in the teeth or tonsils, and it can be cured only by finding the cause and removing it, or perhaps by a vaccine.

What Is a Rotifer?

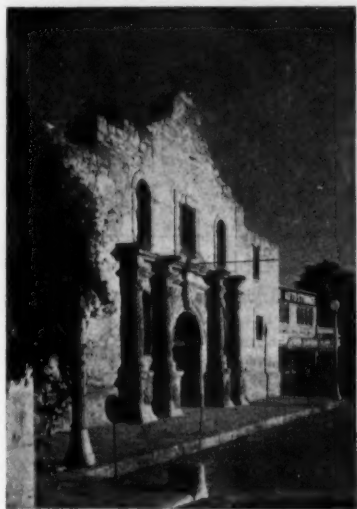
Glass Figures Show You the Answer

LEEUEWENHOEK, the great Dutch scientist who invented the microscope as we know it today, discovered some centuries ago that a drop of pond water, however pure and clean it might look, always contained myriads of minute living creatures. In his letters to the Royal Society of London he supplied drawings and descriptions of them which are still remarkably accurate.

These creatures are known as rotifers, and in the American Museum of Natural History an exhibit dealing with them and their associates has recently been opened. It represents a half-inch of pond bottom, magnified one million times. The creatures themselves have been modeled in glass by Hermann O. Mueller, the famous glass-blower of the museum. So accurately and skillfully have these been made that every detail of the original has been reproduced. To lend a further air of realism to the exhibit, the group has been delicately tinted in the exact colors of nature.



MISCELLANY



Publicity Photo Service

The Alamo, once the scene of a famous siege, now a state museum

Remember the Alamo!

But Now a Garage Stands Next Door

MORE than two hundred years ago a band of Franciscan missionaries built a group of buildings in a territory which was later to be known as a part of Texas. Like all Franciscan missions, it was given a name, that of San Antonio de Valerio. By 1793 the mission had become a fort and was renamed Fort Alamo.

During the war which the inhabitants of Texas waged against Mexico for their independence, it became of great importance. In February, 1836, when held by a garrison of 140 men under the command of Col. William B. Travis, it was attacked by a Mexican army under the notorious Santa Anna. For ten days the Mexicans bombarded the fort. The tiny garrison sent out futile appeals for help; the only reinforcement they received was a band of thirty-two men. Finally the walls were breached, and the Mexicans stormed the fort. Twice they were repulsed, but on the third assault they succeeded in reducing the heroic defenders to five, who were taken prisoners and promptly butchered by Santa Anna. Among those who died in the defense of the Alamo were two of America's greatest frontiersmen, Col. David Crockett and Col. James Bowie.

"Remember the Alamo!" became the battle-cry of Texan independence and brought Americans from all parts of the Southwest to aid in the rebellion. A few weeks after the massacre, Santa Anna was captured at San Jacinto, and the Mexican power was broken.

In 1913 the city of San Antonio, named after the early mission, began to restore the Alamo. Today it is used as a museum and contains many old documents, weapons and other relics of the eventful early history of Texas. It stands in a busy district of the city, surrounded by stores and filling stations, a constant reminder of one of the state's greatest traditions.

A Strange Lion Hunt

Not in the Jungle, but the Sewer

A CURIOUS adventure with a lion which occurred in Birmingham, England, is recalled by Mr. E. H. Bostock, one of the famous family of animal trainers and circus men, in his book "Menageries, Circuses and Theaters."

Wombwell's circus was exhibiting in Birmingham, when one of the lions, a rather difficult beast to manage, broke out of his cage, the door of which was insecurely fastened. He dashed through the menagerie tent amidst a wild panic on the part of the spectators, and got loose outside. At length he came to Aston Brook, which at that point was turned into the city sewers. The frightened animal plunged into the opening and was gone. For three days he inhabited the sewers, and could not be dislodged.

Finally, late on a Saturday night when the streets were deserted and everything was quiet, a determined lion hunt was begun. All the openings of the sewers were closed, except the

one where the beast had entered, and in front of that the wagon in which he had been crated was drawn up, so that he could escape from the sewer only by entering his cage. Men were stationed at every manhole for a mile or more, and then Fred Bostock, manager of the circus, with three trusted men and a great boar hound, Marco, descended into the sewer. They crawled along on hands and knees in the darkness and the slime, not knowing when they might come upon the fugitive.

Presently Marco began to bark and growl, and a little way ahead the men could see two greenish-red eyes gleaming in the darkness. Bostock stopped, sent back word that the lost had been found, and instructed his men to descend into the near-by manholes, so as to surround the lion and if possible drive him back toward the entrance where the cage stood. Ropes with slip nooses were also dropped into all the manholes in the neighborhood.

Then Bostock and his men moved forward again, blowing horns, exploding cartridges and discharging Roman candles which they had brought with them, and making all the rumpus they could—which in that confined space was plenty. Before the lion could be frightened into flight, the boar hound, Marco, rushed forward to engage him, and there was a short but furious fight in which the dog was nearly killed.

Mr. Bostock then took off his heavy jackboots and crawled forward toward the lion. He meant to hit him across the nose with the boots, and in order to protect his head against a possible blow of the lion's paw he put over it a heavy iron pail in which the cartridges and Roman candles had been brought into the sewer. He fearlessly approached the lion and made a pass at him with the jackboots. The beast growled, but refused to move. At the next blow with the jackboots

the pail tumbled off Mr. Bostock's head and rolled, clanging, down the sewer.

In a flash the lion was gone; that racket had frightened him at last. When they came up to him they found that his hind legs had caught in one of the slip nooses that had been lowered from a manhole, and he was dangling there impotently, but roaring as loudly as he knew how. At Mr. Bostock's orders the cage wagon was brought and placed over the manhole. The ropes were run through it and out at the other end. A dozen men tailed on to them, and in this most undignified fashion the king of beasts was drawn wrong end foremost out of his prison and into his cage.

Ink and Water Mystery

The Best Trick of the Month

THIS is a very interesting trick, and one that is highly effective, as it has several factors that are deceiving to the spectators.

In appearance, the trick is a transformation—but a transformation that seems virtually impossible. A glass of ink is used at the outset, and the performer commences by dipping a blank card into the glass and bringing it out stained with ink, thus demonstrating the natural qualities of the writing fluid.

The glass of ink is covered with a bandana handkerchief. The magician then removes the handkerchief very easily, rolls it up and tosses it aside, while the spectators gaze in astonishment; for the glass of ink has changed to water, and a goldfish is swimming in the glass!

The presence of the fish proves either that goldfish can live in ink, or that this goldfish arrived at the instant the water took the place of the ink. The staining of the card proves the

ink is black, but certain shrewd observers may suspect it to be a chemical solution. The presence of the goldfish, however, shows conclusively that there are no chemicals in the water; and the whole trick, when performed correctly, is quite mystifying.

The transformation is accomplished with the aid of a lining of black silk, which fits the glass neatly. The lining is really a cylinder—it has no bottom; and when it is set inside the glass and the glass is filled with water the result is what appears to be real ink.

The lining has a thread attached, with a button on the loose end. The button hangs over the rim of the glass. To change the ink to water, simply cover the glass with the handkerchief. Grip the button through the cloth, remove the silk lining with the handkerchief, and roll up the cloth. The result will be water instead of the supposed ink.

The problem of the goldfish is not difficult. The fish is there all the time. The lining has no bottom; it slides out of the glass and leaves the fish there!

On one side, the card is stained black, nearly to the top. When the performer shows the card, he exhibits the blank side only. In dipping the card into the ink, he calmly turns the card around, so that when it is removed it appears to have been stained—and even seems to drip with ink. This is a subtle touch that makes the trick seem convincing.



How the ink and water trick is performed

Drama in Java

Where Masks and Marionettes Help

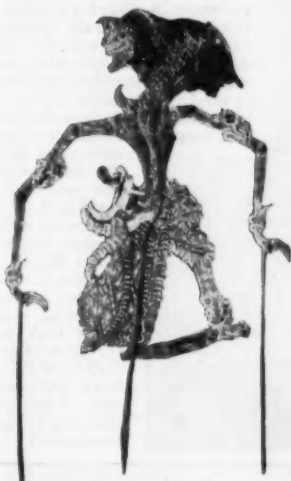
necessary for them to learn their parts, and the Dalang's recitation is dispensed with.

The marionettes are of two types, the Wayang-Purwa, which includes characters from the earliest periods of Javanese history, and the Wayang-Gedog, whose characters belong to a later period and which includes the story of the adventures of Panji, the most popular of Javanese heroes. As in the Topeng, a Dalang supplies the necessary recitation. With the first type of Wayang, an orchestral set called the Gamelan-salindro is used; with the second, a louder and more raucous one, the Gamelen-pelog.

The Dalang recites the ancient Kawi poetry, supplies the Javanese translation, makes up the incidental dialogue between the characters, manipulates the puppets and regulates the tone of the music with a small hammer. Usually he owns his own marionettes, and supplies his own orchestra. Javanese nobles and chiefs are accustomed to include a Dalang among their suites, together with sets of masks and marionettes.

Like the minstrels and skalds of ancient Europe, the Dalang is a repository of all the legends and fables of the country. He uses no books and depends solely on his own imagination and the material which has come to him from his predecessors.

His orchestra is far from musical to our ears. The music is carefully played and constructed, but the intervals used are so far different from our own that the effect is much like bedlam. Perhaps you have heard a Japanese phonograph record played, with its strange screeches and dissonances, and if so you will have a good idea of what music all through eastern Asia is like. Gongs of wood and metal supply most of the noise; they are helped out by other percussion instruments and a great assortment of primitive viols and similar stringed instruments.



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

A weird Javanese marionette

MUCH of the drama of the Orient leans heavily on the use of masks. The type of Japanese play known as the No uses a very beautiful and highly finished type, while the Chinese prefer those which are grotesque and terrible. The Javanese use neither, but have developed masks and puppets which are so far distorted that nearly all realism has been lost.

In the type of Javanese play known as the Topeng masks are always used. The pantomime of the actors is helped out by a sort of recitation supplied by a person known as a Dalang. It is the Dalang who manages every detail of the drama, and who recites the play itself in the Kawi language, a tongue understood only by the initiated. In this respect

an ancient Javanese play is similar to a Chinese; neither can be understood without previous study and a knowledge of the play itself, since the language used is not that of the common people. In addition to the masks, the actors wear elaborate and highly conventionalized costumes. On only one occasion do they abandon the masks—upon appearing before the sovereign. In these royal performances it is also



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Three characteristic masks from Java

How Strong Is a Vacuum?

Testing the Force of High Air Pressure

SOME of the forces exerted by air or water, under perfectly natural conditions, are so great as to seem almost incredible unless they have been experienced. A British Admiral, B. M. Chambers, C. B., in his book of reminiscences called "Salt Junk" tells of one singular case of the kind that he witnessed in Malaysia.

It was near the port of Penang, which is supplied with water through a pipe line from a reservoir more than a thousand feet above the town. As we passed the pool, says Admiral Chambers, the guide showed us the pipe intake, through which water was running. There was a grating over the inlet. He told us that a few years before a Chinaman had bathed in the pool. He had by chance put his back against the place where the water flowed away. The tremendous pressure of atmosphere caused by the fall of water in the pipe and the resulting vacuum had crushed him to death. It was something like the pressure of a ton upon his chest.

Shortly afterward two men in the club at Penang were disputing about this story. One of them, an engineer, tried to explain how the pressure would be in such a situation. The other was frankly unbelieving. No mere suction could have any such effect, he was sure. Finally, he wagered one hundred dollars that he could place his shoulders against the inlet, and remove them without difficulty or inconvenience.

Away the two men rode to the spot, in the moonlight. The incredulous one undressed, jumped in and put his back against the inlet. In a moment he was suffering and crying for help. The engineer had thoughtfully brought a hammer along in his pocket. He broke the pipe and saved his friend's life.

YOU have read these Miscellany pages.

How would you like to contribute to them? Every month The Companion collects interesting and unusual pictures and short articles from all over the world. Study these pages carefully, and then see if you have not photographs or other material which you think might interest your thousands of fellow readers. If you have, send them to The Miscellany Editor, care The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. All material accepted will be paid for at our usual rates. Unavailable material will be returned only if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. All photographs should be accompanied by a brief description, and articles should not exceed two hundred and fifty words.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



At Britain's Hollywood
A Glimpse Behind the Scenes



ABOVE is a gigantic switchboard in an English movie studio at Elstree. It is a so-called "sunlight switchboard," because of the huge voltages and powerful lights which it controls. (Photo by Wide World)

Wash Day
For Locomotives

ABOVE is a scene photographed in a locomotive repair-shop. You aren't apt to think of washing-soda as a means for cleaning locomotives, yet this pair of drivers is being lowered into a pit of boiling soda to remove accumulated dirt and grease. (Photo by Underwood)



A Scientific Dish-Smasher
The Government Breaks China



SOMETIMES science becomes pure fun. It must be that, for Dr. A. N. Finn of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, shown above with an impact machine which shows, by means of a scale and a weighted pendulum, how much

force it takes to break chinaware. (Photo by Underwood)

The Deadliest Gas!

A Few Pounds Would Kill Cities

ABOVE is a view of Dr. Hilton Ira Jones, taken in his laboratory. Doctor Jones is the latest chemist to describe a gas known as cacodyl isocyanide—said to be the most deadly ever discovered. (Photo by Wide World)



Paper from Cornstalks
A Newspaper Prints on It

ABOVE you see a newspaper pressroom at the historic moment when copies of the newspaper were successfully run through on paper made, not from wood pulp, as is most newspaper, but from cornstalks. This newest triumph of the organic chemist may revolutionize the making of paper for newspapers and magazines. (Photo by Wide World)

Underwater Safety Achieved at Last

The Reconditioned S-4 Is Sunk and Salvaged

HOW would you like to be towed out to sea in the motorless, engineless hull of a submarine and sunk in over a hundred feet of icy sea water? There are lots of things more comfortable to do, but the members of a volunteer crew recently subjected themselves to just such treatment. And that sort of sacrifice is the price of progress and of safety. For this courageous crew was the means of demonstrating the complete success of the new safety appliances with which the hull of the S-4 is now equipped.



One submarine safety appliance, the "lung," has already been described on a March of Science page. The lung is a light and simple device, weighing only about two pounds. Fastened to the nose and mouth, it will permit a man to breathe under water for a long enough time to make his escape from a sunken submarine. The top photograph in this group shows a Navy diver emerging from the new "safety hatch" of the S-4, wearing the "lung."

The second photograph shows the volunteer crew whose members submitted themselves to being sunk in the cold, dark hull of the S-4 so that the safety devices might be tested under exactly the conditions they would have to meet in an emergency.



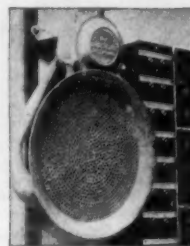
The third photograph shows still another new development designed to make under-water craft less hazardous. It shows a group of valves to which "blowing lines" have been attached so that air pressure can be used to clear flooded compartments of water. The final photo-

graph shows a Navy diver emerging from the water after having worked on the outside of the S-4's hull to attach lifting chains to the "pad eyes" with which she is equipped. Until the application of these eyes, a sunken submarine unable to rise by itself could be lifted only by chains which were looped under the hull—and it often took days to tunnel under her deeply enough to permit the chains to pass. The "pad eyes" of the S-4, however, will permit a diver to attach the lifting chains directly to the sides, thus saving days of work. Despite bad weather, it took only two days to raise the S-4 after she had been deliberately sunk off Block Island, R. I. (Photo by International)



The Obedient Locomotive
It Knows Its Master's Voice

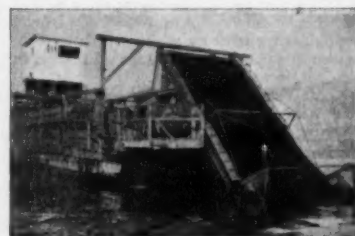
THE toy locomotive in the foreground of the picture above is controlled altogether by a voice. Sensitive relays are the secret. (Photo by Wide World)



Avast!

New Style Bos'n

BRITISH ships are rapidly being equipped with loudspeakers which will instantaneously convey orders from any central point all over the ship. A typical speaker is shown at the right. (Photo by Keystone)



A Lawn-Mower for Harbors
Los Angeles Tries Out New Device

SEA-WEED on harbor bottoms often proves a serious hindrance to navigation. In Los Angeles harbor the problem of removing it is solved by the device shown above. It consists of blades carried on an endless chain. (Photo by Wide World)



Iodine Instead of Forceps

A New Invention for Saving Teeth

IF you have an abscessed tooth today your dentist will probably want to pull it. If the machine developed by N. F. Clayton, who is shown with it above, proves successful, dentists will inject iodine into the root of an abscessed tooth, and cure it without extraction. (Photo by Wide World)



Mechanical Office Boys

They Will Speed Work in a New Building

IN the huge new building of the New York Life Insurance Company, seven miles of pneumatic tubing have been installed. These tubes connect 110 different stations throughout the building, and will eliminate the use of many office boys. (Photo by Wide World)



Fast Progress on the Greatest Bridge

But Three Years, Still, Before It Opens

BELOW is a striking view of the great masses of concrete, which bridge engineers call "anchorage," that will hold the cables of the greatest suspension bridge in the world—which is now beginning to take shape across the Hudson River, linking upper Manhattan, in New York, with the Palisades in New Jersey. From these anchorages the cables will rise over the great tower of which the bottom can be seen

in the photograph, and dip gracefully over the river in a "catenary" curve, holding up the bridge floor. The new bridge will have an unbroken span of 7,800 feet across the Hudson, and its towers will rise to a greater height (500 feet) than most skyscrapers. It will cost the unprecedented sum of \$60,000,000 to complete and will not be finished until 1932. (Photo by International)

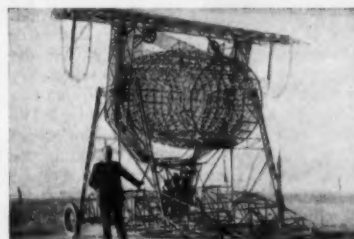


THE NEWS OF THE AIR



Homage to Orville Wright The Pioneer of Aviation is Honored

IT was in December, 1903, that Wilbur and Orville Wright achieved the first successful mechanical flight in a craft that was heavier than air. Recently more than two hundred delegates of the International Civil Aeronautics Conference met at Kitty Hawk to honor the illustrious and immortal brothers. The photograph above shows Orville Wright (left) and Senator Hiram Bingham standing before a tablet which marks the site of the first historic take-off. (Photo by Wide World)



The World's Strangest Airplane But Will It Ever Fly?

ABOVE you see what is certainly one of the strangest craft which anyone has ever imagined will take to the air. The inventor, Paul Maiworm, shown in the foreground, calls it a "flyworm." The photograph, which shows the uncovered framework of the machine, gives you a clear idea of how revolutionary the flyworm is in design. The cylinder below the wings is to be equipped inside and out with fins and revolved by an eighty-horsepower motor. The inventor expects the cyclonic whirl which thus develops to furnish both the forward thrust and the upward pull. (Photo by Underwood)

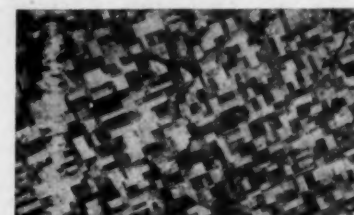


The Smallest Biplane Aircraft in Miniature

THE photograph above shows Ted Jenks of Los Angeles, with his Meteorplane, the smallest biplane ever built for practical flying. It has a wing spread of only 14½ feet and is but 12 feet long and 4½ feet high. (Photo by Underwood)

Eagle's-Eye View

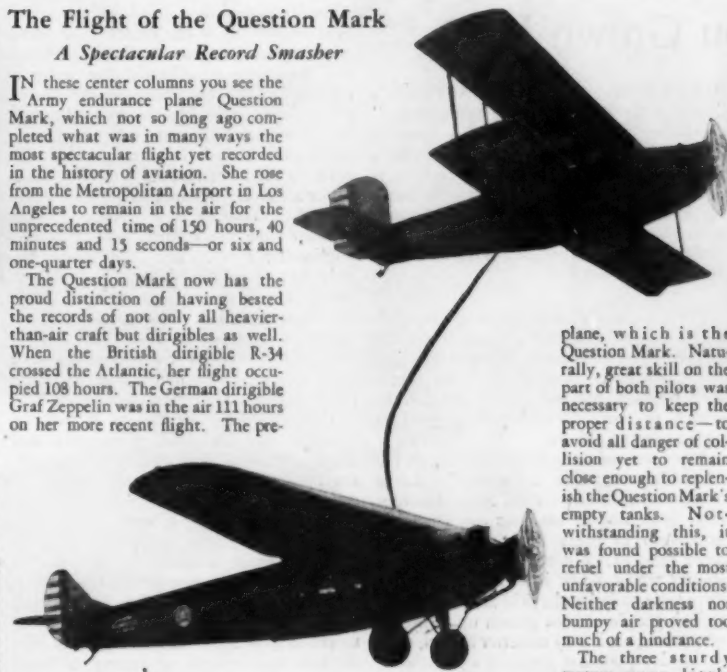
THE patchwork below takes in no less than thirty square miles of territory. It was taken in Ohio at a height of more than seven miles, higher than a photograph has ever been successfully taken before. (Photo by Wide World)



The Flight of the Question Mark A Spectacular Record Smasher

IN these center columns you see the Army endurance plane Question Mark, which not so long ago completed what was in many ways the most spectacular flight yet recorded in the history of aviation. She rose from the Metropolitan Airport in Los Angeles to remain in the air for the unprecedented time of 150 hours, 40 minutes and 15 seconds—or six and one-quarter days.

The Question Mark now has the proud distinction of having beaten the records of not only all heavier-than-air craft but dirigibles as well. When the British dirigible R-34 crossed the Atlantic, her flight occupied 108 hours. The German dirigible Graf Zeppelin was in the air 111 hours on her more recent flight. The pre-



vious world record for endurance in the air was made by the French dirigible Dixmude, which, before she met her tragic end, remained aloft for 118 hours and 41 minutes.

The Question Mark achieved its amazing flight largely through the perfection of new methods for refueling while in the air, even though flying at eighty miles an hour. Our photograph shows how simple the process seems. The refueling plane—which supplied not only gasoline for the motors but food, reading matter, letters, etc., for the crew—is the upper biplane. The gasoline line from this is shown leading down into the fuel tanks of the lower mono-

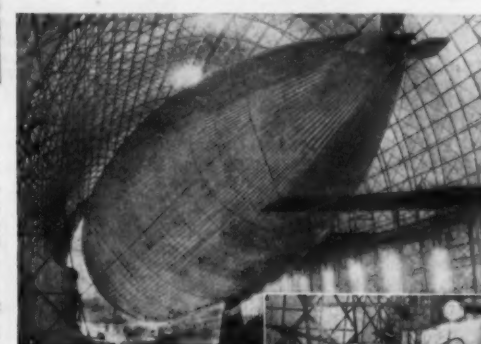


trouble until they had driven the plane more than 11,000 miles. Previous spark-plug trouble had been remedied by mechanics, but toward

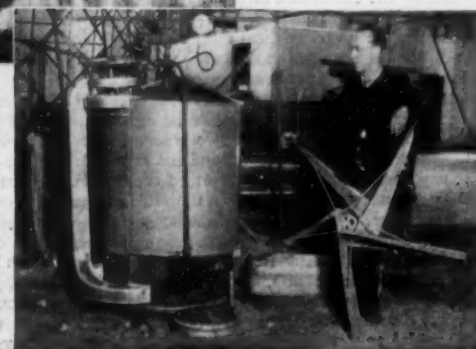
the close of the flight the motors had lost power to such an extent that a mechanic could not reach the wing motors by the "cat-walk" without disturbing the stability of the plane. The lower photograph shows the commander of the Question Mark, Major Carl Spatz, standing in front of the motors of his giant Fokker. He, Capt. I. C. Eaker, Lieut. H. A. Halverson and E. R. Quesada and Sergt. Ralph Hooe were the heroes of the flight. (Photos by Wide World)

When the City of Glendale Takes to the Air More News of This Puzzling Lighter-than-Air Craft

PERHAPS, by the time these words reach you, the all-metal steam-driven dirigible, City of Glendale, now almost completed in California, will have taken to the air on her first flight. Here are two more photographs which show



usual practice. The lower photograph shows Chief Engineer L. R. Hopkins holding the peculiar five-bladed blower propeller which will be typical of her propulsion mechanism. This propeller, or fan, will suck air in from in front of the dirigible and blow it out in the rear, and it is expected that by this means the City of Glendale will be able to achieve a speed of one hundred miles per hour—utilizing a principle much the same as you observe when the reaction of a rifle from which a bullet has just been fired "kicks" it against your shoulder. The City of Glendale is designed to have quarters for forty passengers and her designer hopes to place her in regular cross-continent service. (Photos by Underwood)



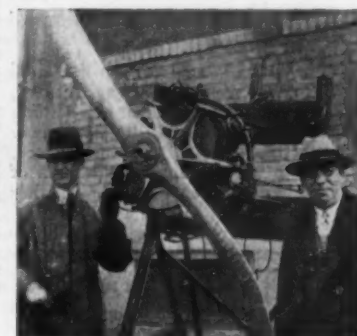
what a unique craft she is. Her sheathing is made entirely of corrugated duraluminum. She is to be driven by steam. Her designer expects to make contact with the ground by means of elevators. And she will be propelled by far from usual means.

The upper of the two photographs shows the entire ship in a view taken from the stern. Note that her control and passenger cabins are fastened directly to the sheath—not suspended below it, as has been the more



The Autogyro Comes to America The Windmill Plane Meets with Spectacular Success

HERE is a close-up of Señor Juan de la Cievra's famous autogyro—so far the one practical airplane built on the helicopter principle. This autogyro is the first one to be flown in America. The autogyro's forward motion is accomplished by a motor and propeller of the usual design. The wing surface, however, is extremely small, and the plane is sustained in the air and elevated or lowered largely by means of the huge fan which revolves horizontally above the cockpit. (Photo by Wide World)



The Newest Airplane Motor No Connecting Rods, No Valve Tappets, No Cam Shaft

AT the right of the photograph above is Harry A. Palmer of Boston, Mass., who claims to have developed a practical airplane engine with less than half the usual number of working parts and weighing only 50 per cent as much as another engine of equal horsepower. The motor has no connecting rods, no valve tappets, no cam shaft, and no valve springs. Each cylinder has but one valve, and the motor fires on both sides of the piston. (Photo by Wide World)



First Complete Streamline Plane Highly Successful in Recent Test

AMERICA'S first 100 per cent streamline plane, in which every part is designed to offer the minimum resistance to the air, underwent recent highly successful tests in Los Angeles. It is shown in the photograph above and is supposed to have made a speed of over two hundred miles an hour, with a smooth landing at forty miles an hour. The plane is of the low-wing design, with a spread of thirty-five feet. It is the design of M. C. Tunison, aeronautical engineer, well known for his work for the government during the war. (Photo by Wide World)



FACT and COMMENT



When Are You Grown Up?

HOW can you tell when a boy or girl is really grown up?

Not by clothes, as the Romans did. A boy of fourteen, nowadays, wears just about the same clothes as a man of thirty. Girls and their mothers wear things that look much alike.

Not by years! Pitt was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and guided his country through a terrible emergency, at an age when many young men are still drudging along through law school. Mozart composed some of his immortal music at twenty; Napoleon ended the French Revolution at twenty-six, when most army officers are content to be second-lieutenants; Jenny Lind enraptured concert audiences at eighteen.

On the other hand, we all know people of fifty or sixty who have never grown up at all. Their mental age remains that of small children; they have to be looked after, and taken care of, all their days.

There seems to be one infallible sign by which you can tell maturity, when it arrives.

Wait for the day when your young friend stops saying: "I'll get even with So-and-So! I've got it in for him, and I'll get revenge!"

Watch for the moment when he or she discovers that there is no time in a happy, successful life for petty grudges, resentments or feuds.

A PECULIAR young man, still a child mentally, was not long ago elected, by a freak of politics, mayor of a historic American town. Actually, he is now thirty-two years old. But he has behaved, all his life, and all through his term of office, like a very young and very naughty boy!

For one thing, he granted himself "permission" to sell gasoline on a certain residential street on which, by town ordinance, gasoline pumps were forbidden. Although warned by grown-up people, he persisted until he was tried, found guilty, fined and sent to jail. When released, he made a speech which can be boiled down to this: "I know who my enemies are, and I'll get even with them."

The spectacle of a mayor serving a term in a jail is unusual in America, or anywhere else, and we asked a wise old lady about him. She has known him for many years as a neighbor, and she said:

"I am exasperated with him for hurting the good name of our town, but I am sorry for him, too. He has had to make his own way in life, and has had almost no discipline. The same experience sweetened Lincoln and made him wise. It has soured this silly mayor of ours. Always in trouble through his own folly, he always thinks every man's hand is against him. The big word in his mind is 'revenge.' When people rebuke him, he takes it as a personal insult. His mind is a mass of grievances, and he seems to have no time whatever for anything but vengeance."

Does this description remind you of any boy or girl you know?

If it does, and if the condition is incurable, that boy or girl is headed straight for a life of disappointments, bitterness and failure.

THE most successful people who ever lived have been far too busy looking ahead, and getting ahead, to have any time for small grudges.

All of us remember the incident in Abraham Lincoln's life when he was insulted by one of his subordinates, General McClellan. Although urged to dismiss this officer at once, he refused. "Never

mind," he said; "I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us victories."

History has written Lincoln's name in large letters, and the small-minded general's name in very little ones. One reason is that McClellan wasted time, trying to stand up for his own dignity. Lincoln could strike hard in defense of his rights. But he wasted no hours thinking how to defend his self-importance.

WHEN America was a farm nation, with no large industries or big cities, the farmer who plowed straight was likely to think straight. He worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day and had little time in which to work up and gratify grudges against his neighbors.

More and more, in modern times, we are "huddling together in cities." Large offices and factories are the rule. In every city, huge human beehives are springing up. And in every office that employs more than half a dozen people, there are several whose work is so light that they have time to feel underpaid and oppressed.

Such people are not grown up. Instead of working their way to better things, they sit all day planning revenges against each other, and against the boss. There is no more fertile soil on which to sow the seeds of lockouts and strikes, which are so costly, even ruinous, to all concerned.

The very best cure we know for this state of mind was expressed by a very wise man—a doctor—who kept friends with everybody, amassed a fortune, and was knighted by his king. Said wise old Thomas Browne:

"If thou must have thy revenge on thine enemy, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him, and enjoy it. To forgive our enemies is a charming form of revenge, leaving our foes our friends. To ruminate upon evils and to make critical notes upon injuries is to add to our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves, and to resolve to sleep no more; for injuries long dreamed upon at last take away all rest."

Hot-headed people will not agree with these words. But no hot-headed person has ever had as much success in life, as much happiness, or as much fame as did the great old doctor who penned this shrewdest of shrewd advice.



City and Country

THE inauguration, now, of Mr. Herbert Hoover as thirtieth President of the United States, takes place as the result of one of the most interesting and significant political campaigns that our country has ever seen. It well bore out the predictions of those who have watched American politics with eyes that pierce beneath the surface, and have not been misled by the candidates or the platforms of the moment. These predictions have been that the great political struggles of the future are more and more to be waged over the conflicting ideas and interests of the city dwellers and the countrymen.

It is not unusual that this should be so, for the division between these two groups of citizens is a fundamental one and has in the past, again and again, determined the political history of other countries than the United States. From the very foundation of our country, the conflict has existed and has been recognized by the more intelligent and far-seeing of our public men. Jefferson was the original champion of the country dweller. He saw in him the only substantial support of the State, and he

often expressed his dread of the effects that would follow the extension of manufacturing and the growth of cities. Hamilton was, less consciously but quite as effectually, the champion of the towns. His policies looked to the encouragement of industry and the inevitable increase in the population of the cities, where only industry can be carried on, on a large scale.

For a century or more the inherent dangers of the conflict were hidden. During all that time the United States was predominantly rural. The cities grew, but only fast enough to furnish the markets and supply the manufactured articles that the country needed. They were still conscious of their dependence on the agricultural regions for their business; and most city men still had a rural or semi-rural background of principles and habits.

That epoch in our history is passing. Industry has expanded enormously and grown conscious of its power. Its markets are no longer chiefly on the farms. It sells as much or more to urban or semi-urban communities. It even produces or can produce far more in the way of goods than the entire country can use, and it dreams of great foreign markets such as those that made British industry so wealthy in the last century. We have scores of large industrial cities, full of people born and brought up among the brick and stone, who have no comprehension of country life, and little respect for rural tradition.

Our governmental policies are largely directed to the further encouragement of manufacturing and commerce. The farmer, whose votes used to be so valuable that he could, to a considerable degree, depend on both parties to consult his interests, finds it harder and harder to get the ear of the politicians. You can see the divergence between city and country in the stubborn opposition to the farmer's favorite plans for increasing the returns of his business, in the opposite views of the great towns and the rural districts on prohibition, in the disagreements about the ways in which taxes are to be laid, and the kind of taxes that are to be reduced or increased. In state legislatures, as well as in Congress, representatives from the cities almost invariably look at things from a quite different point of view from the country members.

The defeated candidate, ex-Gov. Alfred E. Smith, of New York State, presented an interesting puzzle to the electorate. Unlike the great founder of his party, he has been, if not the consistent champion of the city dweller, at least a born and bred urbanite himself, and a man whose political ideas have always appealed more to city dwellers. Even before the Presidential election, his own state, as a state, consistently went against him, and his elective terms as governor were usually brought about by the overwhelming vote which New York City gave him—which more than made up for his failure to capture votes up-state.

It was clear throughout the election that the split between city and country was close to nation-wide. In one state Governor Smith captured almost every city of any size; the state went against him because the country districts overruled the cities. His vote in the Republican cities of Philadelphia and Chicago was unprecedentedly large.

And so we have this anomaly: the Republican party, supposedly the chosen instrument of the industrial element, showed a proportionately weaker strength in the great cities and won the election because of its showing in the farming districts of the North and West. The Democratic party made only a feeble showing in the districts which it should have been expected to control, and even lost its grip

on the mainly agricultural and rural South. The traditions of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods still, in great measure, determined party alignments. But it looks as if they would not continue to do so much longer. Certainly they cannot, if another election should indicate that the threatened conflict between city and country is actually coming to pass.



Henry Ford on Drudgery

IN his recently published book, "My Philosophy of Industry," Mr. Henry Ford declares his opinion that the problem of the home is "too much drudgery." He is confident that this drudgery can be wholly eliminated by the use of machinery, in the home and outside it.

What would the members of an older generation say if they could inspect the modern home and then listen to Mr. Ford's criticism of it? They could not start a fire by scratching a match and turning a little handle. They had to get up early and build a fire of coal or wood. They had to dump dusty ashes and carry them down cellar, where they were deposited in a leaky flour barrel. When they wanted a bath, or there was washing to be done, they had no faucet to turn. The water had to be pumped, painful by painful—and the pump was generally out in the back yard. They could not flood their rooms with mellow, restful light by flipping a little switch. There were a dozen dim and smelly kerosene lamps to be lit at night, and cleaned and filled in the morning. Nobody had heard of vacuum cleaners in their day. There were hours and hours of back-breaking work to be spent every day in keeping a home fit to live in. Our ancestors would stare if they could hear us complaining of drudgery.

None the less, we agree with Mr. Ford. He takes the sane and sensible attitude that even a little drudgery is too much. Nothing will ever supplant the home as the great center of the family, but whatever can be done to make the home more pleasant, more livable, more attractive, more conducive to real thought and real work will constitute a great forward step. If public laundries do all, not merely a part, of the washing, just that much time will be released for more useful occupations. If we use combustible plates and burn them up after we have used them, or if the mounting level of prosperity makes it possible for us to wash our present china electrically, as fascinating but rather high-priced machines now do, there again, minds and hands will be released for more useful tasks—or, for recreation, which is as essential to normal human beings as is sleep.

There is the greatest difference between drudgery and work. One is nothing but a dull and prosaic attempt to keep our heads above the tide of daily affairs. The other is a real attempt, however humble, to further the progress of the world. "Work is worship," said the monks of the Middle Ages—"Laborare est orare." It is one of the few Medieval ideas that are still of the greatest value in our modern world.

If we are to be relieved of drudgery by the mechanical wonders which modern science and modern industry have created for us, only to fall into idleness and boredom, then we should be much better off without electricity, or steam, or gasoline, or any other of those sources of energy which man has trained to serve him. But if we form a true conception of what a release from drudgery can do for us, there is not one who cannot contribute the better his mite toward making the world a finer place to live in. Mr. Ford has spoken sound, shrewd sense.



He could make out the entire form of a fat and lazy fish [PAGE 151]

Jimmy made quick time to the next ridge, and when he reached its crest he saw the boat slide up the sand a little way and the oarsman ship the oars and rise to his feet. Then the one on the stern seat stood up and came forward as the first one climbed out. Jimmy watched them a moment, then walked on rapidly. They were unloading dunnage from the bow, the bigger boy receiving it as the other passed it out.

When Jimmy saw them again, both had loads they were carrying up to the higher land, evidently intending to make camp there. They had lightened the bow and left cargo in the stern, without hauling the boat any higher on the sand, and the stern was out in the current so far that it would feel a tug or slow vibration that might mean trouble. Jimmy ran toward them, leaping obstructions and crashing through brush. The two boys dropped their burden and stopped to stare at Jimmy. He yelled at them with all his power and waved a hand toward the boat, which was slipping. Still they stared, and he yelled and waved again.

Now one turned, looked and yelled as loudly as Jimmy. Both started running toward the beach, as the stem of the boat slid clear, and she started to glide down stream. Jimmy was still two hundred yards away, with rough ground between him and the beach, his legs carrying him in long strides over logs, rocks and bushes. Now the identity of the pair was plain. The Kent boys, green, untutored in all the essentials of outdoor life, were running south along the shore, about to encounter the north end of a rocky stretch, while their boat was gently floating down river, stern first and the bow high, without its burden.

The excited boys reached the rocky beach and leaped from boulder to boulder, trying to get ahead of the boat, so they could swim or wade to get a hand on it and end its flight. Jimmy came racing toward them in a wild hope that he might help in some way, he did not know how.

Then the taller boy leaped far to reach a rock, slipped, slid down half a leg length and tipped over abruptly, with a loud cry of pain and dismay. Jimmy called out in sympathy and put on steam until he was running recklessly, yet coolly, taking striding jumps, darting aside, then on a new angle to take advantage of any little chance to get by an obstruction, or secure a better landing-place.

Ahead of him he heard the younger boy cry out in fear over the way his brother had wilted down after that first screech of agony. Then he went past the younger lad and out over the jumbled rocks like a goat, keeping his feet and balance by some miracle of agile footwork. So he came to the fallen one and took hold of his arm. The boy looked up at him from a white face and tried to smile, but his lips refused to shape themselves that way, and he gasped a little, though he was plucky.

SPLINTERSHIN CAMP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125]

"My leg—below the knee—it's broken," he said.

CHAPTER TWO

Jimmy Faces a Catastrophe

JIMMY put his arms around the body of Willis Kent, the injured boy, to lift him, and spoke to his brother firmly and quickly. "Slip one hand under the leg above the knee and grip the calf with your other hand. Now lift steadily and gently, without letting the break slip. Up you come. Softly now, both legs together, and carry both gently. Out to where you left your load. Steady, Walter."

Slowly, cautiously they carried the boy and laid him down on the grass. Then Jimmy jerked a bundle open and shook out blankets. Spreading a couple, one on the other, he called Walter, and they shifted Willis to the better couch made by the blankets. Now Jimmy hastened to get his gun from where he had dropped it; then he curved around to the sand beach, and there found a camp axe the boys had unloaded. With this he made haste to cut a small tree and split a short length into thin slabs. Then he made Walter sit on the ground and get hold of the foot on the broken leg and pull.

With careful fingers, he pushed the bone into position and forced the ends even. Then he applied splints, making a temporary wrapping of his own belt. Taking the axe again, he ran

among the bushes higher up the slope and found a short, thick one with brown bark and pale green leaves—the moosewood bush with leather-like bark that has always been the delight of boys for whip-making. Cutting it off at ground level, he split the bark and stripped it off in sections. Now he had strong, tough wrapping material, and he ran back to Willis. With thongs of bark he soon had a good binding to hold the splints and keep the bones in position.

A couple of blows felled a sapling, and Jimmy stuck the butt between a couple of trees, tested the springiness of the pole tip, shifted it to reduce the tension, and buckled the belt from ankle to pole tip. Now he had the proper tension to keep the bone straight while healing.

"This isn't going to be a mite funny, Willis," he said, "but you can stand it if you will, and I know you will. Sorry I didn't get here ten minutes earlier and save this trouble. Can't be helped, though; so buck up and don't worry. We will take good care of you."

"Who in Sam Hill are you, anyhow? I thought at first that you were that boy who was working in Grandfather's lumber-yard, but you can't be."

"Happens I am, though. I am Jimmy Lanning, sent up here to help you boys have a good time in the big timber for a month. Sorry you cracked a bone, but it might be worse. What if you had slipped so you fell back and lit on your head? A cracked skull is a lot more serious than busted shin-bones. This will hurt like fury for

two or three weeks, but then it will calm down and do no more than grumble a little. That is, if you are one of the kind that heals fast. I hope you are, for your own sake."

"A cut on me heals fast, but I don't know about broken bones."

"With the kind of blood that heals a cut rapidly, the bone will knit quickly, too. It is all a matter of clean blood and a good circulation."

"I guess I have that right enough," said Willis. "That isn't troubling me as much as some other things. Two-thirds of our outfit went down river in the boat. That means we have no cooking utensils left and only a small part of our grub. Half our blankets and our mattress left us. So did the old shotgun we bought second-hand for eight dollars. Look our stuff over and check up on it. I think we are up against it hard."

JIMMY hurried to make an inventory of the dunnage left to them and found four single blankets, a sack of flour, a carton holding a sack of salt, matches, sugar, baking-powder, knives, forks, teaspoons, four tin plates, two tin cups. There was nothing more save an axe and a can of shortening.

"Golly, we'll starve while my leg is healing," Willis exclaimed.

"Nothing of the kind. You won't miss a meal. Leave it to your Uncle Jim. I will feed you. About time to eat now."

"What on earth have we to eat? Flour and sugar?"

"What do you say to hot rolls and broiled meat? Sound good to you?"

"I'll say so," cried Walter. "I'm hungry!"

"All right. Build a fire and get a good bed of coals. Here—let me show you." Jimmy began to arrange a double row of small stones for borders. He made them into a long oblong, about half a yard wide by two yards long, on land where there was nothing to take fire. "Get a fire going the entire length of this place, while I get my other tools."

Picking up the axe, he knocked a lot of firewood in dried branches off a fallen tree, then disappeared in a thicket. Soon he returned with two forked stakes and a long, thin sapling pole. The stakes he set at opposite ends of his fire border; then he pulled out the knife he carried on a light chain and quickly peeled the pole. When he had cleaned the pole of its bark, he held it in the flames Walter had kindled and turned it slowly and from end to end until the wood was well browned, yet not burned.

Now he brought the sack of flour, opened it, and with the backs of freshly washed hands pressed the flour out from the center, shaping it into the form of a large bowl. Taking a little from the can of vegetable substitute for lard, he worked this into some loose flour, along with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]

The Names in the Papers

How Many of Them Can You Recognize?

HOW familiar are you with the people who are doing important, or at least conspicuous, things in the world today? Not the ones like President Hoover, or King George, or Mussolini, or Henry Ford or Thomas A. Edison, whom everybody knows about, but those who are, or ought to be, widely known, though only moderately well-informed people can be sure of identifying them. We took up a daily newspaper the other day, and we found twenty-five names mentioned—names that recur again and again in the news of the day. How many of them do you recognize?

1. George Eastman
2. Joseph Stalin
3. Glenn Collett
4. Mustapha Kemal
5. Owen D. Young
6. Willa Cather
7. Theodore E. Burton
8. Stanley Baldwin
9. Pavlo Nurmi
10. Mabel W. Willebrandt
11. André Tardieu
12. Sir Thomas Lipton
13. Mme. Kollontay
14. Patrick E. Crowley
15. Gabriele d'Annunzio
16. S. Parker Gilbert
17. Gen. Primo de Rivera
18. Kenesaw M. Landis
19. Baron von Huenefeld
20. Jacob Epstein
21. Lady Nancy Astor
22. Richard Strauss
23. Bramwell Booth
24. René Lacoste
25. Charles A. Lawrance

[FOR ANSWERS SEE PAGE 157]

a little salt and baking-powder. Now he scooped more loose flour from the sides, brought water in a cup and mixed his dough. The astonished Kent brothers watched him make this dough into rolls sixteen to eighteen inches long, winding each length around his brown pole, until he had it covered for six feet, the ends left bare for two feet or more. Now he laid the pole in the forks of his stakes and began to turn it very slowly.

"Walt, you come here and keep this turning slowly, while I get the meat ready. We will have a mixed ration of meat tonight."

"He went to his coat that he had thrown off and from the pockets brought out two fat squirrels and a grouse. These he skinned and cleaned deftly and washed in the river, and he brought the carcasses back on a tin plate. Now he cut a number of lumber switches, peeled the smaller ends, browned them, and on each browned tip stuck half a squirrel or grouse, split lengthwise. Next he thrust the sharpened larger ends into the earth, so that the meat leaned to receive the heat of the fire, without getting smoked."

"Cook, where did you get your diploma?" Willis asked, white-faced and holding to himself hard to keep from groaning over his pain, yet so full of interest in what he saw being done that it helped him to resist the agony.

"In the school of Minnesota's hardwood timber belt," Jimmy replied. "I began learning such tricks at the age of nine years. Is that leg paining you a lot? I expected it to wake up about now. At first it was numbed by the shock, and that is why I hurried so in setting the bone and doing the splinting. Had to get that finished before your nerves began to get too active. I am sorry, but pain has to be expected. Keep that pole going, Walt, or our bread will get burned black. Slow and steady does it. Walt, you and I are bound to be busy for a few days. September weather is uncertain, and we must build a good house. I noticed a place where we can get waterproof materials easily."

"How are we going to keep warm at night if it turns cold, with half our blankets gone?"

"Forget it. I will keep you warm and dry too, if I can have a few good days to work. Are those rolls pretty near baked?"

"Yep," said Walter, breaking an end off one and popping the piece into his mouth. "Gee, that's good. How is the meat coming on?"

"Fine. Part of it is done enough to eat right now."

A little later, Jimmy placed half a grouse on a plate, pulled a coil of bread off the pole and offered the plate to Willis, who began eating hungrily, sitting up on the blankets. His exclamations of pleasure proved the success of Jimmy's efforts as cook, and soon Walter began to eat happily, too. Jimmy grinned in satisfaction as he ate squirrel meat and rolls, giving Pharaoh the ribs and shoulders, while he ate the loins and hind legs. While they ate, Jimmy asked the boys if they had any fishhooks. Walt produced from a pocket a cork in which were stuck five hooks, the whole wrapped securely with paper.

"What good will those do you, without a line?" the boy asked.

"I will make a line," Jimmy replied. "See that basswood tree the wind blew down, so it lies in the water? Well, that has been there at least one year, perhaps two. There is my fish-line material."

Walter laughed scornfully, but Jimmy paid no attention to his scorn. He knew, while Walter only guessed. The two were miles apart in their ideas. They were still farther apart when, after eating, Jimmy began to prepare for the night by chopping a small oak and, after cutting off the butt log, beginning to make a wooden shovel. He split this log, which was only six inches thick—split it twice, obtaining a puncheon nearly two inches thick. Then he chopped in from either side and split off the wood to the depth of his notches, thus producing a roughly shaped spade with a square handle and blunt blade. Now he set it on a fallen log and heaved the spade down to a thinner and sharp-edged shape. When the blade had been properly formed, he took out his knife and formed the handle.

Whistling steadily, he worked long at this task, rounding the handle quite neatly. When he had finished, he had a very fair wooden spade. He paused long enough to put some stones in the fire—flatish stones of fifteen to eighteen pounds each. Now he directed Walter to feed the fire and make those stones hot—as hot as he could.

"Is the ground smooth enough under you for one night, Willis?" he inquired. "Tomorrow I will make you a mattress, but it is too late now to do it. Will it do for just one night, as it is?"

"Sure," said Willis. "Anything will do for a single night."

"All right then. Glad you have so much

SPLINTERSHIN CAMP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149]

nerve," Jimmy said, and began to use his new shovel. Working from the landward side, he dug two channels up to and partly under the injured boy, each a foot deep. Then he dug a pit at his feet that also extended a little way under them. After he had done this he waited for some time, and when the stones were well heated took a slab from his oak log and with it pushed a stone into each trench and along to the end. Then he covered the hot stones with dirt clear to the ground level. The pit at the feet of Willis received its stone in the same way, and Jimmy spread one of the remaining blankets over the crippled boy. Willis began to protest, saying that Walter needed it.

"Bunk!" said Jimmy. "I shall level off the ground behind you and let him wrap up in one



Jimmy cut the grass and carried it out to the bank [PAGE 150]

blanket and lie there with his back toward you. He won't yelp for an extra blanket either. You can be sure of that."

"All right, Jim, but won't those stones be cold by midnight?"

"I will uncover them in the morning and let you test them."

"All right. I don't claim to know. Where will you sleep?"

"I shall dig my trench right here, within a few feet of you, on the other side. Then my hot stones will help keep you warm. We won't let you get chilled."

"I wish I could help," said the injured boy.

"Of course you can. I shall work you hard tomorrow, so get to bed early. Nothing to sit up for anyhow, so why not sleep and rise with the sun? I expect to get up before sunrise myself. I am a busy housekeeper now."

"You aren't a woman," said Walter, chuckling, "but I guess you do know how to keep house in the woods."

That first night was far from restful, since Willis suffered from his broken leg; and at the first deep sigh of anguish Jimmy was up over him and eager to lessen his suffering if possible.

"Aching badly, Willis?" he asked. "Let me move your leg just a bit and see if the new position does not relieve you somewhat. It does? It usually does in such cases. Now remember that at any time I will gladly get up and do that for you, every half-hour or less if need be; so call me at once when you feel the need of a change. It makes no difference how often. It will not harm me to stay awake all night, if need be."

"The pain is so much less now that I can go to sleep, I think," said the hurt boy. "If it starts up again, I'll call you."

He did, and all that night Jimmy Lanning kept turning out at frequent intervals softly to shift the broken leg this way or that and say a few cheery words to the suffering boy. Altogether he averaged more than two risings to the hour, and yet he did not let his voice grow sharp or impatient once in all that time. Jimmy had been trained well by having had the care of an injured father.

Naturally Willis awoke early after his hard night. Walter tried to do all he could to help.

"I want to help, but I feel so ignorant," he would say.

"Don't worry, Walt," Jim would answer, "it is not your fault that this part of your education was neglected."

MORNING came, and Jim planned the house he knew he needed. The annual September "line storm" would be due shortly, and it was always a hard one. A hastily built lean-to shelter, which he had covered with his canvas ground-cloth, would turn a light shower, but not a gale. Calling Walter, he told him that here was where he could help, and led the way into the forest, where he cut a great many saplings, which Walter carried out to the camp.

Often interrupted to look after Willis and ease that broken leg into a new position, Jimmy worked furiously between times, and Walter raced to equal him. Willis wondered at the number of poles Walter piled near him, but all the satisfaction his brother gave him was to say, "You wait and see." After the poles were all out, the two boys went for some grass. This they cut where it grew very rank and coarse, in water ankle deep.

Jimmy cut the grass and carried it out to the bank, where Walter took it and carried it to the camp. He was careful to pile the grass with the butts all one way, for convenience in handling later. After they had gathered a large supply of the grass Jimmy knocked off work, went to the camp, and with the axe sharpened a great many of the saplings at the butts. Among the lot of poles was one short hardwood pole which he hewed to a fine point, saying, "This is my crowbar." Showing Walter exactly how he wanted the work done, he started him at tying the grass in bundles, using the inner bark of the basswood as string.

Now Jimmy carefully marked out two parallel lines, enclosing the bed where Willis lay. With his hardwood crowbar he then punched holes in the dirt rather deeply along these lines. These holes he made about a yard apart and half that depth, and he set the poles he had sharpened at the butts in them. He took hold of them in turn, and, putting his whole weight on each one, he worked its point more deeply into the earth. When a pole was set as solidly as possible, he stamped earth into the hole.

After the two rows of poles were in place, Jimmy began near the ground with horizontal poles; these he spaced barely a foot apart, and ran them to a height of seven feet. Now he called Walter to help him bend the slender tips of the upright poles inward, until they lapped each other overhead. Winding these about each other, he tied them, forming curved rafters for his roof, like the bows under the canvas of the old-time covered wagon. With these tips secured, he had the house framed, save for the ends, which he closed with shorter poles set in the same way. On the end toward the fire outside Jimmy left a wide doorway.

With the frame complete he began tying the bundles of grass on the level poles so that each course lapped over the one below, like a course of shingles. The thatching of this hut would take a long time, since every bundle had to be tied with a string.

When night fell Jimmy felt very much pleased with the progress made. Walter was tired but felt very important at having earned the praise of Jimmy for his work. Followed then three days of steady work for the two boys in finishing the hut and clearing the ground around it of all inflammable materials. Once finished, the hut was capable of standing any rain they were likely to have. Willis had rather enjoyed having a house built over his head in this fashion.

After the structure was completed Jimmy and Walter made a semi-circular stone wall around the place where their fires had been built, with its open side toward the hut doorway. This wall they made waist high, since Jimmy planned to have that wall reflect heat from a big fire into the hut during the line storm. As the storm might last for several days, they would need more than the hot stones in trenches that had warmed them at night.

The basswood tree that had fallen with its top in the river was a veritable store of material for their use. From the submerged part Jimmy had gathered a large supply of inner bark, the long soaking having made the outer bark slip off easily and having left the inner bark in perfect condition for making cordage. This he made of any size he wanted by tying two lines of the bark to a firm base and then, holding them in his left hand, twisting each strand in turn toward the right and at the same time bringing it back across the other and down below, where his left hand would hold it.

This twist and turn, many times repeated, made a line as firm as a manila rope of good strength. Having made an abundant supply of this material, and finished his hut, his mind turned to the boat they needed.

Boat-building and a permanent meat supply were the two things troubling Jimmy most at this time. He couldn't leave Willis alone, or with Walter, and go back for help; it would take too long a time. It was necessary to bring Willis out of the wilderness—and Willis would not be able to walk for many weeks.

Jimmy knew where he could get a boat, but getting enough deer-meat for a long boat-trip with a rifle of such small caliber might prove difficult. He went to sleep wondering what luck he would have.

He woke at daylight half dazed from heavy sleep, and rather confused mentally by Willis's strong grip on his wrist. Usually he would have struggled up at once, but Willis restrained him by touch and whisper until his mind cleared itself.

"Here's your chance, Jim," Willis whispered. "Three deer went past just now, and I saw them through the door. They came down the hill for water."

Willis was shaking nervously in the grip of buck fever.

"All right, but calm down and stop shaking so, Willis. I must get my eyes wide open and clear before going after them. If I do not I shall miss and that would be a shame after our meat has brought itself into camp," Jimmy whispered in reply. "Half a minute, now, and I will be ready for business."

Making no noise about it, he rubbed his eyes vigorously for a moment.

"O. K.," he breathed softly, as soon as he felt himself wide awake.

CHAPTER THREE

Making a Boat in the Wilderness

SOUNDLESSLY Jim lifted his rifle and slid out of his blanket, stepped to the door and looked to the left, steadying himself as he saw the deer drinking, very close at hand.

His bullet was of small diameter, but long, and of fairly good weight. The distance was twenty yards. Since the target was motionless, he took his time and made sure of his aim. At the report, the doe and spike buck leaped ahead a short distance and stopped to look around. The big buck had dropped in his tracks. The small bullet had pierced his heart, and been just as effective as a large one would have been.

Jim leaped to his feet, and the other deer ran as he moved.

"Only the second deer I ever killed," he said. "The other one I shot when I had not had food in two days and was lost in the woods far north. I will never kill a deer unless I must. I kill nothing unless the need is imperative, and I never waste any part that is edible. I believe God gave us wild game as he gave us sheep, and no sane man would kill sheep for fun. Father said that useless killing of animals and birds is a sin. We need this meat, and it was sent to supply our need, in my opinion. In the absence of proof to the contrary, I shall hold to this belief and do with the deer just as I would with a sheep I had bought for food—just use it. Some folks will eat lamb every week and cry over the killing of a deer. That sort of thing is inconsistent."

"How about women wearing furs?" Walter asked.

"I object to the methods of trappers who leave traps unvisited days at a time, or use cruel methods. Just as I object to men who hunt game they do not need or let wounded game go off to suffer," said Jimmy. "Game, fish and fur are to use and not to abuse, just as our cattle and other stock were intended. Cruelty has no place anywhere, and a habit of being careless easily turns to cruelty."

Jimmy worked fast and with skill on the buck he had killed. Soon he had the beast "gralloched" and skinned, dismembered, and lying on flat, clean stones. Then he attacked the building of a rack from forked stakes and saplings. The top was made of many small poles, on which he placed a layer of clean, smooth canebrakes from the swamp. This gave him the checkerboard surface he wanted, and he covered it all over with thin slices of deer meat. Below he kindled a small fire, using wood that he knew would make a great volume of smoke. Now he called to Willis.

"Throw sticks on this fire, keeping it no hotter. The smoke will keep flies and other insects away and help cure the meat. I have dipped each slice in weak brine, as a further aid. Good thing you had a good supply of salt. Now our jerky will be just salty enough to taste right. This is an easy job, though mighty important, and I will hop on our dugout canoe. Shall I shift the leg first?"

"I wish you would. How did you get wise to the fact that a shift of position eased the pain of a broken leg?"

"Through having one of mine broken," Jim replied. "Experience makes us remember things. I rode a bad horse against Dad's orders,

and he threw himself backward on my left thigh. My boot caught in the stirrup, and I could not free it in time. Just the same I rode him home with my leg broken. That was the one time in my life when Dad really scolded me. He did it up brown, too."

JIMMY picked up the axe and walked up to the fallen basswood tree. As the butt lay high on the bank, it was dry and well seasoned. He cut off about fifteen feet and peeled it; then, cutting a pair of levers in the woods, he called Walter and they rolled the log to get the best side down, since the straightest side should be in the water when used.

As soon as he had the log in position he began chopping a trench in the upper side. As he paused to rest occasionally, he feasted his eyes upon the view. The broad, rather shallow river, the rice pond with its bordering expanse of coarse marsh grass, the beautiful birch-trees, the tall, slender tamaracks so like the lodge-pole pine, and the thickets of small elms, maple and ironwoods, all pleased him. A growing tree, to Jimmy, was one of the most beautiful things in nature, and his love of trees made him intensely happy when out in the timber.

A brief moment to rest and enjoy the view, and he began chopping, longing intensely for an adze, since it was so difficult to use an axe. Fortunately, Jimmy did not depend entirely on his axe in hollowing out his dugout, or he would never have finished. After he had chopped as deeply as he could, he built a fire in the rough trench that now extended the full length of the log, and kept it burning steadily. By governing the heat of the fire he was able to burn his excavation in the shape desired. This he managed by use of varying types of fuel, keeping an intense heat going where the wood was obstinate and slow burning—where there were heavy knots—and a much lighter fire on straight, soft grain. To the brothers this method was entirely new, and extremely interesting. In fact, Willis became so much interested that he wanted to sit up and watch Jim at his burning and Jim built a prop behind him, padded thickly with dry grass to allow him to watch through the doorway of the hut. Jimmy told him of one obstinate knot in the bottom on which he planned to use a red-hot stone to reduce it to the general level.

After the dugout had been hollowed to a shell less than three inches thick, the interior was black coal; and all this coal must be removed. With the axe Jimmy carefully pared it off the sides, holding the axe close to its head with one hand and pushing it downward; yet in spite of his care a large amount of blackness was left. This could only be removed, he told the brothers, by imitating the sailor who hollystones a deck.

"We have no scrapers, so we must rub and scrub for dear life."

Cautiously he shaped the outside of both ends to the regulation canoe form. This done, he selected the largest birch tree, felled it, leaving the stump top cut level, and took off several lengths of the bark. These he fashioned into buckets, lapping the sides and lacing them tightly with the bark strings he had twisted in his evenings beside the campfire. The bottoms he formed of the same bark, cut with his knife to a little larger diameter than the buckets, and laced on in the same way. Two of the buckets he made water-tight with pitch gathered from the tall tamarack trees, but the others he left unpitched, for they would be used to hold dry stuff.

On the pair which he had pitched he placed handles of broad bands of bark, so placed as to cross the bottoms and leave a good hand-hold above.

With a tight bucket Jimmy dipped water into the dugout. Then he put in sand, gave Walter a chunk of rough sandstone, and told him to roll both of his sleeves above his elbows and get busy. To illustrate, he took a big stone and worked vigorously for fifteen minutes.

"You can work here ten or fifteen minutes, then help Willis attend to the smudge fire; the jerky is coming along so fine it requires but little watching. By morning this batch will be stored in a bucket, and a new one will be out in the sun. This is our second batch, and five will clean up the whole deer. Possibly four will, since I want some to stew."

"How on earth will you make a stew? We have no pot."

"I am about to make one," Jimmy informed him. "Hurry the scouring of that boat, for we will need it badly very soon. Here, dump the water out and use fresh. With fresh water you can see where it needs the most work."

"All right, Jim. I'll hustle," Walt promised and began again.

When Jimmy pronounced the dugout finished, and had rinsed out the last trace of coal dust, he and Walt left it turned to face the sun, to dry out. In the meantime Jimmy had chopped

deeply into the top of the level birch stump, and now he and Walt pinched a hot stone between two short green poles and carried it to the stump. It was hot enough to burn down into the wood for some distance, and as soon as it had cooled a little they replaced it with another stone, freshly heated. Making a bowl in a green stump took time, and not until two and a half days had passed did Jim think his bowl at all approached perfection.

Cleaning it out was slow work, since it could not be upset to empty it. However, they were patient, and they persevered until they won. Now Jim cut a birch limb and shaped a pestle two feet long and rounded at the larger end. This he called his huller, and he showed Walter how he should jab gently in a mass of rice and at the same time twist the pestle.

"That twist will take the hull off a rice kernel instantly," he told Walter. "In the morning you and I will begin our rice harvest. We need two little sticks, about fifteen inches long, and our hands—that is all. I have seen the Indians of two tribes gather rice and so know just how they do it. But first I must make a paddle and teach you to ride our canoe safely. All you need to do is to sit perfectly still and avoid all sudden motions. I can teach you all you need to know in half an hour."

"All right, Jim," said Walter. "I am game, even though I get ducked. Lucky I can swim, for I may upset the whole shebang before we get ashore."

"No danger whatever," said Jimmy. "You will sit down flat on the bottom, facing me, and not make a move, unless directed by me."

THE following morning Jim saw to it that the smudge fire under the jerky was built up so that it would last a long time, and then he helped Walter push the dugout into the river, loaded in it their two levers and two short sticks, and said good-by to Willis.

"We will be less than half a mile away, Willis, and plan to stay only a short time, so you will be all right. I will leave my rifle with you, and you can fire it if anything goes wrong. Does it worry you to have us go? Tell me the truth."

"Go ahead, Jim," said Willis; "it won't worry me."

Jim had shaped out a paddle the evening before, and now he had Walt sit down in the bow of the dugout, and placed himself in the stern and paddled the canoe out in the river. There he turned this way and that, talking quietly to the boy, as he did so, to keep him calm and unafraid. To his delight Walter seemed to catch the canoe spirit very quickly. It required little instruction to get him so that he rode naturally, with that sympathetic feeling which makes a canoeist one with his craft, as a rider is with his horse. This pleased Jimmy greatly.

After the test, Jimmy drove the dugout ashore, ran to give Willis a last word and hurried back. Now he paddled up opposite the rice pond, landed, and with the help of Walt rolled the dugout over the bar between the pond and the river. With the dugout once launched in the pond he held it steady while Walt got in and sat down. Shoving out among the rice, he showed the boy how to gather the grain.

"Take hold only on the stalks close to the boat, with your left hand like this," he said. "Bend them over the gunwale until the heads are low, then strike them lightly with your short stick. Not so hard. Try it once more. That's right. That drops the kernels into the dugout, without making any fly overhead. We want to save it all, remember. Now sit steady and gather it fast, but never lean over. Just reach your arm easily and take in what comes handy. You have the trick. Keep going."

The dugout crisscrossed the pond in every direction, and the light sticks rose and fell rapidly, while the kernels covered the bottom more and more deeply. When the boys landed, Jimmy estimated their harvest for the day at not less than twelve pounds. This was a great addition to the food stock they had, and of a most nourishing kind.

"Before we stop we must have thirty pounds," he remarked. "That is enough to make us safe for a long time. With the jerky and what I kill to eat fresh, we'll be safely fixed. There are plenty of fish in the river, but they rarely bite at this time of the year. I must plan to take them

in other ways. I noticed one big hook on your cork that I shall use later. Why did you bring such a huge hook?"

"We were told there were pike here up to forty pounds' weight."

All the while they had been gathering rice Pharaoh had been ranging up and down the sloping ground near the pond, whining often, all the hackles on his back standing up stiffly. Often he growled in the ugliest manner possible. Now he ran to Jimmy, turned to look back, sniffed the air and snarled in rage. Jimmy stared at him in amazement. Never had he seen the dog so viciously inclined, and he could not understand why it was. Both went to work scraping up the rice and dumping it into a birch-bark bucket.

When they reached the camp Willis asked them if they saw the big dog on the ridge. Jimmy understood instantly, and a look of con-

mangling his dog. He fired and heard the lead thump the wolf's midriff. Hardly had the little rifle sounded before the dog had wheeled and started after his enemy.

Now the tables were turned, and the wolf, somewhat intimidated by his wound, was in retreat, with the dog pursuing. In vain did Jimmy yell and whistle. Pharaoh had an over-weening faith in the little gun, and he kept on going while his master ran after and tried his best to get his dog to listen to sense. It was useless. The dog believed the wolf had been shot, and, having seen many other animals fall before a rifle, he thought that little rifle an invincible bit of ordnance. Jimmy feared it was only a slight wound that would merely rouse a greater savagery. So the three of them went out of sight, Jimmy nearly winded by his run and terribly worried over his dog.

Back in the camp the brothers watched and waited, listening for some sound that would tell of the dog's safety, while at the same time worried lest Jimmy in his anxiety to save Pharaoh might get too close to the wolf himself and be bitten. No sound came to them to tell what was happening just over the ridge, where the wolf and dog had gone.

CHAPTER FOUR A Forest Fire

FOR twenty minutes or more the two brothers heard no more, and saw no signs of Jimmy. Then he came in sight, dragging a heavy object, and by his side trotted Pharaoh, head and tail up, pride apparent in every line. Walter ran to meet him, and Willis was terribly impatient before the bunch arrived near the hut. Walt yelled, "He got the wolf, Willis."

"That long shot just happened to land right," Jim explained. "It was a mere accident that it did, to tell the truth. Pharaoh was as proud as Lucifer. Seemed to think he had killed the wolf."

Jimmy skinned the wolf and saved the skull, removing flesh and brain from the latter, and drying it. He meant to keep skin and skull as trophies, and nobody could blame him. Many a man has spent a large sum and weeks of time to secure poorer ones, and Jim was just old enough to care greatly.

Right after this episode of the wolf, Jimmy and Walter went out once more for wild rice, with results so good that Jimmy said they had secured enough to last them through.

"Let the ducks have the rest," he said. "I will start you hulling and then see if my scheme is good for getting a big fat fish to roast."

Walter attacked the rice hulling after Jim had shown him the proper method and Jim went off on a hunt for what he needed for a raid on the big fish that refused to bite bait of any kind he had thus far offered them. He had used grasshoppers and various other bug baits without getting a nibble. Now he planned to do the biting himself, to all intents and purposes. He was gone half an hour and brought back a number of slim, tough-looking switches five or six feet long.

Sitting down where he could talk to Willis while he worked, he set the big hook on the slender end of a switch and made it fast with bark cord, which he wound around the wood clear to the butt, to reinforce its natural strength. In this way he constructed a gaff of unusual length and slimmness, depending largely upon the cord he had twisted for the lifting strength needed to haul in a large fish.

With the aid of Walter he had shoved and rolled the dugout back to the river, and now he embarked in it. Floating out where the water was three feet deep, he let the dugout drift while he peered into the water, with his long gaff in his hand. Presently he slid the slender staff deep into the water where he had seen a dark form among the weeds. He could make out the entire form of a fat and lazy fish. He slipped the hook under it at the throat, lifted upward and jerked backward, swiftly yet gently. He felt the hook take hold, and he sat up, holding hard. After a moment he lifted hand under hand and landed the fish in the dugout.

Elated by his success, he paddled ashore and carried the fish to exhibit it to the brothers. They were excited and joyful.

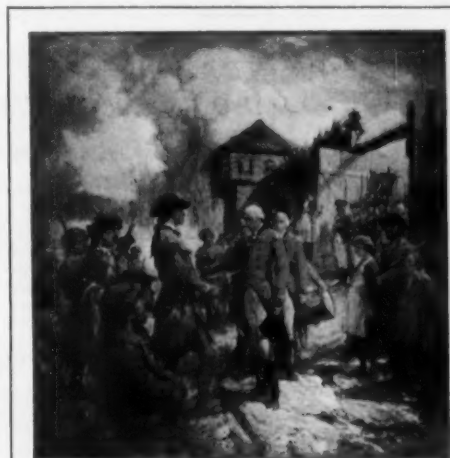
"Baked fish, this time," he announced in triumph. "It will be a treat, too; I'll promise you that. Good to the last mouthful."

Scaling and cleaning the big fish, Jim gathered and braided sweet grass carefully over it.

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SPLINTERSHIN CAMP

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Another Honor for The Youth's Companion

IN February, 1779, Col. George Rogers Clark captured the British garrison of Fort Sackville, at Vincennes. This fort controlled one of the great entrances to the Northwest, and with its capture the region which now includes Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin became American territory. In commemoration of this victory, the Post Office Department has just issued a special stamp, printed in red and black, and showing the surrender of the fort.

The picture on which the design is based was painted for *The Youth's Companion* by the noted artist Frederick C. Yohn, and appeared as a cover in October, 1923. It attracted nation-wide attention, and was later presented to the Indiana Historical Society. Unfortunately, post-office regulations forbid the reproduction of the stamp itself, but the original painting is printed above.

sternation came over his face. Walter innocently inquired of his brother what kind of a dog he had seen, but the woods boy knew! Going outside, he looked for his dog, but Pharaoh had departed. Jimmy whistled and called, but his dog did not respond. Jim started supper and paused often to call his dog again, but for a long time heard and saw nothing of him. In fact, the boys were eating before Pharaoh appeared.

Jimmy was sitting cross-legged on the ground, facing the hills, when he suddenly set his tin plate beside him and rose straight up. His face flamed red, and he rose as though a powerful spring had lifted him. Without a word he dove for his gun and came up with it ready for a shot. Astonished, the brothers stared silently. Then they saw.

Coming over the hills like a racing greyhound, was Pharaoh. He was getting down to business at full speed with good reason, for behind him ran a timber wolf twice his weight and ten times as savage. He was chasing the dog home, a thing as common to wolf nature as running cotton-tails is to a pot hound.

Pharaoh was no coward, as he had proved a thousand times, but he knew a timber wolf had him beaten before they even nipped each other. Well did Jim understand that a wolf could slash his dog to ribbons and trot off totally unmarked by the dog; so now he tried a long shot to prevent the wild beast from overtaking and

Then, raking the coals aside from the fire, he buried the fish in the ashes and covered it with coals.

Came the time to uncover the fish, and Jimmy ran his knife through the browned grass covering, filled plates with white savory fish and served the brothers. There was no doubt about their good opinion after one mouthful apiece. They voiced it emphatically and many times.

By this time all the jerky was cured and stored in buckets of birch bark, and Walter was making good progress with hulling the wild rice. Jim felt that they had done well, with so few tools, in getting a house built, meat cured and a supply of rice on hand, and every time he looked at the bowl in the birch stump he felt like chortling. Now he began cutting up fallen trees for firewood. He could not know how much longer they must stay here, but several weeks must surely elapse before the broken leg would be able to stand the kind of transportation they must use to escape from the wilderness.

Already Willis had passed the stage of acute pains, and he spoke only of dull aches and grumbling pains; but the bone had not knit to an extent that would allow rough handling or walking freely. Until the shin had made a complete union, and Willis could walk well, it was better for him to stay quiet. Each day Jimmy and Walt launched two or four toy boats on the river, with messages written on them, but apparently none was picked up. At least no relief expeditions came up the river.

"You see, boys," said Jimmy, "many of our S O S boats go aground in the eddies, and a lot go past the settlements at night; so it is a long chance we are bucking. Out of a couple of hundred tries, we'll be in luck to have one land where it will do any good or attract attention in the current. All we can do is to keep trying, and if no rescue boats arrive up to the time when we can move, then we'll move out in our own craft."

"Can we get over all that rough water in the dugout?" Willis asked anxiously.

"We sure can, by rigging an outrigger float that will prevent any capsizing—like those the South Sea Islanders use, you know. It will turn the dugout into a proa, which rides out heavy storms on the open sea."

AUGUST had been a terribly dry month, and there had been no more than light showers in July. So far in September there had been only two very light rains, and the result was a tindersy condition in forest, swamp and valley. Jimmy feared forest fires, and so he cleared away every blade of grass, dead leaf and splinter of wood near the hut, leaving a wide, bare stretch of land about it where there was no food for fire.

"Walter," said he after this clearing, "any time you see an indication of a forest fire burning, no matter if it is miles away, you take a bucket and wet the hut until it drips. Soak it good and plenty if I am not here. No man living can tell how fast such a fire may travel. I hope we can escape that danger, but we must be ready at all times."

Three days later two burly lumberjacks passed the hut. Unlike the usual modern lumberjacks, this pair seemed devoid of feeling or sympathy. They made a joke of Willis's condition and wanted to poke into every thing they saw. In doing so they found the jerky, tasted it and began to stuff their pockets. In vain did Willis protest. They laughed.

Willis yelled at the top of his voice and heard Jimmy reply. He shouted again and heard the other boys coming at a run. The men stepped outside and disappeared.

"What's the trouble?" cried Jimmy, coming in. Willis told him in as few words as possible, what had happened, and Jimmy, who had his rifle with him, started out after the men instantly. When he saw them in the distance and walking fast, he returned.

"Let them go. We can spare what jerky they stole, and chasing them means a row. I only hope they aren't careless as well as vicious. They could start a terrible fire with the forest in this condition."

For the next two hours Jimmy kept looking

anxiously up the river, and he finally saw just what he feared. Far up the valley, these men had passed a great mass of dried grass and brush, and one, lighting his pipe, had thrown the burning match aside without thought of where it would land. As is usual in such cases, the burning stub of the match fell in the worst possible place, and soon smoke was billowing up in huge clouds, while the snapping, crackling fire raced before a breeze and spread widely as it advanced.

It penetrated a stand of tamaracks, sixty to eighty feet tall. As soon as the flame reached the first tree there was a loud swishing sound, and the fire leaped, at one bound, seemingly, to the extreme top. Now all the trees turned into huge flaming torches. Then the flames traveled across the swamp at the speed of a fast runner.

Not only were the trees being destroyed, but there were great masses of moss and roots ex-

Two days after the fire the sky clouded up thickly before sunrise. The two workers had gathered much wood and piled it beside the hut in a rack covered by bark to keep it dry. Now they began getting more.

"Almost time for the line storm," said Jimmy. "When it comes it is a humdinger, and it hangs on like a pup to a root. We must have a lot of wood, as I plan to keep a fire burning day and night outside, so heat will be reflected inside by that stone wall. Besides, we must keep a double number of heating stones in the fire all the time. We simply can not afford to neglect anything during the line storm. It comes down hard when it does come, believe me. Then we must dig a good ditch around the hut to drain off excess water. The hills may hand us a young flood. Of course the hut stands on a hump of decent height, but a ditch will double our safety."

So they dug and dug until a trench ringed the hut and led off to the river line. With a large store of wood and provisions to meet flood conditions, Jimmy felt safer. Only thirty hours after he had finished his ditch, it began to rain. Nevertheless he got a fire going, and he dropped into it four clean round stones about five inches thick.

Walter had hulled and winnowed the rice, so that it stood by the buckets of jerky, ready for cooking. The bowl in the stump was ten inches across and a foot deep. In this Jimmy poured rice and water. Presently he dropped in it a hot stone that made the water boil. Later he put in another and at the same time added deer meat and salt. Keeping this up, he boiled meat and rice perfectly. Then he added a little flour to thicken the gravy.

Hardly had Jimmy finished boiling his stew of rice and deer meat when the flood gates seemed to open, and the rain increased almost to a torrent. He had gone to the hut during the last stage of the boiling, but now he leaped to his feet and grabbed a tin cup and a tight birch-bark bucket.

"A few minutes of rain like this and our stew will be ruined—merely hog slop!"

The other boys looked after him anxiously, wondering what the real amount of damage might be. Jim ran to the wooden bowl, turned his back to the driving rain and bent above the stew, to make his body a rood to keep the water out; he was working fast with the tin cup and holding the bucket in front of his waist, where it too gained the protection of his body; the rain was running off every angle and downward point of his clothing, like a young deluge. But he disregarded it. The stew, which had cost them so much effort, should not be ruined if he could prevent, and there was a good chance to save it by swift work.

CHAPTER FIVE Birds and Beasts

ONLY a few minutes elapsed until Jimmy bolted into the hut again, carrying a full bucket and laughing.

"Three cheers for your father," he cried. "He insisted on buying me a hunting coat that is said to shed water like a duck, and I have just proved that it does. I bent over the cooking bowl and bailed like mad with the tin cup and saved the stew, without getting wet to amount to anything at all."

"Dish it up and let's see what it is like," said Walter.

He gave each boy a portion and told them to sample his cooking. They ate it eagerly and pronounced it fine. They then settled down for the evening.

"Gee whiz, but I'm sleepy," said Walter, and cuddled himself under the blanket.

Four times between then and daylight Jim went out to throw wood on the fire, yet neither boy roused at all.

When the morning dawned the rain was still falling heavily, and the roar of the downpour was loud. Still no water had come into the hut, and Jimmy thankfully began to get the

breakfast for the boys. Having his large supply of meat stew on hand with rice cooked in it, he had an abundance of food, but it could not be heated except in the stump bowl he had made. In a pouring rainstorm this would be difficult. But he still had several pounds of roasted fish and a number of rolls. The boys would have to eat a cold breakfast this morning, he had decided.

Jimmy had a great feeling of elation all through the storm from seeing that his thatch did not leak. This was another triumph, and the Kent boys noticed it as much as Jim did. After three days and nights the storm ended.

The ducks were not coming in as numerous as they would have come if the fire had not burned much of their feed, but Jimmy decided to hunt ducks a little to vary the program of venison and fish served continually in some form, either by baking or boiling, or broiling.

He soon shot a duck and told the boys he would introduce them to something new. They were astonished to see him, after cleaning the duck and washing it out, mix up a batch of clay mud like mortar in a small depression back from the river. They were more astonished when he proceeded to daub a coat of that clay over the duck, outside the feathers, until the bird was coated two inches thick. They were too badly puzzled even to talk.

Jimmy went to the fire, raked the coals away, made a trench in the ashes, and laid the clay-covered duck in this trench, covering it with ashes thickly. An hour and a half later he fished the clay packet out of the ashes and showed them that it was baked as hard as a piece of pipe. Cracking the clay open, he pulled the two halves asunder, and the feathers and skin of the duck came with the pieces, leaving all the meat clean and appetizing, perfectly cooked, and ready for the table, in the center.

"Now, you skeptics," he said, "you may learn a little something new when you begin eating. Don't do any lying to save my feelings. If you don't like it, say so; and if you do, say so." And he divided the mallard into three portions.

The boys tasted of their portions tentatively and with some skepticism, but after their first bite there was no hesitating. They cleaned the bones of that duck with great enthusiasm, declaring it to be as good as they ever ate.

After the first duck, Jimmy hunted more in order to avoid feeding the boys too often on jerky. The rice and jerked venison constituted their main dependence, but he now gave them roast duck at intervals, usually stuffing the duck with boiled rice and leeks. Now and then he served rice and sugar as a treat, but he had to be sparing of sugar, as the lot they had was small. Jimmy had been obliged to work so steadily before this that he had little time for anything else, but now, having the hut, cooking bowl, dugout and heating plant completed, he talked with the boys more often, giving them valuable information regarding the outdoors.

The wild life appeared to be moving more than it had before, for some reason. As evidence of this there appeared one morning early a family of raccoons, blithely following the river course northward. The old daddy coon led, while behind him trailed four youngsters and the fat mother.

AFTER this the brothers watched for the passing of strange animals and not only gained considerable knowledge but a vast amount of fun out of seeing birds and beasts. Once a fox came along and like all his kind had to clow a little over a crawfish among the drift stuff. Walter saw him first and attracted the attention of his brother. Jimmy was taking a nap and missed the show.

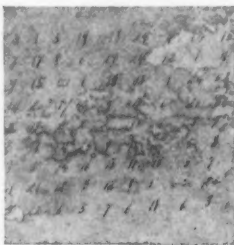
Another time a blue crane alighted on the beach and soon waded into the water and caught a small fish. This he tried to get down his throat but dropped accidentally while turning it to make it head for its final destination. The sudden flurry, swoop and spatteration which the crane raised in his effort to retrieve his fish sent the boys into paroxysms of laughter, which grew greater when they realized that the finny morsel had dropped and paddled so industriously and well that he had eluded his captor and escaped.

"Do you think there is much danger to a person camping?" asked Walter, suddenly.

"The danger is too small to talk about," said Jimmy. "If a man is careful and watchful about poison snakes, he has almost nothing to fear. Any fierce animal in an American forest is only too anxious to avoid contact with a human, and one good yell will usually send such a beast away at full speed. There are some exceptions to this rule, but they are very few."

"I am glad to know that," said Willis, "because I have heard so many talk of the dangers from wolves, bears and cougars."

"It is true that at times a bear, after a row with one of his own kind, will show a sour



HERE'S A KEY TO LOST TREASURE

*Could you solve its secret
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THE lives of three young people did depend on it—on this faded, crumpled, almost illegible piece of paper that Billy found in the family Bible when death left the three young Stewarts alone in the home of their fathers. They knew it was the key to the lost fortune—the "treasure"—of their family, but what good did that do them when they had no idea of its meaning and a grasping and dishonest cousin was as hot on the trail as they? Yet if life was to be worth living the secret must be found!

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TREASURES OF DARKNESS

By Carl H. Claudy

posed to the ravages of the flames, which ate into the ground covering to a depth of two feet, thus consuming the roots and their protective covering. It made a terrible spectacle, even from a long distance. The boys could see huge masses of smoke, shot with lurid flames.

"It scares me, Jimmy," said Walt. "Do you suppose it will get over into this swamp near us?"

"No one knows. It may," said Jimmy, "and if it does it will smoke us pretty near to death. This swamp is so near us we will feel that heat, too, and the fire may spread around us."

A near-by canebrake was as dry as tinder, and when the flames reached it the roaring rush of the fire could be heard for half a mile. They rushed and roared and leaped in a demonic fury that was frightful to behold. Along with the canebrakes went great expanses of dry marsh grass, and then the first tree of the nearer swamp became a flaming torch, eighty feet tall. Jimmy hurried out and started back-firing along the borders of the cleared ring surrounding the hut.

All there was to burn in the nearer parts was low brush, but farther back stood sapling thickets and clumps of real trees. It took only a short time for Jimmy to burn the half-circle clearing to three times the width he had cleared with his wooden spade, and by so doing he eliminated the last vestige of danger to the well-soaked hut.

The smoke settled around the hut so densely that it was difficult to breathe, and now the fire half encircled them and sent its fumes and thick gases their way. Somewhat comforted by the knowledge that every minute meant some slight diminution of the clouds of half-burned wood fibre known as smoke, the boys tried to be patient.

Existence in the midst of such murk is nerve-racking. When the air cleared, a great feeling of relief came. The brothers realized clearly that only the foresight of Jimmy in clearing a circle around the hut had saved it from destruction.

disposition toward a man, but the average bear will run like a rabbit if he hears the human voice. It's a good plan to keep them scared away."

"You are teaching us so many things," Willis said, "that I think the knowledge is cheap at the price of a splintered shin. Say, we ought to put up a sign here, SPLINTERSHIN CAMP. Walt and I will remember this place as long as we live, and with more joy than sorrow, thanks to your help."

CHAPTER SIX

A Thief in Camp

WILLIS'S shin was still very tender to the touch; so Jimmy knew the healing could not yet be complete; but it seemed to have gone far enough to let him gratify the boy's ardent desire to get out in the sunshine.

With Walter's aid he built a thick pad of grass on the ground, partly cocked up over a sloping rock to form a comfortable back. Then the pair of sound boys carried the cripple out and placed him gently on the grass. The sun was shining warmly these days, and from nine to four Willis would be perfectly comfortable here. Jimmy gave him a blanket to use in case it seemed cool, and left him.

Jimmy was scouting in the woods much of his time lately to find two oak branches of exactly the correct shape for a proa. They must be just right. He had to have a pair that mated from end to end, not too heavy, not too light, bent by nature in just the right way to serve, as he had no way of steaming and bending in forms.

Well he knew that he might examine a thousand trees to find what he needed and still be disappointed in the end. Or he might be lucky in his hunt and get his natural bends in the first hundred. Being patient and full of perseverance, he did no lamenting when a day of searching yielded nothing, but started out the following morning as if it were his first day. Day after day passed in hunting for his two oak branches. Then, after a long time, he came wearily home to camp one evening, carrying one on his shoulder.

"Halfway to winning. Perhaps I may get another tomorrow," he said. "I hope so. It took long enough to find this, and after I cut it I had to pack it half a mile or more, and it is heavy."

After he had eaten supper, Jimmy peeled the branch its full length, a job that kept him busy for a long time in the firelight. Then he laid it up on two huge boulders to season. After this he did not go on with a constant search, but hunted between other jobs for the mate to his oak branch.

Since the weather continued mild and warm, with good sunshine, Willis enjoyed a daily outing, and each day he exercised a little, gaining strength constantly until he could hobble painfully on improvised crutches for a few steps at a time. This increased his courage greatly.

Just four days after Jimmy found the first oak branch suited to his purpose, Willis saw something to talk about, and when Jimmy appeared he was waiting eagerly to tell the news.

"Jim," he said. "A big old she bear with two cubs came along here today and went into the hut. I don't know what they did there, but I'll bet it was plenty. I believe they were inside for an hour or more."

With an exclamation, Jimmy started for the hut at a run. He went inside, and Walter came just then and joined him. Fifteen minutes later both came out and over to where Willis sat.

"Gobbled most of our jerky and ruined the balance," Jimmy said to him. "They must have been mighty hungry. Only about a pound or so left in edible shape of all that jerky we had."

"What on earth can we do?" Willis inquired.

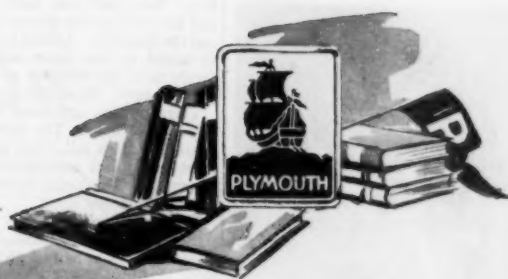
"Get another deer if possible. We must eat. Luckily I put the rice where it was safe, on a puncheon on top of two poles. The flour and what little sugar we have are high in another corner, the same way. I got a streak of safety-first ideas and took care of all but the jerky. I wonder if that old lady will come back to hunt for more? It is a trick they have at times, and it may happen here. You never can tell what a bear will do. One may be good-tempered, gentle and kind, and a minute later on the war path, mad enough to kill anybody."

"I don't want any bears in mine, Jimmy," said Walter.

"Then kindle a fire. We must keep it burning all night to keep the bears out."

An entire week went by before he found his chance to gain a meat supply. Then it came most unexpectedly. He had ventured into the undergrowth beside a swamp and stood in bushes shoulder high, when from a distance came the pounding sounds of running deer. Pausing with his rifle ready, he watched, and soon he saw the head of a deer bobbing along directly toward

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 154]



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him. The head was held high, and he could see the curved throat and the shoulders. Lifting his rifle, he aimed at that throat and held steady until the deer was no more than thirty yards distant. Then he squeezed the trigger.

There was no additional leap, no struggle, not even a sound. The deer was dead at the beginning of its fall. The pellet had struck a joint of the neck and cut the marrow, causing instant, painless death. Splintershin Camp had a safe food supply again.

Next morning Jimmy took his axe and went out again on his long quest after an oak branch to match the one he had peeled and laid up to dry.

All that day Jimmy haunted the woods and kept his eyes upon the oak trees he found. Just at the edge of the evening on his way back to camp, disgusted with his ill luck, he happened to glance up at the skyline in the west. There in plain view was just what he wanted, and not over three hundred yards from the camp; hurrying over to the tree, he cut the branch, trimmed it up and carried it in.

Now he had a pair of oak spars curved by nature to his exact needs. Every shipwright is well aware that a natural bend is better and stronger than an artificial one.

These bent branches must hold his outrigger float firmly to the dugout and be strong enough to withstand any jolt or wrench met with on the way south. After finishing the peeling, Jimmy worked with great care at squaring the butts; then, getting a measurement on the dugout, he cut a short section down to a thickness of about two and one-half inches, just where it crossed the opposite side of the dugout when the squared butt was let into the first side. These oak branches had short, straight lengths at the butts to cross the dugout; then they bent down in long curves to let their tips dip to the water level, where they would be bound to a pole-float of dry, light wood, which would keep the dugout from tipping. It was an adaptation of South Sea methods to American river uses.

Jimmy had no nails or bolts to make things fast, but he was inventive, and already had his method planned in every detail. With no tools save an axe and a pocketknife he meant to accomplish something worth mentioning, and make these boys secure during the river trip.

ONE thing that bothered Jimmy was the fact that Willis had taken to being homesick. Both of the other boys did their best to cheer him up and talk him out of it, but such depression is not easily talked down. Willis tried to be brave and keep his feelings hidden, but once Jimmy heard him in the night murmuring words that revealed the whole matter. And once he talked frankly to Jimmy.

"If I could run around as you chaps do," he said, "it would be all right; but I am so tired of lying down. It has been better since you started the plan of taking me outside, but even now I feel so limited in my moves that it is awful."

"If your leg was strong enough to let you walk," answered Jimmy, "we could leave here within four days at the outside. At times I am tempted to try it, leg or no leg."

That very day Walter remarked how lucky it was for them that old dog wolf had failed to overtake Pharaoh when he chased him, since the dog brought in frequent contributions to the larder; now it was a fat wood hare which he had laid at Jimmy's feet.

"Yes, it is lucky in more ways than one. I would hate to lose my dog; we would miss the rabbits he gets for us, to say nothing of his big value as a companion; I say a good dog in camp is fine company. He keeps still when you want to think, and isn't always telling the same old lot of stories you have heard for nine years," said Jimmy.

At that moment began a most hideous coughing, snarls, wails and yowls near-by.

Pharaoh had left the camp abruptly on hearing the hideous noise begin. All the boys had seen him starting with his throat filled with savage growls and his legs slightly bent, as he traveled in a crouching run. The Kent boys understood that the dog knew that this beastly racket was caused by one of his natural enemies, and that peculiar run, combined with the savage sounds he made, added greatly to their agitation. The dog was eager, but showed a thorough understanding of a threatened danger. Just what might happen when he reached the disturber of the night, they did not know, but they feared for the dog as they had for themselves. When a loud, fierce barking broke in on the snarling yowls, they shivered in dread.

"Take it easy, boys. I think I know what all the row is about, and I expect to be certain inside of ten minutes. Anyhow, it is daytime now, and those yowls would sound twice as mean at night."

So saying, Jimmy picked up his gun and went

SPLINTERSHIN CAMP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153]

toward the barking of his dog. Presently they heard the noise of a shot, followed by more unearthly racket. It seemed to them as though there must be a whole menagerie loose in the woods and fighting. Then they heard Jimmy shout to his dog and the yip-yip of an excited canine in pursuit of some wild creature that fled straight away from their vicinity.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Call from Roughnecks

RACE up, boys," Jimmy admonished the others, when he came back to camp. "That noise was fiendish, I know, but it was only an old lady bobcat. Some folks say bobcats and cougars never scream, but they both do, at times. A big cat can yowl like a demon. I have seen it happen many times; one killed a mare my father owned, and when I saw it on the body, and yelled at it, it chased me until Father shot it."

The days that followed this incident passed quickly. The sun was doing Willis a lot of good, and his shinbone had healed enough to let him do a little walking with two crutches. Hobbling a few steps at a time, he was getting ready for the long journey, as each day added to his strength.

Jimmy had some very particular and intricate work ahead of him in preparing the dugout, and he worked hard making ropes to lash things securely. Many times he would stop and study hard to determine a knotty point in his mind. He must not slight anything, but must make sure of stability before starting out. The dugout itself he knew to be good, strong and well made. His whole worry now turned to the rigging he planned to apply to the dugout before starting south.

Jimmy estimated that he and Walter had launched an average of five toy boats daily all this time, without result, and he could not understand why some of them had not produced some reply. There must be some physical reason why the fleet had failed, but he was puzzled to understand it from this end.

"Either there is some reason why those toy boats never reached the settled section or else somebody who hates T. P. Grier has taken a lot of trouble to rake them in and destroy them," Jimmy reasoned.

He decided definitely to blame the whole thing on some freak of nature, and let it go at that. He went on twisting bark into ropes and making the right turn so forcibly that when the first strand was brought under its companion the two rolled round each other solidly, entwined permanently and securely. And in addition to the rope-making, he was building a thick pad of grass to be used as a mattress under Willis in the dugout.

"Your leg is still weak and sore, but getting better daily. I think we may as well start in one week, for you are to lie on a soft mattress and have no work to do. Under those conditions we can get home, which is the thing you need."

BOTH boys hailed the announcement with delight, and Jimmy began to build his outrigger. Two days he worked on it and then showed disgust. He had decided that his ropes, while strong and good, were not suited to the work of holding an outrigger to a dugout. For two more days he was gloomy and dour. Then he brightened up perceptibly.

"Got an idea?" Walt asked.

"I have, and it is worth having, you bet! And I am using it at once!"

"Tell us about it."

"The next job is building the outrigger for the dugout," Jim replied. "I thought I had it all planned out until last week, when I discovered that roping the crooked spars by having my ropes encircle the dugout would not make them rigid enough. Now I have planned out a totally different scheme, by which I will key my timbers in addition to roping them, so they will stay put."

In a few days Jimmy began on the outrigger. First he laid the curved spars across the gunwales and made sure of his width measurement, marking them with his knife blade for fine and accurate fitting. With the same blade he marked the gunwales for mortises. Using a fine-grained sandstone chip, he whetted his axe and knife to keen edges, and cut in the starboard gunwale notches two inches deeper than the squared part of the spars, and by pushing the axe shaved the sides smooth and even.

On the port side he sunk cuts just deep enough to receive the butt ends of the spars. All four "daps," or mortises, were cut to fit tightly. Making them exactly right, with an axe for his

only tool, kept Jimmy busy for hours. Below each set he marked out and began cutting a pair of different daps. These were laid out to receive

straight bars of oak about two and a half inches thick, cut on a bevel at each end, so that the upper, sharp corner projected half an inch or more beyond the lower line or heel of the bevel.

Now the young shipwright had come to jack-knife carpentry, since he had no other tool available that was adequate for cutting the seats for those beveled ends. He whittled and dug and gouged. Night caught him with the four daps hardly more than half finished. Day after day he labored hard, and looked back at the amount accomplished in disgust, but he kept on the next day just the same. When at last he had cleaned up on these four places he set the pair of heavy oak struts, and with the back of his axe drove them sidewise into place only four inches above the boat bottom, and grinned to find that both fitted as if they had grown there as parts of the original tree, anchored in opposite sides, and firmly unmovable unless broken or cut or pounded sidelong violently.

Now he began to arrange for keying his spar in place. This meant a long, hard job of whittling grooves in the sides of the spars where they had been squared, and other grooves to match, exactly opposite those in the sides of the recesses in the dugout sides. Patiently he worked to dig out with a pocket knife grooves that a narrow chisel would make in a wee fraction of the time; but he had no chisel, and he did have the will to be sure of the safety of the brothers he had served so long.

When at last he drove the spar home in tight-fitting notches he whittled out his hardwood keys, with the deepest joy. He deferred the driving of these keys until the next day.

Morning came, and Willis came out to sit near and watch while his brother and Jimmy finished the job of making the spar fast. The keys of hardwood were about one-half inch thick and tapered a trifle flatwise. Driven home with heavy blows, they fitted tightly and effectively as had been planned. Jimmy was not all done yet with this securing of his outrigger, and he began to lash the spars of heavy oak that he had dovetailed into the dugout near the bottom. With the aid of Walt he made these lashings as secure as possible, winding up by driving a long oak wedge between each rope and the spar it tied.

One thing was lacking, and that was the float. This Jimmy brought in the form of a light, dry pole six inches thick and a little shorter than the dugout. This he and Walt bound securely to the outer ends of the oak spars, putting the boat in the water first in order to get it where it would float level with the dugout.

"When will we start south, Jimmy?" asked Willis when the outrigger was finished and in place. Jimmy paused to consider a moment.

"There is one thing more to do. I want to rig my old canvas up as a shelter. Then we can go whenever you feel able to make the long ride."

"I hate to say it, Jim, but the truth is I dread that trip. I have kept still about it, but ever since I broke my leg I have felt that way. I think it is because I remember those two stretches of rough water we portaged. It is silly, but when I think of running down-river, I imagine myself upset in the rapids and with my lame leg crashing on a rock."

"Too much imagination is what ails you, Willis. Suppose we wait a few days, perhaps a week more. With your leg getting well as fast as it has been of late, it should be as sound as the other in a week more."

"All right, Jim. In a week more I'll go, win or lose."

"That's a bargain then. We give your shin one more week, and then we pull out. Walt and I will give the pros several trials right off this shore, where you can watch how it acts."

The following day Jimmy and Walter launched the proa and paddled it around in the quiet water near the camp. After a time Walt climbed out on the outrigger and rode there, while Jimmy paddled the dugout in circles and fancy figures to let Willis see how it rode. The boys at last came ashore, delighted with the manner in which their boat had performed. To cap the climax, Willis said after seeing the exhibition that he would be ready to start Monday morning; this was Thursday.

They had the craft out twice a day now, early morning and afternoon, and Walter was learning fast how to do his part in managing it well. Jimmy began to prepare for their departure. There was little he could do about the gathering of property where fate had seen fit to strip the boys of the bulk of their belongings weeks ago, but he saw that all was well around the boat, and that their food supply was ready to put on board. He and Walter had rigged the old canvas ground cloth as an awning.

Ready for speedy embarkment next day, the

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boys slept through their last night at Splinter-shin Camp, with the name printed on birch bark by Walter. Jimmy roused unusually early, because he felt the strain of the new move, and lay there awake and looking out through the doorway at the river far upstream. A slight sound outside awoke Pharaoh, and he sniffed, then growled. In one swift motion, Jimmy was up and looking out. A boat such as Canadian rivermen call a bateau, was turning into the shore beside the dugout. One look and Jimmy picked up his rifle, called his dog and walked out. Behind him the brothers were coming awake, and Walt jumped up, helping Willis rise. One glance showed Willis who were landing, and he spoke to Walter.

"Go tell Jim that is the pair of roughnecks who stole our jerky."

Instantly the boy was off at a run, calling Jimmy, who paused to see what he wanted. Walt came up with him and delivered his message, being not at all careful to speak low. The pair glared at him angrily.

"What's that you're telling him?" barked one of the vicious-looking pair. "Talk up so we can hear you plain."

"Plain it is then, if you want it that way," the boy answered boldly. "You are the pair who stole a lot of jerked venison from us, and laughed when my crippled brother protested against your taking it."

"Nothing of the kind! We never came along here at any time before. Never saw you or your brother, nor you never saw us. It ain't goin' to do you any good to lie about us, and we won't let you do it—that's flat. You're trying to get us in bad."

The rowdy lumberjack nearly burst with anger over Walter's defiance and advanced toward him a step or two, but Jim intervened. The fellow stopped for a second and the voice of Willis sounded from the hut. He was watching every movement and understood.

"Don't let him bluff you, Jim, for I know I am right. That pair of bullies did take our jerky, and I believe they started the fire up the river in the swamp."

The ruffian listened to Willis until the last word, then uttered a bellow of rage and started toward the hut, while his companion leaped from his boat, carrying an axe, and rushed toward the boys' dugout with the intention of chopping it until he had ruined it. Jim raised his gun and cried out sharply.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Down River

NOT a lick, you rascal, or you will be sorry," cried Jimmy.

The man hesitated, then lowered his axe, growling, "I believe you'd shoot!"

"Just try forcing me and find out," said Jimmy. "You two rascals just paddle off, and leave us alone, and do it now."

To his great relief the pair turned upstream and disappeared in the distance. He had no fear of further trouble from them, now that they knew he had a rifle and did not bluff readily. He knew the type, had met them before—the kind of rowdy roughs who will try to scare a boy or a small man yet seldom dare follow up a threat or demonstration of bully force if met determinedly. This is the kind of men who are more apt to be sneak thieves than bandits, or slanderers rather than fighters.

Jimmy began the loading. First came the new mattress for Willis in the middle of ship's waist, then the blankets of the other two, rolled and tied to fend between bed and supplies. Outside the blankets stood the buckets of birch bark holding the cold stew and jerky, as well as the reserve rice supply. The wolf hide and skull were tied securely to a spar, and Jimmy had made loops on the other, in which he thrust his gun for safety.

With all on board, Jimmy pushed the dugout off and climbed in, the outrigger toward the middle of the stream for greater safety, as they could glide close to the shore this way and not catch on anything. The river wound about in erratic fashion, giving them greatly diversified views of the country—occasional grassy marshes, swamps filled with tall, trim-looking tamaracs, infrequently a little bayou where there was no current apparent, yet where one existed, so gentle and quiet that the eye could not see any evidence of it; but far back in the still water would be a proof in masses of dead leaves, twigs, and various other light debris.

Hardly had the pros floated five miles when the keen eye of Jim discovered one plain reason why dozens of toy boat messengers had failed to bring any rescue party. Up one bayou he saw a number of tiny squares of white birch bark riding high above the smooth water. He yelled and pointed with his paddle. The Kent brothers saw, knew, and nodded their understanding. At least a part of the mystery was now plain,

and they were quick to surmise that there might be many other such ports of missing ships along the river.

At noon they landed, tied their craft to a tree by the water's edge and ate their cold lunch. They found that cold rice, well filled with small pieces of deer meat, was no mean ration. It was rich, satisfying, very well flavored, and cold food was no handicap to their appetites. They ate heartily and enjoyed every mouthful of the meal. When they started on again, Willis was half reclining, at Jimmy's suggestion.

"Your muscles have lost much of their old strength, and they cannot get it back in one day; so take it slow."

Willis recognized the sense in this advice and allowed Jim to prop him up for the afternoon ride. The boat was riding well, hardly rocking at all when a boy shifted his position, whereas the unrigged dugout would have tipped dangerously at such a move. Jimmy was so pleased at the success of his outrigger that he chuckled and grinned at every proof of its value.

Less than two miles below the place where they ate lunch a sleek-looking animal attracted their attention as it swam past, crossing before their boat and heading for a steep bank that looked to have been smoothed from top to bottom by some mechanical means. Jimmy took his paddle from the water and silently signaled to the others. In perfect silence the craft drifted on, and all three boys twisted to watch this furry beast with the look of slippery smoothness as it dived and swam in plain view in the clear water. Walter began to speak, but stopped.

"An otter," said Jim, "and that is his slide on the steep bank. We have muddled his plans. See him turn upstream? He had planned to slide there, but our coming made him start for other regions. Otters like to slide down such a place on their stomachs, and the slide must always lie where it takes them directly into the water. An otter can swim down and catch a fish with ease."

As they journeyed south, the boys took notice of many changes in the river bottom. In two places it seemed to be black soil or mud for short stretches; then it changed to sand or large pebbles, in one case to what had the appearance of dark cement, in which were bedded cobbles as large as a football, or bigger. Then they struck what is known as a riffle. Here the river widened and grew shallow until it was no more than knee-deep to a man. The bottom was completely covered with cobbles and pebble stones, and the current became very noisy, rushing over these stones in a mad turmoil, with a vast bubbling and tossing on the upper part. The dugout and outrigger float scraped and ground upon the mass of irregular stones noisily as they passed, and many times the dugout bumped heavily on some larger rock. It was a rough passage.

Then they slipped over the last line of rocks into dark, deep water as the banks drew closer together, and confining the flow trebled its depth. Again the drift was silent, smooth, and gentle.

"Isn't this great?" Willis exclaimed as the craft swung off down a quiet stretch to reach a round lake they must cross.

"I'll say it is, after going through that rough section, where it made so much noise," said Walter. "I thought we would lose our new outrigger in there, and I believe we were lucky that we did not."

The lake, only a half-mile wide, was soon crossed, and they entered a new stretch of river, only a little of which had been seen by Jimmy at all on his pedestrian trip, since it made some astonishing curves and detours. He appealed to the brothers for information and got it.

"We found rough water down here a few miles," said Willis.

"How many miles down?" Jimmy inquired, but the boy had no real idea. He turned to Walter and met the same lack of estimating power. Neither brother could tell whether it might be three miles or five.

"All we can do then is to run until we think we should tie up and then wait there for morning and feel our way down to the rapids after morning gives us light. Sunset will be late enough tonight."

"Well, you said we would only run in day-time anyhow," Walt said.

"Surely, but it makes half a mile or so of difference, because it is plenty light enough long after sunset to run on if we knew when we may hit the rapids. We will take no chances, but will tie up early."

WHEN the boys tied up for the night Jimmy found the soil loose and easy to dig with his wooden spade. Only a few yards distant were plenty of heating stones of just the right size and shape. They gathered

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How



Betty Coached Herself

ON A MILD March afternoon, that seemed more like May, a whole crowd of boys and girls swung along the road on their first spring hike.

"Come on, Anne—I'll race you and Ted to the edge of the woods," said Betty Powers to the two alongside her.

"What do you mean—race?" asked Ted Clayton, chuckling.

Anne giggled, "You never won a race in your life, Betty! You're always tired out at the start . . . Come on, though," and she set off, rather slowly.

One minute later a crest-fallen Anne and an astonished Ted were staring at Betty—a gleeful winner.

"Ted, you'd have won if I hadn't taken you by surprise," she admitted, laughing. "But you'll have to get used to my keeping up to you, Anne."

"Passing her, you mean!" exclaimed Ted, admiringly. "Some wind you have, Betty! Who's your coach?"

Betty laughed again and made a deep bow. "Allow me to introduce—myself!"

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plenty of firewood off two fallen trees and cleared a fire space with little effort. It was ideal for them, and they bedded down over hot stones that guaranteed warmth for the entire night; Willis, being a semi-invalid, had his grass mattress to sleep on, but the others contented themselves with loose, dry grass over the loose dirt. However, that was enough.

Their sleep was sound and undisturbed until about three-thirty in the morning. Then they all sat up at once, not knowing what had roused them from slumber, but conscious of having heard an unearthly screech of some kind. What had uttered this terrible scream they did not know, and in their ignorance it seemed to be supernatural, until Jimmy began to laugh heartily, with utter abandon and side-splitting whoops of delight.

"What is it, a panther?" screeched Walter, while Willis said nothing but cowered down and hauled his blanket high over his head. But as he heard his brother yelp in fear he also heard Jimmy laugh. Neither boy could understand why Jim should laugh at such a time, and when they spoke about it they were more than ever stirred by hearing his laughter increase. So strange did this seem to them that they began to be slightly peppery over it, until Jim stopped his chuckling long enough to call their attention to his dog.

Pharaoh could be seen in the dim moonlight, lying beside his master, undisturbed and hardly interested, his head up, eyes directed toward a treetop in quiet contemplation.

"Isn't it plain to you kids that this is nothing to worry over when my dog takes things so calmly?" asked Jimmy. "If that row had been raised by a dangerous animal, Pharaoh would be answering it with a bigger row and noise enough to be heard a mile."

"What in the world is it anyway?" Willis inquired. "It sounds dangerous enough to me. I hope I never shall hear anything more blood-curdling."

"That is what I say, only more so," put in Walt. "I could feel my skin crawl all the way up my back, and my scalp is fairly sore from pulling my hair up on end. It certainly sounds to me like sudden death."

"Keep your eyes on that treetop and the open sky beside it, and perhaps you may learn something worth knowing," Jim remarked. "Watch a little while and see."

CHAPTER NINE

Over the Rapids

JIM picked up his rifle and fired a single shot out over the river. At the sound of the shot two ghostly birds flew out of a tree with less noise than two leaves could make in falling through the air, flapping soft wings across the moon.

"Screech owls," said Jimmy. "The noises they make are all out of proportion to their size. It startled me at first."

"Golly!" said Walt. "I thought it was a cougar, and I was expecting him to sail out of a treetop down on me any second. I never heard such unearthly sounds before, in my life."

"Well, as the Scotch say, 'juist cuddle doon,' laddie. They are gone, and you may as well snooze another hour or two."

So the three lay down and slept again, but the two brothers heard some few half-smothered giggles from Jim in the first few minutes.

The next day, intending to leave as short a stretch as possible to cover on the final day, they got away early, pushing off at six-thirty.

After a short run, Jim began to take note of a new factor—current strength and speed increase that were all out of proportion to anything yet encountered. The added pull of the current made it much harder to keep the craft headed right, and the greater speed called for an increase in watchfulness. Jimmy tried to guard against every danger, but when he remembered the rapids ahead he wondered if he was just another reckless fool, trying to do something beyond his powers.

Then they struck a sharp incline down which they scooted swiftly, struck the lower level with a sensation of jumping over an obstruction, and went rushing along again. As their craft leveled out, Walter shouted and his right hand pointed. At the foot of the incline down which they had coasted lay a back eddy that drew off to one side and partly under an overhanging bank. In it gently circled numbers of little birch-bark sails on tiny masts. They had found another port of missing ships.

The rapids, when they reached them, were terrible. The river bottom was covered by rocks of all sizes and shapes, many of them jagged, sharp, and pitilessly cruel-looking. Among these rocks roared torrents of white water lashed into foam by its own speed and

SPLINTERSHIN CAMP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155]

the ripping rocks. Jimmy yelled to the brothers to grab hold and hang on like grim death.

He used his paddle with all his strength, trying to keep in the deepest channel, but the outrigger pole bumped and scraped over rock after rock, tilting the dugout dangerously. A little water came in now and then, and Willis changed position to avoid it, clinging to a spar now; and often Jim yelled an order at the younger boy, and then the lad dug in with his paddle until a new command made him change.

Right in the middle of the turmoil the dugout slid partly up on a rock at the precise moment when the pole float of the outrigger caught and slid in between two rocks and held there. Quick as a flash Jimmy leaped into the river, with white water boiling to his waist, and almost sweeping him off his feet. Still Jimmy clung and wrestled with the outrigger to clear it, seeing that a release there would give the smooth-bottomed dugout a chance to slide past the rock. Lifting with his full strength at the pole float, he held his feet down on the rough river bed by doubling his own weight in effect. At last the pole moved a little. He felt the slight shifting of position and heaved on it with a wild surge of muscular power, and it let go with an abrupt jerk. The dugout balanced forward a trifle, and water arched up under the stern with a great force, sending the entire rig off into a short, open channel as if thrown by a catapult.

Jimmy clung to a spar and trailed out behind it like a kite tail in a high wind. The speed of that sudden, swift dash was too great to allow him a chance to scramble aboard. However, the craft jammed its nose into a new mess of trouble after taking a short run, and again he had to lift and haul hard to get it free. This time he managed to get into the dugout and navigate successfully for a hundred yards by violent use of his paddle, before it rode up on a wave and grounded on a ledge that lay only a handbreadth below the surface. The wave seemed to vanish at the critical moment, as waves sometimes do, and the resultant scrape and grind stopped all advance, with the dugout resting almost exactly upon its midship section across a damp rock ledge three feet across.

This looked serious to the boys, for they did not see how they could shift the proa enough to get it clear. For a brief period they all three kept perfectly quiet, wondering what to do. Then Jimmy noticed that the current had a wave tendency, rising at intervals in a bulging curve. Moving as far forward as he could go, he beckoned Walter to follow and then began teetering up and down, causing the proa to rock fore and aft quite vigorously. A little of this, and a wave lifted on the stern at exactly the right instant as the bow went down, and slid it off the rock.

It cleared itself perfectly, but the combination of forces made the dugout dive too steeply, driving its nose into the water and scooping up gallons of water that swashed the length of the boat. When the water shipped had ceased to run back and forward it made the boat very lousy and sluggish.

Jimmy stepped back and began to scoop water forward rapidly over the bow with his paddle, an old trick much practiced by the early pioneers. By this method an expert will swiftly empty a dugout of all water save a quart or two that will elude the paddle and linger in the middle section, where a dugout is always deepest.

NOW the dugout cut the water, but the boys were all soaked and chilly; so they decided to make camp early again, build fires and dry out. They were getting so near to the school by now that they knew they would need less than one day of decent paddle work in ordinary water. But Willis dropped a word or two of discouragement by reminding the others that so far they had only run one full flight of rapids. He said only a short distance up-river from the school a farmer had hauled their boat around a place he called dangerous. It was less than half as long as the one just passed, but swift and roaring in action.

"We went round it and looked at it from the side, so we don't know what it can do to a boat. It may stand us on our heads when we go down it, but it can't bluff us, can it, Jim?"

"Not after we have just run that other, that is so much longer and really worse looking. Anyhow, we will see what it is like. How about keeping right on and tackling it while we are still wet? Is it too far to go today?"

"No," voted Willis. "I think we can be in it by sunset, and with a good break we can run it in half an hour—that is, if we do not hang up halfway through."

"I say yes," said Walter.

So the boys paddled along as fast as they could

make their proa travel. Paddling furiously, they saw the dark forest trees streaming by and rejoiced at the speed with which the scenery vanished to the rear—speed that grew rapidly.

Then the head of the white water caught the forefoot of the dugout and made it tremble with the force of tumultuous, leaping waters, broken into thousands of individual upheavals, by rocks of all shapes and sizes, and the separate recoiling from multitudes of contacts on every side.

The rapid appeared to be steep and exceedingly turbulent, but it had its good points. The flow was deeper and covered the jagged rocks better in most of the distance than had been the case in the other rapid. Jimmy had no fear of having the dugout caved in by a rock. Those thick sides were soft wood, but they were so resilient that they were less apt to break and splinter than a harder wood.

As long as the outrigger held, they were fairly safe. At the lower end of the rapid, the pole float glanced off a huge rock with enough force to turn the craft on a slant for the shore, which was very near. At their speed, there was only a brief darting before the boat nosed into a mud bank and stuck there. It had come in with enough force to shove the prow of the dugout deeply into the mud, which clung like quicksand. They were what the Western cowboy calls bogged down, only a short jump from a hard bank. Jimmy leaped ashore, caught one end of his camp-made mooring rope and soon had the dugout moored to a small tree; then he looked about.

"Chuck the axe ashore, Walt," he said. "We will need poles to get us afloat again. Arguing with a mud bank is wasted time. It calls for pry poles and beef. Lucky we have smooth water ahead, once we get loose."

He cut a pole and sounded the mud all around the boat's prow. Then he shook his head.

"Might as well camp here, for it will take more time to get her off than we have tonight. We must use pry poles and push poles and work hard to loosen her nose."

Willis spoke to Jimmy at once with a trace of impatience in his tone. "Why can't we try our hands at getting her off tonight? I don't feel at all like flopping down here and doing nothing until morning. I would rather work all night than do that. Can't we make a try for it, Jim?"

"Why, surely," said Jimmy. "There is nothing to hinder our trying anything. If you fellows prefer to root around in the muck instead of sleeping, we can at least dig some of that mud away to give our pry poles a chance."

"I'm for it," said Walt. "When we are so near home, getting stuck seems twice as bad as it would a hundred miles from here. I guess I'm getting rather homesick, all at once. I was fairly contented away back up there in the woods, but now I just must get home in a hurry."

"I understand that, Walter," said Jim; "the last mile of the journey toward home is as long as any other three. If this is the way you boys feel about it, we will try to work the mud away from the dugout on both sides of the prow with our paddles. Walt, you get in on that side, dig deep with your paddle and draw it back toward the stern. The more of a swirl you make in the water the better for us, as that will carry the mud away."

Jimmy suited his action to his words by putting all his strength into a deep and furious paddling of mud, from the bow back toward deep water. Walt imitated on the other side, and the two soon had the mud stirred quite deeply and making little black eddies along the bilges of the dugout. They worked hard and long, and then pushed with two long poles. In spite of the hard work they could not feel the dugout move an inch. The sun set, and it began to grow dusk without their having made any apparent progress; still they persisted in their endeavor, until it became too dark to work longer.

CHAPTER TEN

Faithful to a Trust

JIMMY was up at dawn, cutting poles, and by sunrise he had two long, heavy poles pushed under the bilge of the dugout near the bow on opposite sides, where the brothers could exert enormous force by putting their weight on the landward end and teetering. Taking a good push pole aboard with him, Jimmy set it against the hard bank, braced his feet and exerted all of his strength to shove the proa off. For some time it did not show any sign of getting free, but the long pry poles were producing a small churning motion, and this slowly operated to force water in and out between clinging mud and round hull, thereby reducing the suction of the mud. Twice the

brothers stopped pumping the poles up and down, saying they did not believe this plan was right, but Jimmy got them at it again, and after the pry poles had bobbed up and down a few hundred times more the boat lifted a few inches, with a queer sucking sound. Jimmy surged on his pole and the boat slid outward, free again.

A little later the boys were on board, and the proa swung out into the channel and hurried on. They all knew their course was open and clear the rest of the way, and the brothers were excitedly speculating on how they would be received at school, and how soon they could telephone home.

When they sighted the school buildings from far upstream, both boys grew silent all at once. For a time neither spoke a word; then Walter spoke to Jimmy, gruffly, abruptly, in the manner of a boy who tries to hide his real feeling behind a mask of words.

"Looks as if you are due to lose your fool babes in the woods in a mighty short time, Jim. Big relief to you! Somehow I hate to go back to school more than I ever did before."

As their craft came nearer they saw a number of people on the broad landing-place near the school, grouped around some object. A moment and some man in the crowd sighted the proa and pointed, shouting. At once the group fell apart, and everybody stared at such a boat rig as few of them had ever heard of before and none had seen. As they separated on shore the boys recognized the object of interest attracting them. Just a boat, and one that had a familiar look to the brothers.

Willis looked a second time and cried out sharply to his brother:

"Do you see, Walt? The boat we lost! They have found it and are excited over it. That beats everything I ever heard of, us coming back in time to interrupt a crowd in a guessing match over our outfit."

"My guess is, they are wondering just as hard about our present strange boat, with a straddlebug along one side," Walt answered.

"There is Andrews, fussing around and stopping to stare at us and our rig. I know him by those big glasses that look like headlights. Those, and his funny hair like a big black shoe-brush."

The interest of the crowd turned more strongly to the dugout, with every fifty yards of its advance, until Andrews left the boat alone and joined the rest of the curious near the water. Nobody in the crowd on shore seemed to recognize the boys on the approaching craft until it was swinging in toward the landing, and then Andrews of the big glasses caught a full view of Willis's face.

"Willis Kent!" he shouted. He hurried down to the water and began to talk in a loud tone while this peculiar craft was coming close to the shabby little pier, and while Jimmy was mooring it there.

"Boys, you astonish me. Your boat was found yesterday twenty miles down-river from here, and because one of you had written your names and Marshall Military School on the inside of the gunwale the farmer who found it stranded near his place brought it here this morning. How on earth did the boat get away from you, and where did you find a South Sea proa on a Minnesota river?"

Willis gave a condensed report, crediting Jim with saving both of the greenhorn explorers, as he called them, from starvation. Andrews listened, looked blank, hemmed and hawed, and spoke to Jimmy.

"I seem to remember—hem—having a few words with you," he said.

"Yes, Jimmy talked to you on his way after us," said Willis.

"I telephoned your mother just before you got here," Andrews added.

"You did? Told her about the empty boat of course and scared her blind. By this time Dad is breaking the speed laws to get here in the car with her!"

THEY unloaded the dugout and carried the dunnage up by the road. The wolf skin and skull attracted attention and brought a long string of questions regarding animal life they had seen. The entire list had to be recited and full details given. This took time, and so many asked the same things that it began to grow tiresome, when Walter broke off in the middle, with a yell.

"Here they come," he shouted as a big car showed itself far away on the road. "That's Dad driving. Just see her come. He is making sixty if he is moving at all. Good old Dad!"

The big car was running at a tremendous speed, and it had appeared at a distance of less than two miles as it emerged from a road lined by trees on both sides. Soon it had cut the interval down to a quarter-mile, and both boys began to leap and wave their headgear wildly. Out in the middle of the road, they acted like maniacs, and the driver slowed down. Gradually the car lost

speed until it dropped to a crawl, and the boys ran to meet it. Then it stopped dead still, and a white-faced man stepped out.

From the tonneau a woman scrambled to put her arms around the man and call to the boys to come quickly.

"Boys, you can never know how your father has felt, driving out here, until you have boys of your own and think them gone forever," she said.

"I am all right now, Nancy," said the father.

"It was the shock."

Mr. Kent arose from his seat and grinned at his boys in relief.

"Well, youngsters, what do you think of yourselves by this time?"

"Not enough to make us proud, Dad," said Willis humbly. "But we know a lot more than we did, that is sure."

"Suppose Jimmy taught you a heap. Get him and his dog and then everything you want to save, including your school duds. Mother agrees that public school will be best for you after this. Hustle, now, while I phone to the office and let Grandfather know you are still alive and kicking."

The boys brought Jimmy and his dog. Then they rushed after their dunnage and stowed it in the big car.

The arrival at home was filled with delight, and the presence of Grandfather Grier made it hilarious, for he persisted in taking a great amount of credit to himself for selecting Jimmy to go after the boys. He turned to Pharaoh delightedly, saying that the dog deserved a lot of credit in this affair. And Mrs. Kent cautiously hinted at wanting to buy him for Walter.

"Nancy!" cried her father. "Don't insult the boy! That is almost as bad as it would be to bid money for a baby, if I know a boy."

"Forgive me, Jimmy," said Mrs. Kent. "I didn't stop to think."

"That is all right, Mrs. Kent. I understand. You see Pharaoh came to me as a gift from my father on my birthday and has been my constant companion for seven years. He is a pal, a chum, that would die for me if need be, and you cannot either buy or sell real loyalty."

"Thank you, Jim. May a grateful and thankful mother say that she is very glad to know that her boys have a claim on your friendship now, since nobody can escape the bond after he has rendered kindly service to another who needs it?"

"You might say also that no man can refuse kindly service and keep his own self-respect," said Mr. Grier. "I'll bet you learned that long ago, hey, Jimmy?"

Jimmy grinned, and the three boys went in to eat off a table, for the first time in so many weeks that it made them feel queer and awkward.

[THE END]

Answers to Questions

[See Page 149]

1. Manufacturer of cameras and camera films. President of the Eastman Kodak Company.
2. The secretary of the Russian Communist party; the most powerful man in Russia.
3. Woman golf champion of the United States.
4. Dictator-president of Turkey.
5. Chairman of board of the General Electric Company. Co-author with General Dawes of the famous Dawes plan.
6. Well-known American novelist.
7. U. S. Senator from Ohio.
8. Premier of Great Britain.
9. Famous distance runner, a native of Finland.
10. Assistant Attorney-General of the United States in charge of cases relating to prohibition.
11. French politician and writer; Clemenceau's right-hand man during the war.
12. Famous English tea merchant and yachtsman.
13. A Russian woman who has been a diplomat and a member of the soviet government.
14. President of the New York Central Railroad.
15. Italian poet, novelist, and aviator. He seized and held the city of Fiume after the war, when it was feared that the peace treaty would not give it to Italy.
16. American financier, in charge of the Dawes plan for collecting war reparation payments from Germany.
17. Dictator of Spain.
18. Former United States judge, now commissioner to settle all controversies among the baseball clubs in the "big leagues."
19. A German aviator, one of the party that successfully crossed the Atlantic from east to west in an airplane last year.
20. Famous sculptor, of American birth, but living in England.
21. An American woman by birth, married to a British peer, and herself a member of the British Parliament.
22. German composer of opera and orchestral music.
23. Long head of the international Salvation Army, in succession to his father, Gen. William Booth.
24. French tennis player who has been tennis champion of the United States.
25. The man who devised and perfected the Wright Whirlwind airplane motor.

Mount your athletic chassis on rubber!

—and save yourself the jolts that rock the "ole framework"

Aren't gym floors slippery as ice, sometimes, and just as hard? And don't you come down *her-plunk* now and then when you land off the "horse", or when you're hurdling or tumbling? Say, boy, that's when you need Keds with their specially made, "shock-absorber" soles and sturdy canvas uppers. They're unbeatable when it comes to saving wear and tear on your good athletic chassis!

Keds are more than ordinary "sneakers". Yes, sir! Keds are extra-fine, rubber-soled, canvas-topped shoes. Each pair of Keds is made over a special foot-health last—and Keds' tough safety-soles are specially designed to grip the smoothest surfaces, and to absorb the roughest shocks.

The SPRING-STEP model, for basketball, has strong-grip eyelets which don't pull out. And you'll find that Keds lace tight, too, so your feet can't slip or chafe.

Keds offer the most complete line of models for every indoor sport and outdoor activity, and are made by the world's largest specialists in canvas rubber-soled footwear. You'll find Keds in the best shoe stores in town—at all prices, too, from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 up to \$4.00.

KEDS—KEDS—KEDS—Look for that name stamped on all genuine KEDS.

Keds

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United States Rubber Company

The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.



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Just as the name implies—a Big Leaguer sports shoe for hard-playing boys. Special safety-sole lets you take turns on one foot. Tough tan toe strip protects against scuffing. "Feltex" insole. Eyelets that won't pull out. A Big Time shoe in every respect.



Keds Gladiator

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special non-skid sole. Grins at punishment.



Keds Conquest

This handsome shoe puts lightning in your feet and protects you against slipping! Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that will let you scuff to your heart's content. "Feltex" insole.



Keds Short-Stop

Note the special safety-sole. Keeps your feet cool and gives them protection whether you're playing baseball or taking the jolts of the trail.

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Lubaloy .22's shoot with the accuracy that has made Western Lubaloy (lubricating alloy) high-power cartridges the choice of famous hunters. They hit with a wallop that bowls over small game "dead as a door nail." Get a box and prove it yourself! Shoot Western—the World's Champion Ammunition. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write us for free literature.

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launching device. Launching a lifeboat at sea is difficult at best, and launching one from a rolling or heavily-listed ship in a heavy sea may be absolutely impossible. But these barges could be launched under almost any conditions, and the ship could even sink from under them with a fair chance that they would float off and not be sucked under, as a lifeboat would invariably be.

Mounted crosswise on deck were a pair of steel beams, so constructed that they could be lowered sufficiently on either side to create a fair slope. At either end of the beams were similar, but shorter, vertical beams, so connected with the lowering mechanism of the main beams that, on whichever side the latter were lowered, these shorter beams would also be lowered automatically, thus forming a continuous runway into the sea. On the main, crosswise beams of this runway was the barge itself, supported on rollers controlled by friction brakes, while the shorter beams rested, when not in use, against the sides of the barge, thus helping to hold it in place. Two sets of winches, one on each side of the ship, controlled respectively the lowering mechanism on either side.

In case it became necessary to abandon ship the rails were lowered on the listed side, the hinged pieces came down automatically, the brakes were released, and the barge, loaded with people, coasted off the deck and into the sea. Everything, including the barge itself and the cables which controlled the movement of the rails, was made of steel, and all controls were as fool-proof as possible. The mechanism was so simple that anyone who could turn a winch in one direction—ratchets automatically prevented it from being turned in any other—could operate it.

At one stroke it did away with the danger from inexperienced crews, panic, jammed "falls"—falls are the ropes and pulley-blocks by which the lifeboat is suspended from the davits—and all the other dangers which accompany ordinary lifeboats and rafts.

But these barges used up some of the space which might be given to cabins and the various deck saloons. They represented a large amount of money to begin with, and a small but appreciable loss of revenue on every voyage. The expense made it impracticable for one steamship company to adopt them unless all the rest did. Once again, you see, we get back to the need of an international agreement.

Until then we must make the best of the equipment we have. Some authorities prefer lifeboats and some rafts. Rafts are easier to launch, and harder to capsize, but a high wave is apt to wash a raft clean of everyone and every-

any danger. Yet, there were pilots who made mistakes. If only that chap up there were Lindbergh!

Then it began to rain—mean, spattering rain that stung through his helmet. And a wind! Why hadn't he told the chief to go and take a long swim in the Ohio River? How in the world had he, Speed Kelly, ever managed to get into such a fix? He imagined that the item in the morning paper would be like this: "Young business man and pilot lost in storm."

And the wind kept blowing, the rain kept falling down in sheets—yet the engine sang its wonderful soul-satisfying song, and the pilot sat there as serenely as if he were the Statue of Liberty.

SPEED KANE, wide-eyed and white with excitement, was at his desk the next morning. The whole world seemed unreal; his work lay in front of him, helplessly begging attention. Could his experience of the night before really be true? How would he tell about it? Should he tell Herb first?

The office boy laid a sheet of paper on his desk. "This got mixed up," said the young irresponsible and beat it. Speed noticed it was from Mr. Stripp and dated Wednesday—the memorandum about the Chicago schedule.

Oh, well—Speed, grinning widely to himself, arose from his desk, to inform Herb. But before he had time to speak his telephone rang and a voice said: "Mr. Hannibal wants you in his office, right away."

Sol! Probably the old bookkeeper had told the chief of the expense account.

Speed got a cold reception when he entered the big office of the president. The chief sat there immobile as granite. And at one side of his desk was Mr. Hanover. Neither paid the slightest heed to the production-department

WHAT IS SAFETY AT SEA?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135]

thing on it. One thing is certain—that wooden lifeboats should be abolished. There is no more excuse for a wooden lifeboat than there is for a wooden Pullman car, and only expense, which is just as much a specter in marine operation as it is in any other business, keeps the wooden boats in use.

That it is possible to launch ordinary lifeboats in a heavy sea has been demonstrated very recently by Capt. George Fried of the America, who put one safely over the side to rescue the crew of the Italian freighter Florida late last January. But let me quote Chief



Salvaging the Richard Welford, after she had capsized at her dock at Newcastle, England

Officer Harry Manning, the man who was in charge of the lifeboat on its dangerous passage to the Florida, as reported by the New York Times:

"Let me get this in: if we had reached the scene of the trouble twenty minutes later than we did, nothing could have saved the people on that ship. Nobody could have gotten a boat into that squall and lived to tell about it."

There is a great deal of talk about improved lifeboats; boats that cannot be capsized or stove in and that are unsinkable. In fairly calm weather, such as existed when the Titanic went down, they would be of great value, but in a north Atlantic gale they would afford little more protection than would the present ordinary variety of boat.

Since launching is so difficult, and so important, crews should be thoroughly trained in lifeboat drill. Unfortunately, that is an impossibility, for sailors seldom stay on one ship for more than one or two voyages, and training them in that length of time is beyond any officer's ability. In the Navy experienced men at the falls, and the full crew in the boat, are used

whenever a boat is put over the side, and even then in heavy weather accidents sometimes occur. Handling a heavy boat at the end of from thirty to fifty feet of rope, while it tends to swing back and forth like a giant pendulum and smash itself against the ship's side, is no operation for amateurs, and the average merchant crew of today are little better than that.

Stronger lifeboats, and more of them, simplified apparatus for launching, and as much drilling of the crew as possible are the most immediate solution; but that solution is only a makeshift and temporary one. Next spring a new International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea is to convene in London. Perhaps that conference will convert the temporary solution into another and more permanent one.

Safety and Speed

That brings us to our safe ship herself; the construction that will make her difficult to sink, and the many safety devices with which she may be equipped. Modern scientific and engineering skill has developed safeguards to navigation unheard of a generation or two ago. There are devices for detecting icebergs and derelicts long before they are reached, others for determining the position of a ship when fog prevents the usual bearings from being taken, and still others for taking soundings rapidly and continuously without the use of the sounding lead.

But if the public demand for speed still continues, none of these can ever reach their full usefulness. In

every steamship and in every booking office the laconic report of a certain Court presided over by the Right Honorable Lord Mersey, Wreck Commissioner, should be posted. It reads as follows:

"The Court, having carefully inquired into the circumstances of the above-mentioned shipping casualty, finds... that the loss of the said ship was due to collision with an iceberg, brought about by the excessive speed at which the ship was being navigated."

That Court was appointed by the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary of Great Britain, and was held at the request of the British Board of Trade. The "above-mentioned shipping casualty" was the loss of the Titanic.

Safety devices would not have prevented that wreck, although they have prevented many others, but different construction in the ship herself might have kept her afloat. For what those devices are, and how they operate, and for what that different construction might conceivably be, I must wait for another month.

[THIS IS THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES BY ADMIRAL SIMS. THE SECOND WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.]

NO ALIBIS!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

assistant. He warmed his shins in mid-air for a moment. Then Mr. Hannibal looked up.

"Mr. Hanover here wants an explanation of why those cuts didn't get to Chicago last night, as he instructed. He said he talked with you himself and told you how important it was that they go."

"Yes," and Speed's legs shook in spite of all he could do. "He was in my office last evening. The last air mail had gone, and there was no train—"

"No excuses! Those cuts should have been in Chicago. They were scheduled—"

"But my schedule—"

"I told you I didn't want to hear excuses."

"But the cuts—"

"Now listen to this, young man. I'm going to demonstrate for Mr. Hanover just how I deal with subordinates who can't follow instructions. That's the only reason I called you in here. Now go! And as you go out ask Huggley for your pay. I don't want such employees in my organization."

But Speed didn't go. Instead, he stood over Mr. Hannibal's desk, smiling. The chief glared at him and bristled, waiting for the puny words this inferior person might have to offer.

"You said there would be no alibis, didn't you?" asked Speed.

"Yes, you know I did."

"You said to spare no expense?"

The chief nodded.

"Well, there are no alibis, and I didn't spare any expense. Those cuts were in Chicago last night, and the ads appeared this morning."

Hanover jumped up. "If this is a joke—why, you told me yourself, young man, that the last-

air mail had gone and there was no way to get them there."

"No, I didn't say there wasn't a way. I merely said the last air mail had gone. But I hired a plane and took them to Chicago myself."

Then, with a satisfied look at the chief, he added: "We try to give service to our clients."

Mr. Hannibal seemed to forget all about Speed. He jumped up and faced Hanover.

"You see? I just wanted to show you what we mean by service. I guess this proves that we give service, doesn't it?"

Later in the day, when Speed was busy at his desk, the chief came in and really seemed affectionate. "By the way, young man, I can't have you riding around in airplanes as a regular thing," he said. "But that one ride of yours was worth ten times what it cost. In the future make sure the cuts are out on time."

Then he took a personal card from his pocket and handed it to Speed. "Now, just to show you that I appreciate cooperation, take this card to Grinnel, my tailor, and have him make you a suit. Pick out anything you like."

And of course Judy came in, too. She was still pouting. "I came by the building last evening, and the office was dark," she stated tersely and then waited for an explanation. In reply, Speed handed her his expense account of the night before: "Airplane to Chicago and return, \$70. Taxicabs, \$4.50. Total, \$74.50. Cash advanced, \$100. Cash returned herewith, \$25.50." It was his first expense account, and, boy, wasn't it a corker?

"Oh Speed!" Judy's eyes beamed their brightest directly into his.

"Yeh," said Speed, easily, "my work is getting mighty important. By the way, Judy, have that party of yours next week, will you? I'll have a new suit by then."

And that was that.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

CURVES VS. THE KINGS OF SWAT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131]

I might say that Chief Wini was the greatest batter I ever saw. Eight-base hits were nothin' to him. You see, the Boola men hit so hard we had to make a rule that the runner must circle the bases twice to get credit for a home run. Sometimes Chief Wini would jog around for twelve bases before the ball was returned to the diamond. Yes, sir, those Boola boys were great batters. But they'd never faced Kala pitchin'.

ALL Kalaboola was sittin' or standin' around the Kala diamond at ten o'clock. I hoped there wouldn't be any trouble—but if there was, I thought maybe I could find a way to stop it.

At ten sharp Chief Wini came up to the plate, swingin' eight bats. Chief Kasaba tightened his cap, dug his cleats in the dirt—and your humble servant yelled, "Play ball!"

Up came the first ball, floatin' like a big balloon, and just as that great bat swished it dropped a foot!

"Strike one!" I yelled.

Chief Wini looked at his bat, puzzled—as if it had played a mean trick on him.

The second ball started from some place about five points off the starboard corner of the home plate, broke in the air and cut the plate waist-high—Chief Wini never offerin' at it.

"Strike two!" I shouted.

Chief Wini banged his bat on the plate, wiped his hands in the dirt—and pulled his cap down over his eyes with a fierce jerk.

Chief Kasaba wound up—and just as he did so some Boola rooster gave a war-whoop. The pitcher wavered, then shot it over. It was a straight, fast ball, and cut the heart of the plate—until it met Chief Wini's bat. That's the last we saw of it. He hit it so hard that it went up and out, finally droppin' into the river, a quarter of a mile away. Some said it hit a crocodile in the eye and killed it, but we never found either the ball or the reptile.

That was a hard blow for the Kalas. One to nothin', and nobody out. But Chief Kasaba struck out the next three men on nine pitched balls! The last ball he apparently aimed at third base; it broke and came whizzin' up to the plate, right across the middle—the prettiest outcurve I ever saw!

In their half of the innin' the Kalas couldn't knock the ball out of the infield; and they went out in one-two-three order.

In the next four innin's there was no further scorin'. Chief Kasaba mowed those giant hitters down like chaff.

In their half of the sixth innin' the Kalas came up with fire in their eyes. Chief Kasaba dug his feet in the dirt and grabbed his bat. The ball came over, and it looked as if the Boola pitcher was tryin' to dust him off. The Chief staggered back, and the ball just thudded against the bat—a beautiful and unconscious bunt!

He beat the throw down to first, and the Kalas went wild. The next batter, seein' what bunts were made for, dumped another and sacrificed the Chief to second. And then a Kala managed to put a two-bagger into left field, allowin' Chief Kasaba to come in and tie up the score. Such cheerin' and whoopin'!

So it ran to the eighth innin'. Score, one to one. The Kalas came up in their half with or die written all over their faces. The bunt had given 'em a run, so they tried this again, and it worked. The Kala rooters went wild and began a sort of chant, soundin' somethin' like "Wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-wah-wah! Team! Team! Team!" But maybe I was mistaken about the exact words.

Well, Kala Number Two also bunted, sacrificin' Number One to second, but goin' out himself. That was one down and a man on second. The next Kala went out on a little pop fly to short, which held Mister Kala Number One still on second.

This Number One was their best player—an awful fast runner, and bright. As the Boola pitcher let go, he started for third as if all the devils in Kalaboola were after him! The catcher made a grand peg, but that Kala boy shot through the air a dozen feet, slidin' in safe by a hair.

"Safe!" I yelled.

The Boolas didn't like this decision at all. The catcher started jabberin' in Boola talk at me. This wouldn't do—and as umpire I told him what was what.

"If you're sayin' what you look," I roared at him, "I'll fine you ten tiger claws!"

That stopped him. Well, there were two out and a man on third now. The Boola pitcher wound up, and over it came.

"Strike tuh!" I yelled.

Back went the ball, and as it left the catcher's hand Kala Number One set sail for

home like a wild man. He made it feet first by about three feet. Stole home! And thought it all up himself!

"Wah-wah-wah! Ikibai! Ikibai, Ikibai!" roared the Kalas. Ikibai was the runner's name.

Up for their last chance came the Boolas in the ninth. Chief Kasaba gave the signal to his catcher, and zip! the ball shot straight for the plate—just the kind a batter likes. *Swish!* Around came the great bat of the Boola—and slid under the ball a foot. The Chief had that rarest of curves—an upshoot.

He threw just two more balls to that batter, and out he went. Missed both by six inches. And the last of the battin' order for the Boolas went out on strikes, too.

Which brought up to the plate Chief Wini. Well, the best of pitchers make a slip sometimes, and Chief Kasaba tossed over a balloon ball—a slow floater. Chief Wini swung, but went under it just a mite. That ball shot like a bullet, straight up in the air, so hard did he hit it. Up and up and up it went, almost out of sight. Never saw a ball go so high.

"Foul!" somebody yelled—and Chief Wini wavered at first.

"Fair!" yelled someone else—and off he started again.

Then we observed somethin' funny up in the air. It was *two* balls comin' down, and not one! One went up—I'd swear to that as umpire—but two were comin' down—one towards the pitcher and one above the catcher.

Well, the pitcher staggered around tryin' to get under it, but it wobbled, and he missed it by a foot. The catcher got his, though, after a great spring. Chief Wini stood on third, not knowin' what to do. Then I found out what had happened.

The pitcher had muffed the cover, thinkin' it was the whole ball—and the catcher had caught the stuffin' of it! That put up a hard problem for an umpire to settle. It was half an out, if anything.

Well, I ruled it as *two* strikes, givin' Chief Wini another chance.

So the game tightened up worse than ever. Chief Wini and Chief Kasaba faced each other again. Once again that wicked upshoot—but Chief Wini was a super-ball-player. He connected, and the result was the hardest grounder I ever saw. The ball hit right in front of the pitcher and bounded right over his head, the rush of wind from it tearin' the button right off his cap. The second bounce was in front of the center fielder, who was playin' away out.

Before he got set for the throw Chief Wini had just rounded second and was scootin' for third. He turned halfway there and saw the ball goin' like a bullet straight for third base. Like a flash he headed back and with a fearful lunge slid for second.

But the ball had curved about ten feet away from third in the air, bent right around and went, *thud!* right into the second baseman's glove, half a second before Chief Wini's feet touched the bag. Yes, sir, that ball hooked right around third base and came back to second. You see, the center fielder was smart and out-guessed him. I afterwards found out that fielder was the best boomerang thrower in the country.

That ended the classic between the Kalas and the Boolas. For a minute I thought there would be hostilities when Chief Wini walked over to Chief Kasaba. But I got there first and handed 'em each a lollypop. And they shook hands—agreein' to start the next Kala-Boola World's Series the followin' afternoon on the Boola field.

A few days later I mentioned to Chief Kasaba that I'd like to join my party at the river mouth, where my ship was waitin'. I got him in a good humor by givin' him a double peppermint lollypop.

"I'd like to be movin' out of here," I said.

"Now the war is over—"

"What war?" asked the Chief, gnawin' on the lollypop stick, puzzled.

So I knew my cure was a complete success. I traded the whole baseball outfit for a lot of elegant ivory, which netted me a handsome profit. Yes, sir, that was a strange endin' and a happy one for me, for such a bad beginnin'.

SKET SOMERVILLE had another question. "Tell me, Captain Pen, was Chief Wini a better batter than Babe Ruth?"

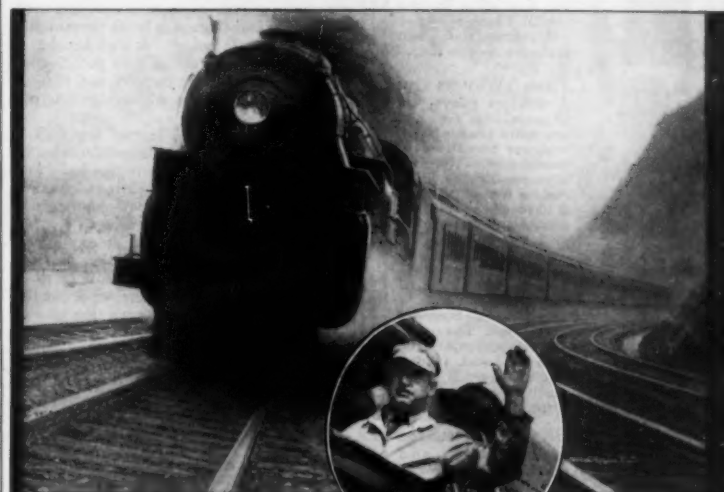
"I wouldn't like to say offhand," observed the Captain, after a pause. "If I was makin' up an All-Time-All-World Team, I'd sure put 'em both on it. But I'll tell you somethin' interestin'. I stayed quite a while down at Galumpus, and I got reports at the end of the season. Chief Wini made that year sixty-two eight-base hits! You can draw your own conclusions from that."



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Unpleasant and dangerous colds and coughs—many of the sicknesses which

keep you away from fun and play start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops will protect you! And they're good candy! 5c—two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol.



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BUESCHER

Here are a few of the hundreds of boys and girls who have obeyed that impulse—that desire to be somebody. They are on the road to success—and who knows—in a few short years they may be nationally famous like the big professionals you read about in our advertisement last month.



Raymond Baird, or "Little Sousa," is known throughout America as the child saxophone prodigy. He says: "Any boy can learn to play a Buescher if he will take the same interest in it that he would in a game of marbles."



Russell Kay of St. Louis is six years old. His mother writes: "Just a month from the time Russell received his Buescher, he appeared at the Grand Central Theatre. He thinks there is nothing like his Buescher Saxophone."



Polly Dadsen, six, plays in vaudeville with her two musical brothers. Polly says: "I am very pleased with my Buescher. It has a much nicer tone, and plays easier than any other trumpet I have ever seen or played."



William Birken of Charleroi, Pa., is eleven years old. He says: "I have had my Buescher for two years, and would not trade it for any other in the world. I have played in public many times, and it always does its duty."



Dave Winters of Brooklyn plays for pleasure. He says: "I am more than pleased with my two Buescher Saxophones. They are so easy to blow, and produce a wonderful tone. I have taken only ten lessons, and am progressing very rapidly."



Phyllis Grubb lives in the sunny state of California. She says: "I am proud of my Buescher Saxophone. The mechanism is perfect, and the tone wonderful. I didn't think one could get so much pleasure in playing an instrument."



Billy Fisher started to play at seven, and now in his early teens he plays in a well known orchestra and broadcasts over WEAF. He says: "For tone, tone and fine workmanship, no instrument can compare with a Buescher True-Tone."

If you are interested in a musical instrument, select a Buescher, for its many patented improvements—found on no other make—will enable you to progress more quickly. Buescher will send your favorite instrument for a free trial, and will arrange easy monthly payments. Write today for complete information.

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I'd like to own a Buescher True-Tone instrument. Send information and literature. I am interested in.....

Name.....

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RUNNING WITH THE MARCH HARES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137)

"O de-dear!" flighty Dill wailed suddenly. "Aw, keep quiet, Dill," ordered Jack Bump. "I can't," moaned Dill. "We've sure got to go straight back, Edwina. I threw two of these papers out the window when the box flew open. I thought they were just—papers."

A stunned silence greeted Dill's announcement. When the litter of papers was cleared up, Tony sat on the floor, with the precious box tight in his arms, and Joan climbed in beside Dill and Curt.

"Ready?" asked Edwina meekly, and proceeded at a snail's pace toward home. They found the two missing bonds without much trouble, one badly torn, the other marked across with a dirty tire-print.

"I sort of wish," announced Jack Bump over his shoulder, "that when old Steve Adams came out of that house with the lantern and yelled at us we'd stopped."

"What?" gasped Joan. "When?" "Why, when I was turning round," explained Jack, "somebody yelled from that old house—I s'pose it was Steve. Edwina honked the horn so the rest of you wouldn't notice."

"I'll take all the blame, fellows," said Edwina in a small, scared voice.

A SECOND later her car lights picked up a patrol wagon drawn up across the road. "Halt!" called someone, and six men ambushed in the roadside bushes threw themselves on the running-board of the Adams car.

Edwina faced two of them, and a shiny pistol thrust almost into her face, with the composure to be expected in a ranchman's daughter. "I don't know what you want," she announced, "but I know you've made a mistake. We're just some Hillsboro boys and girls out joy-riding."

"You've got a stolen car." "Oh, no!" Edwina denied that affably. "This is my uncle's car. He—we broke down in Curt Slade's bus, so we borrowed this one to

get home in. I assure you my uncle will be glad of it."

"And glad of all the other little things you took along with the car, first shooting your so-called uncle in the leg to—"

"We did not!" cried Edwina angrily. "Get down from there and let me pass!" "Where you going to find your uncle?" asked a man who hadn't spoken before.

The new voice galvanized Joan and the three boys into sudden life.

"Why—Sheriff Andrus!" they cried in chorus, and all began to talk at once.

"She is his niece—from Dakota."

"We tried to tell Mr. Adams we were borrowing his car."

"Except," added Jack Bump, who had learned by sad experience that it paid to tell Sheriff Andrus the truth, "Edwina and I did see him come out with a lantern, and he yelled, but by that time we were all in—"

"Where was all this, Jack?" demanded the sheriff.

"Why, back at the sand-pit, where Uncle Steve parked his car," cut in the irrepressible Edwina. "He was in that house up the lane. At least he called—"

"Wait a minute," ordered the sheriff, and summoned his five deputies into a confidential circle.

"Jo Jordan," he announced presently, "we're putting you and Curt and Tony in charge here. You're responsible for this here niece, and for Jack, who ain't always quite as keener as he should be. Now all get out," he ordered, "and wait for us here. You can climb in the patrol car to sit if you want to. We're going back to the sand-pit with this car to find the feller who yelled at you. It wasn't Steve. Tim, move that car to one side. We got no time to lose."

"Oh, Sheriff Andrus!" Joan, prompted by Tony and Curtis, held out the tin dispatch box. "Don't you want this?"

"What's in it?" demanded the sheriff curly.

THE ANGRY CONDOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142)

or some good big clubs to beat 'em off with," Abe returned. "We will go this morning if you say so," he offered eagerly.

Instead of leaving for Sonora, Addison set off condor-hunting with Abe Hewitt, and after a long tramp, ascending to the high Sierras, was shown the cañon, or ravine, which the boy had described. Ponderous climbing at length brought them to a point among beetling crags where a dark hole came in view beneath a vast overhang of rock.

As they approached one of the big birds was espied, settled on a pinnacle of the crags above the cave.

"That's the he one!" Abe exclaimed. "He is on the watch. The she one is setting on her egg in there out of sight. She is a good deal bigger than the he one."

This dismal cave was indeed a strange place for a bird's nest. The California condor builds no real nest, but lays its egg on the bare floor of a cavern, or the half-exposed shelf of a crag. Addison afterward said of this nesting-place that the cave was so obscure on first climbing up where they could look into it that nothing was visible save a black hole, very sinister and evil-looking.

By this time, too, the male condor had espied them and swooped suddenly from his perch, with a dull squawk, wholly unlike the sharp scream of the bald eagle under such circumstances. The bird, however, did not swoop very close, and after its first dive contented itself with circling around over the cliffs, its eye turned sidewise to view them. Save for the bare yellow head and the white spots beneath its extended wings, the plumage was of a dark-brown color.

Finding that no direct attack was likely to follow, Addison posted Abe on the defensive and, club in hand, ventured into the darkness of the cave. A slight stir came to his ear, and he caught sight of a shadowy form apparently rising from a sitting posture, then immediately heard a strident hiss, two or three times repeated. His courage failed him a little, but, standing quietly, he shook his club and called out, "Shoo!"

Next moment he was nearly knocked off his feet by the sudden outward rush of the angry condor, accompanied by such a cloud of dust that he was scarcely able to catch his breath. It was less an attack than an effort to escape, although the big bird continued hissing loudly and snapped its beak savagely.

Young Hewitt, much excited, now joined

"Liberty bonds. We counted about a hundred thousand-dollar ones."

"By heck, so you got that too! Well, hang on to it!" cried the sheriff excitedly. "We can't handle it. We're after the pair that stole them bonds and shot down Steve."

It was a subdued, frightened little group that huddled in the chilly patrol wagon, waiting for the return of the sheriff's posse.

Two dragging hours went by before the sheriff came for them. "Steve is all right," he assured the frightened Edwina. "Just a broken leg. We got the feller that Steve hit. He was in that house. His partner must've carried him in there. And we think there was a woman too. They either forgot the loot when they see how bad off the wounded chap was, or else they never dreamed anybody'd drive up that lane. What? No, they—or he—got away, but I'm betting on Jake Jones to catch 'em. No, Curt, they didn't seem to want your car."

"But how did it all happen?" demanded Joan. "Bank robbery," snapped the sheriff. "Steve went down and found 'em at it, and they shot him in the leg and got away in his car." The sheriff turned to Edwina. "And for once," he informed her curtly, "this lawless joy-riding saved a bank a hundred thousand dollars."

Next morning at nine-thirty the Deepdene telephone rang. "Say, Jo," called Mr. Steve Adams, "don't you know your stuff better than to keep this wounded soldier waiting?"

"Oh, Mr. Adams!" gasped Joan. "I thought you were too sick to be bothered. And besides, of course—"

"All bets are off," supplied the banker jovially. "Well, you come down here. Edwina's been trying to tell me how the bank ought to buy her back that red Ford she painted. And the madam is up and wants to take you girls and Judy and a few chosen escorts to town to-night for dinner and a theater. We got a lot to talk over, but first I want to pay my just debts."

Addison, and, lighting matches, they peered around the dim cavity.

Bones, feathers and much dry ordure obstructed it; but a hole down to the bare rock had been scratched and there, still quite warm, lay a single, creamy, speckled egg considerably larger than a goose egg.

Addison did not hesitate to appropriate the egg—for this, as will be understood, was long before fears had begun to be felt that the California condor might soon become extinct. At that time, being numerous, they were reckoned as destructive pests and were mercilessly hunted. So rapidly has the extermination of the condor proceeded that a recent estimate places the present number of these huge birds at not above fifty pairs, mostly confined to the southern ranges of the state and the mountains of Lower California. Unless laws for preserving them prove operative, another fifty years will see them disappear from the earth, along with the dodo, the great auk, the giant elk and the mastodon.

A MUCH more startling adventure befell them on their way back to the bee-farm.

Just at sunset, as they were approaching the Hewitt cabin with the trophy egg, a rifle bullet whistled so close past Addison's head that he felt the wind of it and, turning at the report, saw powder smoke rising from a covert of madroño brush less than a hundred yards distant. Their sole weapon of defense being Abe's small shotgun, they judged it wiser to move on in haste.

That an attempt had been made to assassinate Addison, there can be no doubt; and very little reflection was necessary to convince him who his would-be murderers were. The tricky prospectors at the mine he had seen the previous day indubitably had a good deal at stake, both in labor and in gold dust. Addison recalled that they had appeared very suspicious and had watched all his movements narrowly. His conjecture was that they had resolved to anticipate any unfavorable report on their mine by putting him out of the way. In that wild region the "accident" of a chance gunshot would never be fully investigated—and his mouth would be closed.

Abe's mother also was of that opinion. She was much concerned for Addison's safety; and what that good, brave soul did was to hitch up her mule team at peep of dawn next morning and drive him herself all the way down to Sonora. She said the rascals would be less likely to fire with a woman in the cart.

They arrived safely enough, but since then Addison has always been a little sensitive on the subject of gold mines.

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

AS soon as the traveler entered the office, the manager said hurriedly, "I am sorry, but I cannot see you today."
"Well," replied the traveler, "it's lucky I called here. I represent a firm of spectacle makers!"
—Margaret Hutchinson

DEPENDENT UPON CIRCUMSTANCES

JAKE: "Where's your roommate?"
Mike: "Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he is skating. If it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."
—L. H. Heverley

A SLING OF FORTUNE

TRAMP: "Madam, I was not always thus."
Madam: "No, it was your other arm you had in a sling yesterday."
—L. H. Heverley

OBEYING ORDERS

MOTHER to small son: "Why are you shaking so? Are you cold?"
"No," replied the boy, "but the directions on this bottle say to shake well before using."
—Phyllis Crawford



THE IDEAL TENANT

AGENT: "You say you have no children, a victrola, radio or dog? You seem to be the tenant I am looking for."
Prospective tenant: "I guess I ought to tell you that my fountain pen squeaks a bit."
—J. G. Van Bramer

NUTS TO CRACK

A CORNER FOR BUSY MINDS

1. ENIGMA

My first may be called indefinite,
My second is something that may be attached,
But my third is already on,
My fourth is one who maintains something,
But my whole is decidedly in opposition.

2. MISSING LETTERS

G V N G H M S X T H
N S H L L N G S W
L B R N G C V
L C R T C S M

If the proper letter of the alphabet be inserted a sufficient number of times in the above letters, the result will be a sensible sentence.

3. WORD DIAMOND

1. A letter. 2. Away. 3. Waste material. 4. Obliterated. 5. Surface of a gem. 6. To give permission. 7. A letter.

4. CHARADE

My first is a form of endearment.
My second is found with the hay.
These clues may be poor, but my whole, to be sure,
All reptiles observed with dismay.

5. MISSING WORDS

After watching "workman" work put " " on the " " of a pole which was to " " into the base, we had to " ".

The blank spaces may be filled in with words such that each word contains the same letters as the preceding word, with one letter added.

6. VOWEL-CHANGING

The following changes can be made by altering the central vowel, making the same alteration in each case:

Change a push upward into an exaltation.
A perch into a dimer dish.
Cads into certain animals.
Merchandise into pointed sticks.
Exaltation into too brilliant.
To foster into make appropriate.

APT TO BE SO

CAN your little brother talk now?" asked the caller.
"Yes," replied James, "he can say some words real well."
"What are they?" questioned the caller.
"We don't know," returned James. "They are words that none of us ever heard before."
—Merle Wittmoyer

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

OFFICER (very angry): "Not a man in this company will be given liberty this afternoon."
Voice in ranks: "Give me liberty or give me death."
Officer: "Who said that?"
Voice: "Patrick Henry."
—Joseph Crowley



THE BARE IDEA

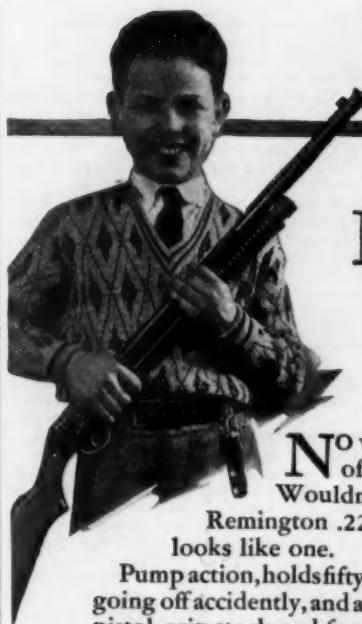
BARBER: "Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut?"
Small boy: "If you please, sir, just like father's, and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through."
—Margaret Hutchinson

A BRIGHT IDEA

IS Mr. Perkins at home?" inquired the caller.
"Which one, sir? There are three brothers living here," said the maid.
"The one who has a sister living in St. Louis," he explained.
—Henry Hale

SOME MARKSMANSHIP

CAPTAIN (with binoculars): "Do you see that man on the bridge of that destroyer, two miles off the weather bow?"
Gun Crew Sarge: "Yes, sir!"
Captain: "Then put a twelve-inch shell through his eye."
Gun Crew Sarge: "Which eye, sir?"
—Robert W. Armstrong



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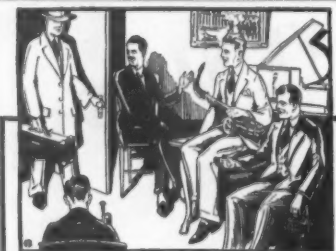
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safely emerge, for existence in his hiding-place was becoming difficult in the extreme. To be on the safe side, however, he decided to lie low until nightfall.

But this was not to be. By noon the sun had come out brilliantly, and Rod was paralyzed to hear Rankin's voice close at hand say:

"Strip them boats and dry out. That canvas'd rot before you swabs'd stir to get it ship-shape!"

With a cracking of heavy material, Rod's roof was pulled from over his head, and Rankin's oaths of amazement brought the captain and Hubbard to the spot.

Hubbard was white and speechless with what seemed to be rage, but the captain spoke his mind with no hesitation.

"Well, you sneakin' rat—what's the meanin' o' this?"

"Why," said Rodney, who had scrambled out of the boat and was trying to look indifferent, "I didn't seem to be any more popular at Kip's Arm than I am here, so I chose the least of two evils and joined the old Miraflores again. Thought I might get home just about as soon."

The captain's face grew redder and his eyes more watery. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," he roared. "The least of two evils, hey? You've heard of bein' between the devil and the deep sea, ain't you, you dirty lubber? Well, you'll find you ain't between 'em, but they're both right with you. Rankin, chuck him down in the fire-room. You'll have a hot time there, young fella." Captain Brisbane belched forth a sudden harsh laugh.

SO Rod was hustled down into the infernal regions of the Miraflores and learned the weight of a shovel and the merciless heat of fire. That first watch seemed interminable. The lowly firemen, with their glistening half-naked bodies and grimed faces, were Rod's superiors and lost no chance of letting him understand the fact. In his humble rôle of coal-passer he toiled over endless ashes and clinkers, wetting them down into a sodden smoldering mass with the fire-room hose, hauling them from the ash-pits, hauling coal from the bunkers for the firemen's use. Had he ever grumbled, pitching Joe Bent's hay? Oh, the fragrance, the clean sun, the whistle of kingbirds and the slur of locusts! He had never known what aching muscles were! Here in the acrid smell of the ash, bathed in sweat and fouled with coal dust, he struggled on like a doomed spirit in the Inferno. At what seemed age-long intervals, the watch changed, and he was free to get a little sleep where he could—not in Jan's and Miguel's quarters, for they were hostile now, perhaps under orders, but anywhere that he could curl his weary body for a few hours. Or he could come on deck and snatch a little of the sweetness of the salt air and store up in his mind the clean blue of the sea to carry back to the hot cavern of the fire-room.

On one of these occasions, when he stood wearily against the rail, his unkempt head on his dirty arms, someone came up beside him, and Victory's voice said:

"What made you do it?"
"Do what?" Rod asked, raising his head. It was the first time he had seen her since his return to the ship.

"Come back to this tub," she said. "Look what you got in for."

"Naturally they didn't fire any salutes or hang out any flags for me," he retorted. "I came back for two reasons: one, because I'm not done with Crowder and Hubbard; two, because I'm not done with you."

Victory's dark eyebrows shot up and were hidden under her hair.

"Mel!" she cried. "What in thunder you going to do with me?"

"I don't know," Rod confessed. "But you oughtn't to keep on living with this gang."

Victory changed the subject. "I'm mad on Pop," she stated. "Look at you! One reason I liked you was 'cause you were clean, and look at you now! Pop's no right to act this way. He'll get in trouble yet."

"Won't you like me any more—just because of a little coal dust? Soap and water'd set me right yet, when I get time and chance to go for it."

"No, but it makes you seem like all the rest," she complained. "And you were so different. I wouldn't believe that yarn about the lilacs and the roses—and the beds—now."

"Hardly would, myself," Rod agreed, with a sigh.

Just then a large red hand was laid violently on Vick's shoulder and she was spun around to face her father.

"What's this about roses and lilacs?" he bawled. "Vick, you little demon, get out o' here—and you, you wharf-head sneakin' coal-scoop, I'll learn you to speak to the cap'n's daughter!"

He hauled off to give Rod an instructive clip

LUBBER'S LUCK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141]

on the jaw when Victory ducked between and caught the blow on her own shoulder. It sent her spinning to the deck, and Brisbane, his red face gone suddenly flabby and lavender-colored, stood gaping at his daughter's form.

"You big brute!" cried Rod, but Victory sat up, rubbing her shoulder, and launched into a tirade against her father.

"Yes, you are, just that!" she shouted.

"You're getting so you think you can run the whole seal! I hope somebody'll learn you that you can't. The idea of you picking on this boy that hadn't ever ought to been on this ship anyways. Me, I'm getting sick of your ideas, and some day I'm going to have some ideas of my own."

The captain, relieved to find that he had not seriously injured his daughter, jerked her up by



Rod wheeled in dismay to see Jan grinning his wide pink grin [PAGE 164]

one arm and propelled her away toward the after companion. His harsh voice lecturing her and her angry one upbraiding him dwindled away from Rod, who was left standing at the rail.

"A fine pair," he thought. "What can be done about her, anyway? Queer old world, to have so many different kinds of folks aboard. And to think that, if I hadn't happened to take that short cut back from the farm at that particular minute, I should never have had to worry about what's to become of Victory Brisbane." After a moment of rueful thought he added, "Or of Rodney Granger."

Then he was electrified to notice that on life-boats and life-preservers the name Miraflores was no longer stenciled. He stared again. In fresh, trim paint the name Mangosteen was lettered. Craning over the bow, Rod made out that her name had also been changed there, and he assumed that the same had been done at the stern. Rodney whistled. Whew! She was one of those trick ships, was she, that can sail under one name and set of papers and dock under another! Rod began to suspect her of having no regular owners at all, but being subject to Captain Brisbane and his desire to "oblige gentlemen" and to indulge in other such nefarious pursuits.

Eight bells struck. Stimulated by a sense of new mystery and peril, and invigorated by fresh pity for Victory, Rod tumbled back to the fire-room. He should have been there before eight bells, to get out the ashes that had accumulated during the previous watch. He was greeted for his tardiness by a sousing with the

sea-hose, but even this did not dampen his spirits. He struck into the clinkers with such a will that a fireman paused to say to him:

"We'll make a coal-passer of you yet, you blazin' lubber!"

CHAPTER SIX

Two Ports

IN Porthaven, on the night that now seemed to both Rod and his mother so long ago, Mrs. Granger had sat mutely watching the clock and her boy's second warmed-up supper. Sometimes she stood at the door, driven back from it ever and again by the bursting thunder-storm. Before she realized it, midnight struck from the slow clock; she knew not how nor where to go for help. In numb unbelief she went to bed and lay between nightmare dream and despairing wake till morning. And with morning she went straight to the docks, sick with a fateful certainty. The ship was gone—had sailed before midnight. There was nothing for her to think but that Rodney had run away to sea.

"Oh, William," she said unsteadily to her husband's portrait, "it's only that he's your boy—I mustn't grudge him to you."

Then the tongues began—tongues that Mrs. Granger would never have guessed could carry spite and suspicion. It started with Newt Saunders's recollection of finding Rod in company with mysterious strangers who had been anxious to reach Porthaven, and whose disappearance had also been identical with that of the ship. "S'pose he was mixed up with 'em in any way?" That was enough to set off Porthaven's idle gossip. Mrs. Granger, horrified at the shallow friendship that could so easily be led into groundless suspicion, withdrew from everyone and suffered alone in her little yellow house with its tight-shuttered front windows. Days multiplied into weeks, and Rod's confident letter that he knew would make everything all right still lay at Kip's Arm awaiting the mail boat.

"He is either dead," said Mrs. Granger to the portrait, "or he has meant to hurt me. Otherwise he would have let me know something."

AND what of the Miraflores—or rather, the Mangosteen, since she had changed her name in mid-ocean in so shifty a manner? There came a dawn when a gray landfall loomed suddenly on her port bow, and Rod, clambering on deck after his night watch, was stunned to see a great rocky coast and white-walled cottages sprung out of the sea where had been nothing but empty water, last time he had been on deck.

"Well, there's the Lizard," said one hand to another. "We'll be up the Scheldt by night."

Rod stared at the noble cliffs with the distant line of surf welling into the cave holes at their feet. So this was England! Cornwall, was it? In the Scheldt by night? Rod tried to remember what port was on the Scheldt, where it was, anyway. Some Dutch town—Amsterdam, Rotterdam? Glory, he oughtn't to forget his geography like that. But who'd think a fellow would ever need really to use it this way!

Whatever port it was they were to reach, he was apparently destined not to see it, for by the time the ship had wallowed through the Channel roll Rod was forcibly invited below and locked up in a little cubby-hole with not even so much as a port.

"This is the end of me," thought Rod gloomily. "Might have known there was no use trying to pull off anything. Here I stick till those crooks make sure of their getaway. Then the old ship sails again and dumps me off, heaven knows where. A flat end to the adventure—but what can I do?"

He got up once more and tried to find some way of escaping from his cell. But the Miraflores was a good steel ship, and there was no means of forcing an exit with two bare hands.

After what seemed an eternity, there was a slackening of the engines, a commotion, then silence. And after another age the ship proceeded slowly on, and there was presently the stir of making fast. Apparently the vessel was not anchoring this time, but tying up to a dock. Rod guessed that the first pause might have been for Quarantine.

"Well, here's one lad whose health they'll never get a line on," he reflected. He pried open the face of his watch and felt the hands—nearly midnight, by now. They would not begin unloading cargo till light, in all probability. For there was a legitimate cargo; Rod had seen it. Exhausted with anger and anxiety, he huddled down on the floor and fell asleep in the comparative quiet which had fallen after the confusion of arrival. How long he had slept he did not know, when a faint sound near at hand brought him upright in the dark. Had it been the touch of hand to bolt? Perhaps they were bringing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 164]

SPORT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143)

Diet for March

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143)

Breakfast should be served at the regular time and should consist of the same food which he usually eats.

"He should eat a light lunch, two or three hours before the time of competition. This time can only be determined by the boy himself, for some people require a longer time to digest food than others. This meal should be eaten very slowly, for the average athlete will have a tendency to bolt his food in his excitement—and this tendency must be watched and counteracted. An ordinary amount of liquid should accompany both meals.

"Many athletes make the mistake of sleeping late and eating a single meal on the day of the race. This practice tends to produce sluggishness. Others believe that they perform best on an empty stomach. This latter plan may work out well if the athlete is a hearty eater, but the average boy should at least go through the motions of eating, even if his food consists only of a few pieces of toast and a soft-boiled egg.

"Just as important as the question of diet is the question of sleep. Every athlete in training must set aside definite sleeping hours if he expects to perform well. Nine or ten hours is not too long."

S. M.

Sprinting

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143)

their legs. They did not slow up so quickly as most stars. Both spent most of the time between seasons on the diamond in walking, Cobb hunting and Wagner fishing.

Only the other day Jack Quinn, of the Philadelphia Athletics, the oldest pitcher in baseball, announced that he was preparing for the 1929 campaign by keeping his legs fit. Quinn does a great deal of tramping about in the woods.

Speed is the keynote of success in sport. All-American football players gain their positions because their speed of foot focuses attention upon them. Bill Tilden and Helen Wills in tennis not only have a mastery of strokes and court generalship but remarkable leg endurance and speed as well. Without the latter they could never have reached the top in men's and women's tennis. Tilden has failed these past few years because of weak legs. That meant lack of endurance and speed.

Any boy who has ambitions to become a star in any sport should develop the strength of his legs and his speed. Lacking either, he can not take high rank. The old saying that "an athlete is as good as his legs" is a fact that no one can dispute.

For this reason this department is to carry a series of illustrated articles on sprinting and leg exercises, commencing now. Any athlete can develop speed by proper care and training. I have seen football players at college increase their speed by five yards in a hundred in one spring. They had to do this to make the team in the fall.

The first thing to learn about sprinting is the start. Holes are dug for the feet to aid in getting off at a greater rate of speed. The edges of these holes should be perpendicular at the rear, so that they will give the runner a straight-ahead push as he leaves his marks. His arms should be spread in front of him just wide enough to permit his legs to drive forward between them when he gets under way. Since much of his weight is thrown forward on his hands when the runner "gets set," the best way to carry it is to form a tripod base with each hand. Dig the first hole about five or six inches back of the starting line. The hands are just back of this line. Find the position of the rear foot by practice.

Study the drawing on page 143, and see how best you can profit by it. And watch for a continuation of these articles on sprinting next month.

S. M.

Preparedness

WHY do baseball players swing two or three bats on their way to the plate during a game? Ty Cobb always did this, and for many years he led the big leagues as a batter.

Why do some long-distance runners train in shoes that are much heavier than those worn in races?

Why did the late Walter J. Travis, former amateur golf champion of the United States and Great Britain, recognized as the finest putter

golf has ever known, always practice putting one ball at another instead of stroking it at the hole?

Here are the reasons:

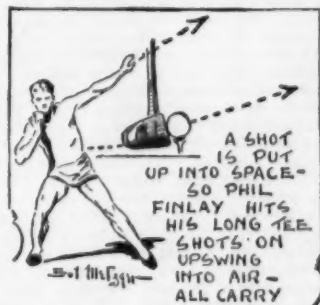
1. Ruth and most good batters like to swing several bats on their way to the plate and then step into the batter's box with one. One bat feels so light in their hands, after handling several, that they swing more smoothly and freely than would be possible if they had not manipulated several bats in practice.

2. Toward the end of every run the runner is summoning up every ounce of energy. If he has practiced in heavy shoes, his feet and legs feel lighter, when he is in actual competition, because of the change to racing shoes.

3. Mr. Travis practiced putting against another ball, rather than into the hole, because the diameter of the ball is only two inches, while that of the hole is about four inches. When he could putt successfully against the ball in practice, he taught himself to feel that he could putt successfully into the hole when he was in actual play.

Practice wrinkles of this kind are well worth working out for yourself. In any game, it is the well-prepared man who wins. Other things being equal, an ounce of preparedness before the match is worth a ton of misdirected energy after the whistle blows.

S. M.



How to Get Distance

AN interesting point in sport to the boy who goes in for it with the intention of making himself proficient in a game, as one must do to get the greatest enjoyment out of anything attempted, is the common principles that govern so many games. Last September during the play for the United States amateur golf championship, the question came up how one should direct a golf ball in order to drive it farthest. Some golfers hit a low screamer with tremendous run to it after it strikes the turf. Others hit them higher into space, with little run after alighting.

One man talked with Phil Finlay about it. Finlay, a student at Harvard, had qualified and won some fine matches before he was eliminated by Bobby Jones, the champion. He is known as one of the longest hitters in golf. Boys who are interested in the weight events, such as the shot put, will find that Finlay compares driving a golf ball to this very thing. He drives it high into space, just as the shot putter, the hammer thrower and the discus thrower must do to gain distance.

Some day when we get around to broad-jumping, which is another event in which one strives for the greatest possible distance, we shall find that athletes who excel at this form of exercise bend their greatest effort into leaping high into space.

The boy who is playing golf always wants to hit long tee shots. Phil Finlay's idea may be just the tip he needs. Finlay tees the ball rather high and almost directly out from the left heel. There is a purpose in this which a golfer should know. At some point of one's swing through with a golf club the head of that club is nearer the ground than at any other time. Where is this spot? As golf is a left-handed game, in that the club is controlled by a straight left arm on all full shots, this lowest point of the arc of the down or through swing is a bit nearer a point directly out from the left leg than directly out from the right. In other words, it is not directly out from a point midway between the legs.

So Phil Finlay, in order to hit his tee shots high and thus gain the maximum distance possible, plays the ball from a point almost directly out from the left heel. At that point he knows the head of his driver will be rising from the lowest arc of its swing through. Consequently, the ball will be hit higher than if he played it from the lowest arc of his swing.

S. M.



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him something to eat; that would be good news for the moment. He felt, rather than saw, the door come open, and something let itself in. Then—so near that he started violently—Victory's voice spoke in his ear. "C'mon if you're coming."

The suddenness of it struck him helpless. "What do you mean? What am I to do?" "Pst!" hissed the girl. "Shut up and c'mon. We'll have time to jaw afterwards."

So Rod rose up and followed her, his heart pounding with excitement and with surprised admiration for Victory's hand in the undertaking. She led him through narrow black passageways, up steep iron ladders, all in a stealthy silence. The ship was very quiet; here and there one electric bulb burned, and these places Victory skirted quickly—lurking in the shadow and darting in the light. They crawled through the alley where the coal was shot into the bunkers, and came out at last in an opening at the side of the ship where her great bow cables stretched between her and the dark wharf.

"Are you any good at going along a rope?" whispered Victory. "It's our only chance—there's no gangplank out."

Rod didn't know whether or not he was good at going along ropes. Before he could decide, Victory was swarming along the taut hawser like a rat. She was wearing her dungarees and had stuffed her tangle of hair inside a watchcap, so that she looked very like a thin boy. Rod lost her in the darkness at the other end of the rope. Not daring to hesitate, he grasped the cable somehow with arms and legs, and drew himself along the sickening, dizzying surge of it. The ten or fifteen feet seemed to stretch into miles; he heard the hungry suck of black water below him. The Miraflores' tall side was swallowed in the gloom behind him, the dock was invisible before. He was suspended, cut off from the world, over a pit of darkness. He imagined letting go—the splash and the coldness closing over his head, the hue and cry that would be raised. Then he felt Vick's hand touch his arm, heard her whisper of, "Swing this way—there!" Then he got the solid timbers below him and released the grip of his aching hands.

"I sure am a lubber," he murmured. "You did that the way it ought to be done."

"Can it," said Victory, "and follow me." At the far end of the dock, a knot of figures stood—seamen, wharf-hands, one that might be a policeman. On a waterfront people will be stirring, at any hour. Vick skulked behind barrels and bales, scuttled from pile to pile, till the open darkness of the quay and the winking lights of the basin were left behind, and the two stood upright and breathed more freely in the narrow gloom of some old waterside street. The girl began threading her way through a maze of little twisting alleys, where high leaning houses almost shut out the sky, which was paling with the first breath of dawn. Rod strode fast to keep up with her, wondering where she was going—when she would stop—how she seemed so certain of what to do.

At last, in a little sleeping square, where flower-boxes lined all the high windows, and a carved Madonna looked down in gentle wakefulness from a niche, Victory sat down on the stone coping of a fountain and beckoned Rod to her.

"I say—first tell me where the dickens we are," he said.

She looked about her. "Place de Vos, I guess," she said. "I've been here before."

"I mean the town—the port," Rod insisted.

She stared. "Good night! Antwerp!" she told him. "Didn't you know that?"

"How should I know it? Nobody's been very anxious to give me news, this trip."

"Well, of course it's Antwerp," she said.

"Where else would it be, with sparklers to get rid of?"

Rod turned over scraps of information in his mind and remembered the fact that most of the world's diamond-cutting is done in Antwerp. Stolen jewels are often recut, he'd heard, so that they might not be so readily identified. He began to see light.

"But what's the idea of galloping off like this," he inquired, "without the diamonds? You know where they are. Couldn't you have got 'em?"

"I could not," said Victory emphatically. "What'd I want 'em for? The sparklers are Crowder and Hubbard's job. I don't want to be pinched with about a million dollars' worth of diamonds in my jeans, and get Pop into trouble too, maybe."

Rod stared. "Then what in the world did you let me out for, if you didn't mean me to—"

It was the girl's turn to stare. "You don't mean to say you thought I was lettin' you out to do the cop stuff? No, sir! I wanted to get you off the ship before they began to get rough

LUBBER'S LUCK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162]

with you. And me, I decided I'd clear out for a while myself and see could I live ashore. Them yarns of yours about the sweet peas, you know, and the beds—they got me all riled up. Pop'd kill me. But I should worry. I'm going to sleep with an old Flemish woman that was O. K. to my ma when I was born. She'll be glad to see me."

"You were born here—in Antwerp?" "Sure I was. Lived here till I was all of six weeks old. Been in and out since."

"Well, it was pretty decent of you to let me out of that hole," Rod reflected, "why ever you did it. I'm afraid you've got yourself in for a lot of trouble with your father."

"Oh, I'm not gonna see Pop for a while," said Victory. "Besides, I want you to get back O. K. to that little yella house."

"The thing for me to do," Rod mused, "is to hunt up the American consul and try to make him listen to the whole yarn. Don't you think that's the best line, Vick?"

She scowled at him and caught his arm. "Nothing doing!" she said vehemently. "You'd better lay off the diamonds—they ain't your job. You were a nut ever to come back, after Kip's Arm. I haven't got no quarrel with Pop, even if I am leaving him, and I won't have you getting him into trouble."

Rod looked at her. She had undoubtedly done him a great service in releasing him from his cell on the Miraflores—or Mangosteen. Was her loyalty to her father now to block his attempts at bringing the malefactors to justice? But even with the way clear could he do that? Baffled, and feeling very much alone and strangely far from home, he sank into silence. And suddenly, from the upper air, came a stream of silver-clear notes and chords that seemed as if they must be made in Heaven, followed by the booming strokes of a great bell. Rod looked up, startled.

"That's just Karolus, strikin' the hour," Victory informed him. "Their big clock. It's all of five—we'd better not be sitting here when the streets fill up. Well—good-by. It's Vrauw Voorlaken I'll be with, on the Rue d'Epice, if you want to remember it. You work your way home—you're a first-rate coal-passer, now—and keep off the sparklers. I'll never forget them stories about Porthaven—"

There was a wistful note in her voice. Then she was gone. Rod roused himself too late; he had not even properly thanked her—nor wished her well—nor even said good-by.

THE brightening air still tingled with the echo of Karolus and the carillon; white-capped women leaned forth to open windows and water flowers; carts were beginning to move through the old square. Rod, weary, torn, dirty and penniless, was alone in Antwerp. He was filled suddenly with a great wish that he were not so unfortunately situated, so that he might enjoy this wonderful old-world place, to which he had been transported as if by magic. As it was, it seemed a place of dream—or nightmare. He rose slowly from the fountain coping, stared incredulously at the tall, ornate houses, the smiling Madonna, hearkened as in a trance to the unknown tongue the growing crowd spoke one to another, and the clatter of heavy shoes and sabots on the clean flagging.

He moved slowly, by instinct, toward the waterfront, threading old streets till he came to the bustle of the newer quays. Away from him on the left stretched the handsome park-like promenades, built above the docks and warehouses, with the castellated Steen thrusting up in their midst. But it was to his right he turned, to seek the great basins where the commercial shipping lay. It was no easy task to find the Miraflores in that clustered jam of vessels, but he picked her out at last and sought a vantage-point where he might watch her unobserved.

For himself, in his grimed and shabby clothes, he attracted no more attention than any other fireman or stevedore. The very fact of his being there at all argued that he had come ashore under proper regulations, and he felt himself strangely beyond the pale of all international authority. He could not make up his mind what to do, however. If it were in his power to aid in the recovery of the diamonds, he felt that he ought to do it—for Captain Brisbane was all wrong, and, no matter how loyal his daughter was to him, she too was in the wrong, to uphold crime. And yet—if his own mother should suddenly take to piracy, wouldn't he do anything on earth to defend her? But his mother—of course she couldn't! Oh, goah, what a mess! Rod sat scowling from afar at the Miraflores (now known as Mangosteen), watching her for any departing figures that might be Crowder and Hubbard, and growing hungrier each moment. A lowered voice spoke so suddenly in his ear that he started violently.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

"You ban one smart kid, huh—give de Ole Man de slip!" Rod wheeled in dismay to see Jan grinning his wide pink grin.

"Now it's all up," he thought. Aloud he said, "Well, what're you going to do about it? Do they all know I've got away?"

"Nobuddy but me," Jan confided. "'Cause I take de grub by you. I don't say nudding. I yoost make a guess you ban after dem sparklers. Now see here—so am I, too." He leaned forward and winked broadly at Rod. "You smart kid; you better come along by me till we gets some grub. Then I tell you, ain't it?"

The idea of something to eat leaped to gigantic and overwhelming proportions in Rod's brain.

"For heaven's sake, I'm nearly starved. If we can eat, let's. You always were a friend of mine, Jan. I'm broke, you know; can you stand treat for breakfast?"

"Sure, sure," grinned Jan, rattling coins in his pocket. He piloted Rod away from the spying-place whence he had been scanning the Miraflores, and conducted him to a little eating shop with a sanded floor where a dark-faced Walloon woman served sausages. Jan leaned forward.

"I know where dey got dem sparklers," he whispered. "Dey take 'em by a place ashore, to hide—I ban sure on everyt'ing. You ban one smart kid; I don't want you bodder me, 'cause I know you ban after dem sparklers, too. I ban sick of de Ole Man—grab all de coin, treat us rotten, ain't it?" Rodney nodded, which was what Jan seemed to expect of him. "Well," the Swede went on, "we stick togedder, huh? Yoost you an' me, an' we go fifty-fifty on what we gets by everyt'ing, ain't it, huh?"

Rod tried to think quickly. If Jan really knew where the diamonds were, which he seemed to, that was a piece of news worth having. If they could be located, Rod could then try to get information to the authorities before Jan's slow wits came awake. For evidently the man was thinking all this time that Rod was after the diamonds for himself, instead of for the purpose of restoring them to their owners. For lack of a plan of his own, Jan's seemed to offer something definite to work on.

"All right," said Rod. "You've got a line on me, haven't you? What do we do next?"

Jan pushed back his plate, slapped some silver on the scoured wooden table, and stood up to his huge height.

"Come along by me," he commanded. "I show you de place. Den we mebbe grab somet'ing, huh?"

Rod followed the man's big figure away from the gray river and the modern confusion of the docks, into a tangle of ancient byways. He wondered if it had been by any of these that he and Victory had escaped in the darkness before dawn. How surely she had footed it through these old streets, darting around corners and up steps and under arches, till they had reached that peaceful little square! He hoped she was safe now with Vrauw—what was the name? Voorlaken. Well, at any rate, he had done one good job, if his tales of home had made her decide to cut loose from that gang on the ship. What a queer girl she was! Queer wasn't the word!

Jan trudged ahead of Rodney and suddenly stopped before the door of a high dark house in a narrow cobbled court—a house that had stood there for many hundred years; so ancient and so derelict that even the poor dared no longer tenant its tottering height.

"Here," said Jan, pointing to its dark, carved facade.

"Are you sure this is it?" asked Rod. "We can't afford to be taking any chances—not with so much at stake."

Jan only grinned, and motioned him toward the sombre doorway.

Yes, Rod thought it looked exactly like a place wherein to hide stolen diamonds while they changed hands. The very sort of thieves' rendezvous one saw in the movies. Jan pushed open a sagging door, and Rod followed him cautiously into a bare, cobwebby interior which might once have served for the model of some Flemish old master's house scene, but which now rotted and crumbled with forgotten age. Jan tiptoed to the end of a dark passage and, stooping, raised a great trapdoor.

"Down dere," he said confidently. "You go on; I yoost hold up dis heavy t'ing."

Rod, in a dream, and quite sure that Jan knew the diamonds lay below,—as one is sure of the climax of a movie,—descended a ladder that led into darkness. At the bottom he turned to see if Jan were following. But, instead, he saw the diminishing square of light as Jan lowered the trapdoor; he heard a clash as a bolt shot across, then the dwindling tramp of sea-boots as Jan retreated. Rod was alone—a prisoner in an ancient, ruined house.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

JIMMY TURNS TURTLE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139]

set up yells of encouragement to various friends among the runners.

"On your mark! Set!" shouted Coach Wilson, and fired his pistol.

THERE was a confused shifting and scrambling, grunting and shouting, jostling and shoving, as the eighty men set off on the long grind. The five Alpha-Omegas had been standing together until the start, but in the confusion of getting off they became separated. Jimmy, keeping his eyes on Jepson, picked his way along through the scurrying crowd and tried to keep up. Winding through the campus, on the power-house road, the crowd began to spread and thin out.

Foxy runners wishing to set the pace, like Captain Jepson, and a few green men who did not realize how far four miles can be, moved to the front. Jimmy sought to keep up with them, running near Les. Billy and Dobbins were close to Jepson. As they emerged from the campus and turned out on the Fourth Street road, most of the runners with any experience at all had settled into long, even strides. Several others, however, sprinted to get up with the leaders. The smoother going in Fourth Street appealed to them, and several passed Jim and Les.

"Come on, Les," yelled Jimmy. "They'll leave us."

He put on speed and chased after the leaders, leaving Les Moore behind. The sturdy-legged Les could have moved faster, but seemed to be saving himself. But Jimmy had promised to stay with Jepson and his pace-setters as long as possible. Off he went, briskly. Thus far, cross-country running seemed easy. After two weeks of idleness, Jimmy felt frisky, so he put on a sprint of his own. At the end of the first mile, leaving the Fourth Street pavement for the open road, he was in hailing distance of the long-legged and experienced leaders.

But when Jimmy reached a good position, what he had thought was his second wind began to desert him. It came only with difficulty, and he slowed down. At the end of another quarter-mile he was merely jogging. The leaders had gone out of sight, over a slight rise in the road. Desperate, Jimmy hurried again, and his new effort at a sprint brought him to the crest of a knoll from which he could see the leaders. He had feared the race had gone off and left him, but a hurried glance over his shoulder showed there were more men behind him than in front.

DOGGEDLY he trudged ahead. Down-grade for a distance, it was not so hard going, and he saved his energy for the long climb up the hill to the turn into the Myers road. He even slowed to a walk, for a few steps, and paid no attention to two runners who passed him. Then, refreshed somewhat, he set off jogging again. But his mouth was dry, and his tongue felt too large. Moreover, he had a queer sort of stomach ache.

"Gotta run through this storm," he thought, blankly. He had heard how distance runners must "put out" everything they had until all pain and cramps and black spots were behind them. Fighting, he tried to put on more speed. Get the misery over with quickly. And then, with more runners passing him now, he came to the foot of the long hill and started up. He'd show this hill!

"C'mon, kid," yelled a voice, and Jimmy wearily turned his head. The encouragement came from Les Moore, pounding strongly up the grade, but he was far ahead before Jimmy realized who it was. Then he vainly tried to catch his chum. His legs would not respond. His feet were heavy, and the calves of his legs ached. Black and blue spots swam in front of his eyes.

There never was a longer, steeper hill. Why couldn't they level off these roads? When a guy's mouth opens and his tongue gets out, it's hard to get it back in again. Swollen. Hurts. Jimmy, in desperation now, tried to slow down to a walk, thinking to rest until he had passed over the top of the hill. But as he slowed he stumbled. "Dangerous," he thought. "Might fall down. Might get run over. Keep going." So he plodded onward.

Now he was light-headed, approaching the top of the climb, and he did not notice that his feet and calves hurt. He did not realize he had feet, and running was mechanical. He went on from force of habit. But his stomach hurt worse than ever. Something in his breakfast, maybe—but Jim gave up the effort to think. Get over this hill, now; and thinking's hard work. Impossible to think, and that old stomach!

Suddenly everything went black. Chug-chug-chug. Rattle and roar. Big Mogul engine about to run over him. Engineer yelling, instead of ringing the bell. Big chunks of landscape rising up at him in the darkness. Rails flying in all

directions. Must be big wreck. Engineer still yelling. Why didn't he ring bell?

"Roll over on your face, kid," he heard a voice shouting. Out of one eye he saw Big Jake Hilligoss, loaded upon a dilapidated flivver, come out to look for him. "Rest on your face. Relax. Then get goin'."

Jimmy flopped over, and found some relief. The stomach didn't ache. Cramps—that was it! He'd heard about cramps, but never had 'em. Old Jake couldn't help him either. Gonna be a doctor. But runner can't have any help and then finish. If he could just ride a little way in that old flivver. No, gotta run, drag, crawl—Jimmy doggedly tried to get up.

"Rest a minute, kid," yelled Jake. "Lots of fellows behind yuh!"

Things went blank for a moment or an hour, Jimmy did not know how long, but it was just like that time in the Tippecanoe game when a tackle crashed him. Put out the fire. Delirium. And then, of a sudden, breath came a little easier. Try hard, inhale—and his heart started pounding fiercely with new fuel. He sat up, looked blankly around, and then scrambled painfully to his feet.

"Walk a few steps, kid," yelled Big Jake, pointing to the turn in the road.

Jimmy shook his head, rather to clear it than to deny Jake's advice, and made his way to the turn. Utterly weary, he looked back, and saw a dozen other men sitting or lying in the road behind him, waiting for second wind, or for everybody to pass, so they could drop out of the race. Good old Jake. Maybe he'd give a fellow a drink of water—Nix! Then there would be cramps, great big purple and green ones.

Turning the corner, Jimmy saw the road going downhill, and, suddenly encouraged, started running again. "Hey, wait, wait!" yelled Jake, seeking to warn him. The weary Jim did not hear, but hurried down. His tired legs would not stand the strain of the downhill pull, and presently he fell, to roll several yards. "Good way to go. Easy," he laughed, as he got up. But he slowed his gait. The bottom of the hill revealed the turn into the Tenth Street road. More than halfway home, now. But—another hill! This time, Jimmy used his head. Instead of rushing madly at the slope, he quit running and walked. "Everybody finish," Jepson said. All right, finish. If it's dark tonight—Finish. Get home, some way. Walk now, run some other time. Walk, pull, climb, walk—gosh, hard work. Eighteen runners passed him, but he heeded them not. Instead he doggedly fought his way to the top of that long, steep hill, which was worse than the first one. And then at the top, he had to sit down to rest. Chug-chug-chug—no, not another Mogul, but old Jake, coming from the wrong direction. "C'mon, kid, run!" he yelled, in excitement. "Just come past the finish! We've got four men in. Need you; c'mon!"

"Go ride a turtle," Jimmy muttered. "If your legs wouldn't work—"

But he got up, and started jogging. His feet moved! His legs had hinges again! And the thigh muscles felt like springs. Yes, and his stomach had quit hurting, too. With a wild laugh, as if he had discovered great news, Jimmy began to put on speed, after thinking he should never run another step as long as he lived! He passed lagging, exhausted runners one by one and at Gym Avenue was going strong. But strong mechanically, only. The whole landscape swam before his eyes, blurring again, and he did not know the turn. A marshal yelled. Jim tried to turn, too quickly, and too late, and fell down. For a moment he lay still. Black specks were swimming in front of his eyes, and a tree by the roadside began to revolve slowly in front of him. Then he shut his eyes tight and tried to pull himself together.

"Gotta finish," he muttered, painfully. "No, no!" And he rolled away from two fellows who thought he needed help. They were right, but he would not have it. Instead he climbed slowly to his feet again, and once more set off doggedly, creeping at a pace little faster than a healthy walk, for the gym. And he made it, too!

ALPHA-OMEGA won the turtle race, not because Jepson was first, Dobbins fourth, Armstrong eighth, and Les Moore twenty-seventh, but because Jim Byers staggered in, forty-ninth, just ahead of the fiftieth man, and gave his team a margin of one point!

Showers, hot and cold, rubdowns, hot milk—all alike failed Jimmy.

"No, thanks, I can't eat any," he sent down word from his bed in the dorm to the riotous gang eating Coach Wilson's turtle-soup. "The smell of it, even, makes me sick." Billy Armstrong was the messenger. "But I've learned one thing I won't forget. The guy that advised the shoemaker certainly knew his athletics."



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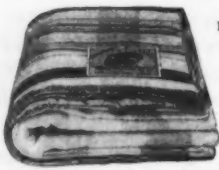
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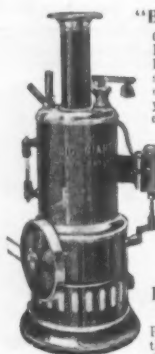


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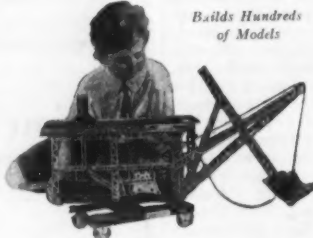
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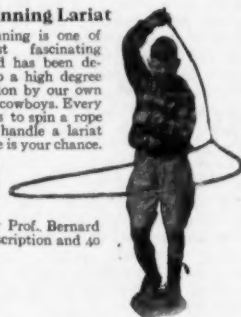


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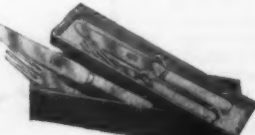


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WITHOUT CONSENT OF COACH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129]

we still had ten or twelve seconds to play when Joe bounced the ball in to me from out of bounds. My opponent was on me like a flash, and I passed to Seth. But he was covered, and back came the ball, and just for a second I was free. Seth gasped "Shoot!" and so I took a try. Of course I ought never to have made it, for I'm not a very good shooter, and, besides, I was well back toward the middle of the floor. I made a hurried high loop in the general direction of the backboard just before the Clarkson forward sprang in front of me, and I'm pretty certain that ball tipped one of his hands. If it did, why, maybe it got just what it needed, for it hit the board squarely behind the basket and came down through the ring as clean as if I'd planned it!

Well, we felt pretty good after that; and Seth and the Clarkson center jumped again, and we set out to wear down the few seconds that remained. It was Clarkson that made the attack now and we who bunched together at our end and fought to hold her off. I didn't have any more idea than the Man in the Moon what would happen to us in an overtime period; all I wanted was a chance to get my breath. Clarkson had one try, a long one from the side which didn't even hit the board. Then the gong rang!

Gosh, what a bedlam that place was!

By the rules there should have been a one-minute intermission before we started another five-minute period, but the referee brought Logan, the Clarkson captain, over to where I was stretched out, and Logan wanted us to agree to a five-minute rest off the floor. Well, I didn't want anything better, but I didn't let on. I pretended we were raving to go on; and finally we brought Jimmy into it, and Jimmy looked sort of dubious and at last agreed. We'd used up a full minute by that time, and so we had only four left when we got to the locker room and threw ourselves down on the benches. Tilly had just about passed out, and they had to help him off. Jimmy sat down beside me, looking pretty puzzled.

"Think you can play forward, Cap?" he asked. "No," I said. "We'll have to play Cochrane. Maybe put him in at center and let Seth take Tilly's place."

"No, we need Seth where he is," he answered. And after that he sat and looked at me in a funny way I just didn't get. Mind you, I was tired! Then he said, sort of to himself, "Too bad we haven't got Morse. He's the only one for the long shots."

"Well, I've told you where I stand on Morse," he went on, eyeing his watch. "He can't play with my consent, Porter."

"Oh, gosh!" I groaned.

"I said with my consent."

"Huh?" I pulled myself up and stared at him.

"We had a queer case at college," Jimmy went on. "Football captain went over our coach's head one time and played a couple of men the coach didn't want in."

After a second I said: "What happened, sir?" Jimmy shrugged. "Nothing until after the game. There was a good deal of talk, but as we'd won our game the coach decided he wouldn't make an issue of it."

"Oh," I said. We looked at each other a moment, and then I yelled for Steve Trumbull, our manager. "Steve," I gibbered, "get Ran Morse! He's up in the balcony, right back of the big flag. Tell him to hustle down here as fast as he can make it! Hurry up! Don't stand there and—" But Steve was gone by that time, and I turned to ask Jimmy how much time we had and found he had walked away. Everyone had come to life, and there was all sorts of excitement in there, and before I could find out about the time Ran came in. I grabbed him and pulled him behind a row of lockers. I was square with Jimmy, just as I guess he expected me to be. I told Ran I was going over Jimmy's head and that he was to play right forward. I thought he'd jump at the chance, but did he? No, sir, the silly coot shook his head and kept on shaking it, with the minutes rolling away fast!

"Coach took me off," said Ran, "and it's his place to put me back. I'd like to oblige you, Johnny—"

Well, I got mad then. Sometimes, it seems getting mad helps a bit if only because you can think of things to say you wouldn't say if you weren't. I told Ran I was captain of that team, and that he was there to do as I said, that it wasn't any time to consider his quarrel with Jimmy, that the school needed him, and that it was his duty to do what he could; and as for who was boss, Jimmy or I, that was something that wasn't any of his darned business. And a lot more, too, I guess. I talked myself red in the face and out of breath, and finally Ran said:

"Well, all right, Cap, if you say so. Get me a pair of shoes. There isn't time to change anything else."

And there wasn't. Ran got his feet into the shoes and shed his coat and vest, collar and tie, and then we had to hustle back. You ought to have heard the shout that went up when the crowd caught sight of Ran, and the laugh that followed it when they realized that he was going to play in long pants and a blue cambric shirt! At the last moment Steve remembered Ran's number and came running on with it, and we pinned it on the back of his shirt. Of course Clarkson put up a howl, but it didn't do them any good, because they couldn't find anything in the rules to say a substitute couldn't come out of the audience or play in his shirt-sleeves!

I saw Ran looking sort of funny at Jimmy while we waited for the whistle, but Jimmy didn't seem to even know that Ran was on the floor. Then that tall galoot, Mimms, tipped the ball back to one of his bunch and the trouble started. But we were a different team now.

We used the old gag of sending Joe and Seth in close and having Ran stay back just short of the middle of the floor. Then when Joe, with Seth, across the court, yelling for the ball, arched it back to Ran instead, and Ran side-stepped his opponent and made one of his quick overhand shots, it went as straight as you please, whanged against the backboard and cut down through the net. We didn't have it quite our own way after that, for Clarkson worked hard and made some long heaves that came close but didn't score. I missed a free throw, and then Mimms missed one. Then Ran made one last basket, from nearer but close to the sideline, and we knew we had the old ball game! And a minute later everyone else knew it!

AFTER the cheer we went back to the locker room feeling pretty chipper, I'll tell you! And when we were there, all talking at once, hoarse but hilarious, Jimmy came in and went right across to Ran and held out his hand.

"Nice work, Morse," he said.

Ran goggled, but he took the coach's hand. "Th-thanks, sir," he stammered. "They were both pretty easy throws, though."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about those. I was referring to what happened this afternoon."

"Oh!" Ran looked surprised and sort of silly. Then he said "Oh!" again, only he said it like he couldn't think of anything better.

"Yes," Jimmy went on, "I just heard of it a minute ago." He looked around at the rest of us as if he wanted that to register. "I think you should have explained to me this afternoon, Morse."

"I tried to, sir, but you wouldn't let me," answered Ran, looking right back at him.

"H'm, yes, maybe you're right," Jimmy kind of put his head on one side and considered a moment. Then he added: "Next time, Morse, you'd better shout me down." With that he wiped a grin from his face and turned on me. "Captain Porter," he said gravely, "you played Morse without consulting me, I believe."

I nodded.

"Knowing that I had forbidden him to take part in tonight's game?"

"Yes, Coach."

"Exactly. We'll take that up tomorrow."

Then he turned and went out, looking awfully stern, and no one said a word until the door had closed behind him. But when it had we all made for poor old Ran; and of course he had to come across.

It seemed that he was hot-footing it back from the printer's when a guy came kiting out of a side street in a big blue sedan without warning and came within an ace of landing right on top of old Haskins, the man who runs the hardware store where we get our athletic supplies. He didn't quite get the old codger because Ran was too quick for him and butted Haskins out of the way. Ran got a mud-guard in the back and landed on top of Haskins, and Pete Reardon, the comic constabule, happened to be across the street, holding up an awning post as usual, and hauled the whole bunch to the station. Ran said they asked so many questions and made such a ceremony of the affair that he didn't get away until almost five, and then, although he legged it all the way, practice was all over when he reached the gym, and Coach had his back up.

Going over to the room afterwards, Ran said in a worried voice: "I hope Jimmy doesn't make a lot of trouble for you over letting me into that game, Johnny."

"Well, he may," I answered seriously, "and I guess he's got a right to. But, seeing we won; perhaps he'll go easy on me."

And he did.



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"Action-Camera!"

How to get the most from a home-movie camera

By Franklin Courtney Ellis

ALL that could be seen at first was two clenched hands—one grasping a dagger, the other holding the first hand in a sinewy grip of desperation. Only this and the rigging against the lonely sky. It was terrific!

Slowly there came into view two turbaned heads, with glowering eyes, scarred faces, and fierce, bristling mustachios. Pirates, obviously—villains who would not hesitate at the direst deeds of violence.

"Stop 'er there," said the young director. The cameraman shut off the projector and turned on the lights. And the youthful cast of the "Pirate Hilt" grinned broadly at the success of the big scene—taken in the back-yard on an improvised rigging with the camera carefully pointed upward to avoid the trees and include nothing but the apparently sea-swept sky. For the cast and technical staff had come together in the attic "studio" to begin editing the movie thriller they had directed and acted in. Their four reels of home-movie film had come back from processing that day, and the fun of cutting, editing and titling had begun. The grand climax of the first public showing was still in the future.

Now, the question is, how can Y. C. Lab

Members best organize a home-movie company to achieve the same results and have the same fun? That is what I hope to tell you. Let us see about the organization.

The "Pirate Hilt" company had plenty of Hollywood atmosphere, with its director and its cameraman and its property man and its scenario writer and its actors.

All these titles sounded grand and professional,



Director and cameraman at work on the filming of a semi-close-up

What the Director Does

The director in an efficient amateur movie group is the most important member. With the scenario in his hand or in his mind, the director must instruct the actors what they are to do, and then rehearse them until they perform properly; then he must give the commands for the scene, "Camera!" and "Cut!" and prompt the actors while the action is going on, helping them act most effectively.

The director must see that the actors stand in their proper positions, so that each scene is well balanced. The principal characters must be in a prominent position in each scene. Persons facing the camera are more prominent than those who present side or back to the lens, and of course those who are nearest are most prominent. Actors should stand in front of others only when that is deliberate or inevitable.

The director has to see that the actors make their entrances and exits from the proper side of the picture. There are not many entrances and exits in a photoplay, for usually the actors are in the scene when it begins and when it ends—which is unlike the technique of the stage. But when entrances and exits do occur, the actors should enter or leave from the side which they last used. Otherwise, it will seem as if the actor were chasing himself around in a circle.

The director has the responsibility of judging how long each scene shall be. When there is action, the scene may continue as long as the action lasts. When there is a scene without action, or with action that is merely continued or repeated, a very little bit of film is adequate—two or three feet, perhaps, which require five or seven seconds to take. More than that will be monotonous.

But the director's most important duty is to keep in mind the whole course of the scenario and how the finished photoplay is going to look, and to decide accordingly from what angles scenes should be taken and how much the scenes should show, and always to be alert for improvements to be made in the scenario with ideas thought up on the spot.

If you are an amateur director, be on the lookout for lively touches which occur at the time of filming. If a dog is being patted, show a brief close-up of his wagging tail. If the comedian stubs his toe and falls, by mistake, and everybody present laughs, put it into the movie.

You will see that the director must be keen-minded. At the same time he must be open-minded, for the other boys will have good ideas too.

The Scenario Writer

The scenario writer should be the one who can think up the best stories. In proper Hollywood parlance, a scenario is merely the outline of a story. The continuity is the interpretation of the scenario in terms of actual scenes. But most amateurs fall into the habit of calling a continuity a scenario, as we have done here.

A good scenario should not only specify for each scene what action the actors should perform but also should make a note of the costumes and properties needed in the scene and the distance at which the cameraman should stand—"close-up," "semi-close-up," "semi-long-shot," or "long-shot."

This planning of scene arrangement is the most important thing in making a movie—for motion pictures have a technique all their own. They are not just plays played in front of the camera. On the stage all the actors remain present through any given scene, and it is only by conversation and action that the important characters stand out from the group. In motion pictures that is far from the case. A movie is

made up of many short scenes, and each scene contains only the actors or the objects that are of interest at the moment. The camera tells a story by following the focal point of action and interest wherever it goes.

If, for instance, an argument is taking place before the camera, a long-shot might show the arguers and their background, followed by a close-up of their faces as they argue and then followed by a close-up of the dog over the possession of which they are arguing, and another close-up of the arguing faces. The best way to keep a motion picture brisk and clear is to make a lot of difference between scenes—to have the close-ups really close and the long-shots really far away.

As a general rule, most action starts with a long-shot or a semi-long-shot to familiarize the audience with the setting of the closer scenes that are to follow.

The director should collaborate with the



A close-up



A semi-close-up



A semi-long-shot



A long-shot

but that was not the only reason the boys had them. They had learned just enough about movie-making to know that there are many details to be looked after, and that it pays to have all of them definitely assigned to persons who will see that they are accomplished. That is why people have titles in Hollywood, and why it is possible there to turn out photoplays quickly and well.



Titles may be filmed at home



A smudge fire in a shovel may be used to produce a "fade-out" effect

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The Y. C. Lab—Continued

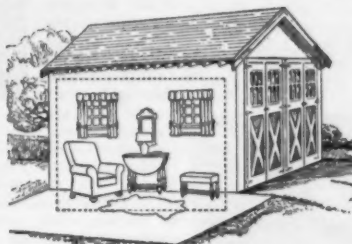
scenario writer in producing the continuity. Even though the director will later supervise the filming, it is best to have as much detail as possible written into the continuity. Making a scene is always exciting; and it is possible to keep it more in mind if each scene is approached with the details of filming written down.

What About Costumes?

The costumes should not be difficult to make for boys with ingenuity and an attic full of old clothes. It is best to avoid white clothing, because it may cause flare on the film. Among the light colors, soft tones of gray and blue and pink and yellow photograph best.

The property man's responsibility is to have on hand for each scene the properties needed in it. He and the costumer should aid the director with an eagle eye to see that the right costumes and properties are used in each scene. Since movie scenes are not necessarily photographed in the order in which they will appear on the screen, it is not impossible to make a mistake in costume which would result in showing an actor leaving the front porch in a dark suit and reaching the sidewalk in a light one. So beware!

As for settings, the easiest thing is to have them out of doors where no artificial light is needed. With two amateur movie lights it is quite possible to take good interior motion pictures; but most boys will not want to go to so much trouble. A simpler way is to take indoor scenes out of doors, by some such arrangement as is shown in one of the illustrations accompanying this article. Select a smooth exterior wall, hang curtains on the outside of the windows to make it look as if they were the inside, hang a picture or two, lay a rug up to the wall, covering the grass, and arrange several pieces of furniture on it. If the camera is so aimed that nothing not on the rug or the wall shows, no one will know that the scene was not taken indoors. Of course, this improvised interior should be on the sunny side of the house.



Showing how easy it is to produce an interior effect out of doors

can be heard to contradict appearances, a boy who looks unheroic will not be a hero, and a boy who is manly and pleasant-looking will not do for a villain. The selection of the right boys for the right parts is important.

The actions of the actors must be exaggerated if they are to register well for the audience. Particularly, the central figures of any scene must accentuate their actions. The other figures in the scene, who are not to draw particular attention at the moment, should move as little as possible—of course without appearing rigid.

Each scene should have plenty of action. Don't be content to have the director shout “Camera!” until everybody participating in a scene is sure that he can go through his part confidently. If every action is sure and definite, then the audience will know what it is about.

Cutting and Editing

It is impossible in taking movies to get absolutely what the director and the cameraman want. Almost all scenes are too long—for good directors take a little more than they need, as a precaution. The extra part has to be removed. The scenes have to be fitted together into the chain of action which makes the story, and titles have to be added to explain those parts of the action that can not be shown photographically. This process is known as editing.

The tools for splicing film are very simple. The best way to go about editing a photoplay is to have the projector on a table near a light switch, and to have the splicing outfit on the same table. With the light turned off, run through the films that have come back from processing. At the end of each scene, stop the projector, turn on the light, and write on a slip a description of the scene. Then proceed again with the projection, until all the scenes are described. Number the slips.

With the material of the scenes on paper slips, it is very easy to shift around the scenes into the continuity that the director and his friends want.

Next, using the rewind of the splicing outfit, go through the film and cut apart the scenes, attaching to each its proper number with a paper clip. Then splice these scenes together in the same order as the slips have been arranged, first cutting off the beginnings and ends of scenes that appear too long or that contain action not wanted.

As boys become more skilled at editing, they will still see possible improvements to be made even when the film is projected and edited three or four successive times. Immediately after the film is first put together it should be projected again, and notes should be taken on the film as it then appears. Repeat the process of running the film on the rewind and taking out or changing around the parts indicated by the notes.

On the second or third time that this is done, the editors of the film should go into executive session to decide upon titles. The better the film the fewer titles it will need—for a title should merely fill in what the picture does not tell. To have few titles is the aim of every good director.

Of course, there must be a main title, perhaps an “art” title, the making of which will be described a paragraph or two later. Next comes the business of fitting in the rest of the titles through the picture, wherever the editors think they are necessary.

The dealer in photography can have titles made on film if he is given the text written down on paper. They arrive from the laboratory in just about the time it takes film to be processed.

A boy who can letter well gets his chance to star in making an art title for the main title, the name of the photoplay. Any sort of drawing can be used for a background—or a still photograph. On the drawing or photograph, letter the title in black ink or paint if the picture is light, or in white if the picture is dark. Simply send this off to the laboratory through the dealer and he will have it made into a title.

If you have not written your own story but are filming a story from a book, a picture of the book makes a good beginning title. Part of the fun is in thinking up still other interesting cinematographic stunts. And here is a final tip—for comedies to be shown before the feature picture: comic strips in newspapers provide the ideas for excellent comic scenarios.

Acting

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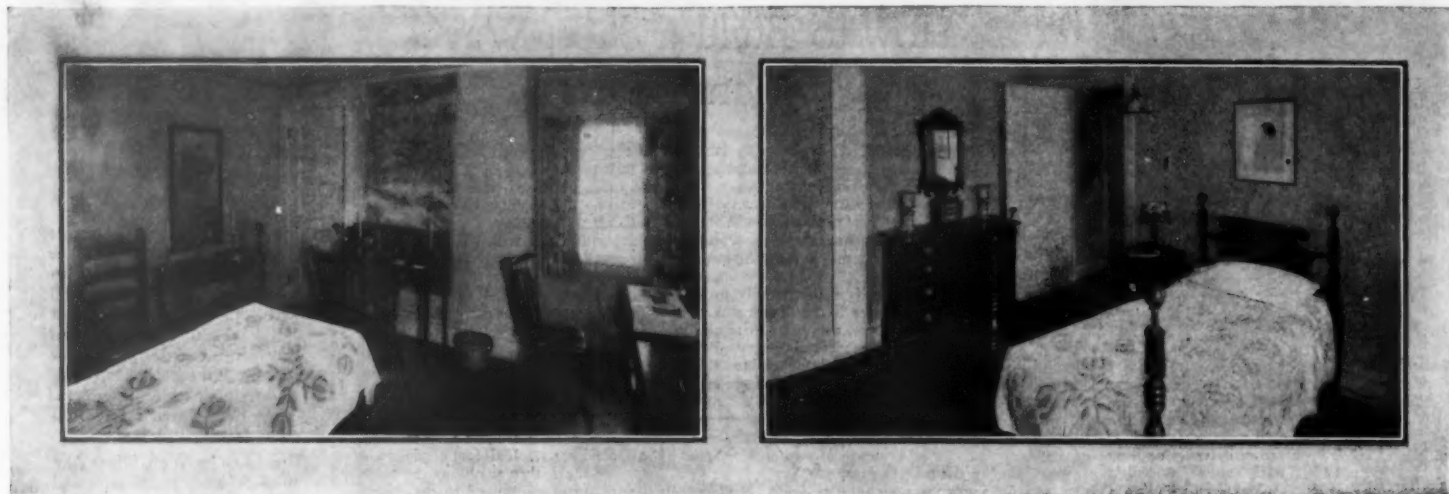
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All the Girls of
The Youth's Companion

THE G.Y.C.

Directed by
Helen Ferris and
our Active Members



Two views of an ideal room for a girl, reproduced for you through the courtesy of Mrs. I. R. Kent of Brookline, Massachusetts, one of whose daughters occupies it. The walls are blue-gray, with bright chintz overdrapes over white muslin curtains.

Making a Room to Live In

An Interview with Nancy McClelland

MISS McCLELLAND, "I asked her that day in her office, 'what should a girl think of when she decides the time has come to do over her room?'"

We were sitting in Miss McClelland's beautiful office in New York City. Could it be a place where anyone ever worked? The Directoire chairs with their upholstery of old stuffs, the old desk, the mellow draperies at the window, all gave me the feeling of being a guest entertained by a most charming hostess. And as I looked at Miss McClelland, her eyes bright with interest in the G. Y. C. and our girls everywhere, I knew why it was I felt that way. It was because Nancy McClelland, who is known the world over for the beautiful rooms she plans, has created where she works the kind of atmosphere in which every visitor feels at home. On every side you see something beautiful—a colorful screen, an exquisite lamp, panels of the old wall paper about which Miss McClelland has written a book. All sorts of ideas for your own home rush into your mind—but most of all when you talk with Miss McClelland herself.

"Just how many girls do you say read *The Youth's Companion*?" she asked.

"At least three hundred thousand," I told her. She paused, and I knew she was thinking of you all and the rooms which you wish to make lovely and livable and expressive of you. Then she began: "I think the first thing any girl who has decided to redecorate her room should do is to go into it alone and dream. Imagine for yourself how it would look if you should carry out this plan, and that one, and the other. Think of it as a bedroom, and also as giving the effect of a gay little sitting-room. Think of it papered with wall paper of some cheerful design. Then think of the walls painted in a plain color, with brightly patterned cretonne hangings and pillows. Think of it in a variety of colors. I say colors, because some of the most interesting rooms I have ever seen have combined three colors in their color schemes. The day of having everything to match is fortunately passing."

"Give curtains careful thought. Do you prefer sheer material, organdie or voile, through which the light streams in brightness? Or do you perhaps like bleached muslin, bound in one of the colors you wish to accentuate? What furniture do you see in your room? I wish I might be with every one of you as you sit in your room and dream!

Budgets and Lists

"But after the dreaming, the awakening! How much money is there to spend? By this time you will have a pretty good idea of just what you most wish to do. I suggest that you take pencil and paper and start to decide what actually can be done. Your budget just can't be stretched to include everything you would like

to have. There are few budgets quite so generous as that. But a limited purse may make the planning all the more exciting."

"So make out a list of everything you wish to do in your room—walls, floors, furniture, hangings, everything. Put down just what each will cost. Then rearrange your list in order of importance. What do you wish most to do? What next? And so on."

"For myself, if I had a room which needed just about everything new, I would put the walls and floor at the top of my list. Walls and floor form the background of a room, and should be considered before anything else. Just as with embroidery you must know whether it is to be worked on silk or velvet or canvas or wool, so with your room you must have the right background. William Morris, the great English artist and furniture designer, said, 'Whatever you do, look first to your walls.' A year is not such a long time to wait. If you get the background of your room as you wish it, this season, the new furniture can come later, after more planning."

"The walls, then. Shall they be papered or painted? And what color? These are the questions which only you can answer. A few practical considerations occur to me. If your walls have never been painted before, you may find paint more expensive than paper. On the other hand, painted walls can be washed later, while soiled wall paper must be replaced."

What Kind of Wall Paper?

"If wall paper, what design? Get plenty of samples and try them out in your room. A year or so ago I wrote a book called 'The Young Decorators.' In this book a family of boys and girls planned their own rooms. Each member of the family was given a budget with which to decorate and furnish his or her room. I imagine Jean's room as she planned it will interest the G. Y. C. Jean was very fond of flowers and said she wished to have her room look like a flower garden. So she decided to have flowered wall paper. From floral designs she selected three samples as the most attractive. One was covered with very large flowers, another had little moss rosebuds scattered over it, and a third was designed like a green lattice with morning glories climbing up to the top."

"Jean finally chose the moss rosebud pattern, and for these reasons. Her room, while not small, was not huge. As she thought it over, she realized that the paper with the large flowers would make the room look quite small. She wished to have growing flowers on a stand in front of her window, and she could see that the flowers in the wall paper would quite overshadow the growing flowers. And any pictures against the large designs simply would not show at all. So Jean discarded not only the large-flowered paper but the one with the morning-glories as well. And when the moss rosebud

paper was up it was fresh and dainty and gay and clean-looking and gave just the background she wished."

"Think of your ceiling and your woodwork as well as your floor in connection with your walls. If you use wall paper, plan to have the ceiling tinted to match one of the lighter tones in the paper, with the woodwork a somewhat darker tone. If your walls are painted, the ceiling may be a lighter tone of the same color, with the woodwork an in-between tone which will make the wall gradually shade into the ceiling. Your painter will experiment with you on these tones, and you will find the completed color picture far more charming than a plain white ceiling, which often spoils the color-harmony of a room."

Keep the Floors Dark

"Floors should be darker than the ceiling or walls. I often think of a room as reproducing indoors what we see in nature everywhere outside. The floor is like the grass under our feet, darker than the sky and giving us the feeling that it is substantial. The walls are the flowers and the trees. Up above us is the sky, which in our room is the ceiling. And so even the color of our floors becomes a fascinating one. I know one girl who had her room papered in old-fashioned paper with an all-over design of tiny red flowers. She decided upon a warm gray for the floor. She and the painter had great fun trying out samples of the paint and getting in plenty of chrome yellow, which the painter said would take the coldness away from the gray. Her furniture was of old curly maple, and when it was placed in her room, and the sun shone through the window on the floor, it was as though there were a faint echo of the color of her bureau and bed and chairs in the floor. Her bright hooked rugs with their reds and blues and yellows and greens were delightful against this gray background. And the old-blue voile curtains which she made, picoté in red, were lovely at the windows."

Nancy McClelland paused, once more lost in thought.

"Miss McClelland," I said, "may I come again and talk with you about furniture and other things for a girl's room?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I will be only too glad to give the G. Y. C. Members any suggestions that I can."

Which is why we shall soon have more of Nancy McClelland's ideas for you here; the first time, I think, she has ever contributed to a department for girls and their families.

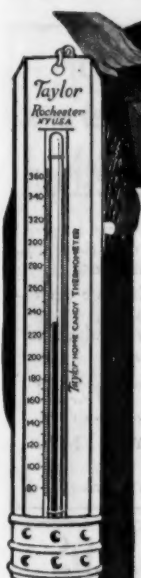
NOTE: Miss McClelland's book, "The Young Decorators," can be bought at all bookstores for \$2.50, or Haezel Grey will send it to you, if you wish, on receipt of price.



ABOUT NANCY McCLELLAND

NANCY McCLELLAND was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and was graduated from Vassar. Some verses that she wrote attracted the attention of John Wanamaker, and as a result she joined the advertising department of the John Wanamaker store in Philadelphia. Later she was sent to Paris as a representative of Wanamaker's, and there she had a chance to extend her study of decorating and antiques. During the war she bought the entire contents of an Italian palace, superintended the packing, wrote a catalogue in both English and Italian, and advertising copy as well, brought her purchases over on a steamer that was chased by submarines, reconstructed the palace room by room at Wanamaker's and for the opening drew a crowd of millionaires who snatched at costly objects for all the world like women at a ninety-eight-cent bargain sale.

In 1922 Miss McClelland went into business for herself as a decorator. Her first shop was small. The present one is more than twice as large. Two of the books she has written, "Practical Book of Wall Treatments" and "Historic Wall Papers," are used as textbooks wherever decorating is taught. "The Young Decorators" was inspired by Miss McClelland's nieces and nephews, who, with her, are the characters represented as building a model house.



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THE G.Y.C.



Miss Bradley in her Kitchen

"I'll Trade You a Recipe"

Says ALICE BRADLEY, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

THIS month I am giving you some delicious recipes which our G. Y. C. Members have sent us from other countries. It is always interesting to note the popularity of rice, tomatoes and cheese in dishes originating in different parts of the world. I hope you all know how to cook rice, with each kernel soft to its very center yet completely separated from all its neighbors. It is very easy to overcook rice. Be sure the water is really boiling before the rice is added. When cooking it directly over the flame, use a sufficient quantity of water to allow the rice to move about vigorously during the entire time.

MEXICAN STEW

From Doris McKay, Rush City, Minn.

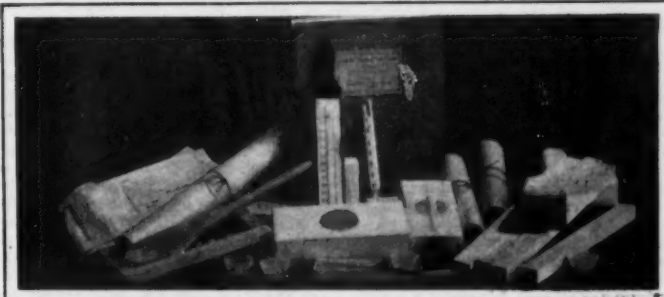
3 long strips bacon 3 medium-sized onions
6 tablespoons rice 1 teaspoon salt
1 large can tomatoes Sprinkling of paprika

Cut bacon in half-inch pieces and fry until delicately brown in three- or four-quart saucepan or kettle. While it is frying, wash rice, open tomatoes, and cut onions fine. When bacon is crisp add rice. Stir constantly until rice is golden brown, then add onions. Cook five minutes and add tomatoes and seasonings. Cook slowly forty-five minutes. This recipe serves six to eight people.

TAMALE LOAF

From Kathryn L. Harrod, San Fernando, Calif.

1 can corn (1 lb. 4 oz. can) 1 can tomatoes (1 lb. 4 oz. can)



This candy-making equipment is the first prize in our contest

THERE IS STILL TIME TO ENTER OUR BIG CANDY-RECIPE CONTEST

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whether or not she is a Member of the G. Y. C. 2. Each girl may enter from one to three of her favorite recipes. 3. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. 4. Put your name, age and address at the top of each sheet. 5. Mail your recipes by March 15, 1929, to Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. The judges of this contest will be the members of the G. Y. C. Cooking Department.

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THE G.Y.C.



Silks from the Corbelli Silk Company

Spring Is in These Lovely Silks

By Elizabeth Lee

I WANT to introduce you to the spring silks.

But don't plan to spend merely a minute or two getting acquainted with them. They are much too lovely for a casual visit—crêpe de Chine, printed satin crêpes, flowered georgettes; anything you want, all bright and light as the spring itself. Plenty of flowers, plenty of stripes, and bewilderingly enchanting variations! Here are silks printed in two patterns, one for a dress, one for a coat. Here are stripes combined with plain colors for your blouse and your skirt. Here is crêpe de Chine for a dress, with printed georgette of the same design for a coat.

I am giving you here just a glimpse of them. At the top of the panel is a printed crêpe de Chine, white background with flowers of orange and yellow and blue. Just below is one of powder-blue background, with dots of yellow and red and black. This material has a double border, just the thing for many of the spring models. These bordered materials are extremely effective and appear in many designs. Next, the stripes of bright red and black on a white background, with the polka dots of red. There is any variety of stripes and dots this season. Next in order is another red and black and white all-over design, and last is one of green and blue and tan and yellow.

Our dresses this month are made from these same printed silks, with some of the most interesting of the new touches in the latest dress designs.

The girl to the right is wearing a striking frock with the new bolero silhouette. The lines of the skirt match the lines of the blouse, and the dress may be entirely of printed silk, or combined with plain silk, as you see here. You will be quite fascinated with the tunic, I think. You may wear it as here or reversed and tied in the back, for the tunic is made separately from the rest of the skirt, apron style. This idea is from France, originated there by the famous designer, Patou. You will find it in Butterick pattern No. 2428, price fifty cents.



This blouse is charming in plain silk or in printed silk of petite design

like a booklet containing actual samples of some of the loveliest and most popular of the spring silks, I shall be delighted to send you one, together with another booklet of spring fashion suggestions. Just drop me a line here at 8 Arlington Street, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I will mail them to you.

Since the variety of silks and other fabrics is so wide, I think one of the best things you can do this spring is to take plenty of time for your selection. If you enjoy working out individual little touches in your dresses, be sure to look for the bordered designs and two-patterned silks. With ingenuity in your use of them, you will be able to achieve very original effects. And if you are interested in the general field of dress design and are thinking of entering it as your profession, such experimenting is one more bit of useful experience leading toward it.

Thank you for your contest letters. And remember that, if you cannot obtain the patterns in your own pattern store, you may order them directly from the Butterick Company, 223 Spring Street, New York City.

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Take your rightful place with the buyers of the world. Realize your importance. Read *The Companion* advertisements through thoroughly every month. When an advertiser offers you something that interests you, accept his offer of more information by filling out the coupon he adds for your convenience, or by writing him.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

THE G.Y.C.



Genevieve Green,
Winchester, Ky.



Helen Hahn,
Akron, O.



Violet Burkepile,
Vesper, Kan.



Betty Walpole,
East Lansing, Mich.

Awarding Our Highest G. Y. C. Honor

I HAVE the honor to announce this month the election of two new Contributing Members of the G. Y. C., Genevieve Green of Winchester, Ky., and Helen Hahn of Akron, Ohio. Both Genevieve and Helen, as Active Members of the G. Y. C., have kept their diaries of achievement for one year, and because of the excellence of their work have won this highest award and greatest honor in our club. The G. Y. C. Scroll has been sent them, and the silver bowl, given to every girl who earns Contributing

kept. It may be kept by dates or by achievements, but all descriptions given of what you do must be in sufficient detail so that we may know the extent of your skill. We regret that in the past we have not been able to accept certain diaries because they were not sufficiently complete. Our best wishes to you, then, for your diaries, Active Members. Remember that Contributing Membership is awarded at any time during the entire year.

The girls on our Honor Roll this month have



Dorothy Reimer,
Kellogg, Iowa



Janice Warner,
Charlestown, N. H.



Letha Bly
Big Timber, Mont.



Helen Arnold,
Downer's Grove, Ill.

Membership, has been inscribed and given to each of them as her own.

The National Executive Committee of the G. Y. C. writes as follows: "We are proud to add to our list of Contributing Members Genevieve Green and Helen Hahn. Both, by their continuous interest in G. Y. C. achievements and by their high standards in those achievements, have conclusively proved themselves worthy of this award. Not only are their diaries of very real excellence; they have shown that theirs is the true spirit of the G. Y. C., the desire to make the most of their opportunities. Both Genevieve and Helen are continuing with their education in college. May the year 1929 bring to the G. Y. C. other Contributing Members like them!"

Many of you have asked about Contributing Membership. Contributing Membership is open to all Active Members of the G. Y. C. who keep a diary of achievement for one year. Any project in which you are interested and which you do well is a G. Y. C. achievement. At the end of six months your diary should be sent to me here at 8 Arlington Street in order that the National Executive Committee may pass upon it. At this time the committee gives suggestions for your work during the next six months and tells you how to improve your written record of it.

Our standards for our G. Y. C. awards are of the highest. No diary which is not truly worthy can be accepted. There is no set form which you are to follow. Genevieve Green, for example, kept hers on loose-leaf paper, unlined, making her own cover from somewhat heavier paper, with a design of spatterwork, fern leaves and flowers artistically arranged. Helen's is also on loose leaves, with a beautiful cover of green tooled leather. Both are very complete. Genevieve's, for example, is divided into the following divisions: Books and Writings, Handicraft, Cooking, and Miscellaneous. In the front of the diary is an index of the sixty-five achievements which are described in the book. In describing each achievement Genevieve has gone into thorough detail, thus enabling the National Executive Committee to pass upon her achievements with real knowledge of them.

The committee has this suggestion for those of you who wish to submit diaries: "The G. Y. C. diary which is judged worthy of Contributing Membership is carefully and fully

all had successful gardens, flower gardens and vegetable gardens of every kind and variety. Dorothy Reimer's is perhaps the most unusual, being a rock garden which she herself planned and carried out. And Helen Arnold and Janice Warner are not only gardeners; they belong with our Members who earn money of their own. Last summer Helen earned money raising and selling vegetables, while Janice found profit in raising and selling strawberries.

This month's most unusual achievement honor goes to Lois Bailey of Norfolk, Neb., who has a shop in which she sells doll clothes. Lois keeps careful accounts of all costs and says her best-selling feature is her baby-doll outfit.

Hazel Grey

National Executive Secretary of the G. Y. C.

The G. Y. C. is Your Own Club

THE G. Y. C. is for every girl between the ages of ten and twenty-one who is interested in making the most of her opportunities. There are no dues or obligations. Even though you already belong to a girls' organization, you are eligible for the G. Y. C. recognizes all worthwhile achievements everywhere. Just send this coupon to Hazel Grey, and she will write you all about it.

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Boston, Mass.

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3-29



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Pert flew off like an arrow from a bow

THE CHILDREN'S

Pert Falls Out of Bed

By Mary Booth Beverley

Illustrated by C. E. B. Bernard



It was the frog, coming as fast as he could

It was a very dark, warm night down there in Florida. There was not a breath of air stirring; not the faintest breeze to sway the little blue houses in which the periwigs were sleeping. The houses swayed, indeed, but it was from the restless tossing about of their little owners.

"I will not stay in this hot place a minute longer," growled Pert aloud, sighing deeply, although he knew that the periwigs were not allowed to talk at night except in the very lowest whispers for fear of awakening the birds. "If it weren't so dark, I'd go straight to Weeping Willow Pond."

"Be quiet, Pert, and stay where you are!" ordered the captain in an angry whisper. And then he, too, sighed and tossed his arms above his head, almost upsetting Weaver, who was at work upon the captain's wig. Weaver, the spider valet, didn't mind heat or darkness. He could spin equally as well in the blackest night as in the most brilliant moonlight.

Pert sat up in bed.

"What's the harm in going to the pond

when I am dying of thirst, Captain? I really do think I am dying, sir," whispered the rebellious periwig, drawing his foot up angrily. And with that a petal of the periwinkle tilted slightly, and down rolled Pert!

It never hurts a periwig to fall, but the night was so dark that Pert felt bewildered and a little dizzy after his tumble. It seemed to him that he must have stopped rolling, and yet he was going right on! He put out a hand and felt a smooth solid object like a pebble. Yes, he was seated upon it, and yet, by the rush of air upon his face and a strange sensation of falling, he became convinced that he must still be rolling.

"Captain, Captain!" he called wildly. "I have fallen out of bed, and I can't stop rolling for the life of me!" But the captain was asleep.

Just before daylight a little shower fell on the hot earth. When morning came to the stone wall the little periwigs awoke refreshed. They ate their breakfast and forgot the dark night. But when the roll

was called they found that one of their number was missing.

Pert!

Where could he be? The captain suddenly remembered that Pert had spoken aloud in the night, asking to be allowed to go to Weeping Willow Pond.

"I know where he is," The captain looked very grave as he spoke. "Go to the pond. There you will find the periwig who disobeyed me and also broke one of our rules—

"Never speak aloud at night
Lest all young things awake in fright.
Whisper, whisper, like a breeze
Stirring softly in the trees."

"And when you find him," continued the captain, "put him in the guardhouse at once."

They did not find Pert at the pond. No periwig footstep had been made there since the shower. Then they went all the way around the pond and back to the point from which they had started. No Pert. Then they looked inquiringly at the captain, who wore a worried frown. The captain looked anxiously over the water. And he stood so long without saying a word that everyone else got tired and sat down.

"I wonder where the frog is?" said the captain at last.

"Right here, Captain." It was the frog,

coming as fast as he could, and a little breathless when he got there.

"I was looking for you," he croaked.

"A little way back near the old pine-tree where Mrs. Crow has a nest I heard a cry of distress—some creature is in trouble."

"Trouble!" All the periwigs jumped to their feet.

"I don't know, Captain, whether it is someone who is lost, or what," replied the frog, "but whoever he is he is in trouble."

"Periwigs," began the captain, when he was interrupted by the second lieutenant.

"I beg pardon, Captain, but had we not better ask Mr. Frog if he has seen Pert?"

"We will have to leave Pert to his fate for a while. He may be in trouble and he may not. But we do know that someone else is. So it is our duty to find the one whom we know to be in trouble. Lieutenant Periwig, do you not think so?"



Creamer the Dreamer

The Adventure of the Skye-Scraper

It may have been the Washington Pie which Creamer ate at his mother's party on Washington's Birthday. Washington Pie is a wonderful dessert. But it does make you dream, if you eat too much of it. Creamer ate a big slice. Then he took another big slice; and then he found some crumbs on the dish.

Then he went to bed, and as soon as his head touched the pillow he started to dream about his friend the Djinn.

And just as soon as Creamer said the Magic Word, ABRACADABRA, the Djinn appeared with the mechanical horse, Johnson (whose picture is on page 57 of the Youth's Companion for January). Creamer's room had beneath it an ell of the house. Its roof came just below the window, and the mechanical horse was standing on this with his forefeet on the window sill. Apparently he thought the tassel on the window curtain was something to eat; at any rate, the Djinn had great difficulty in restraining him from chewing it up.

"Well," said Creamer, "how did you get him here so quickly? The last time we had all kinds of trouble."

"The weather is warmer," replied the Djinn. "The warmer the weather the more quickly I can get him. I don't know why, but he is a little like molasses. You know how slow molasses is to travel when it's cold."

"Yes, indeed," said Creamer, "and if warmer weather speeds him up we can cover a lot more ground! Wait till I find my night-cap."

"Never mind your night-cap," said the Djinn. "But put on a sweater. These March nights are kind of cool."

So Creamer put on his new, striped Princeton sweater and in a jiffy he flew on the horse's back across America, and the Atlantic Ocean, and Ireland and England and Scotland and the Island of Skye. And there they came down on a cliff, and the Djinn took Johnson to the nearest garage to get some oil for his wing-bearings, which were squeaking.

So Creamer stood on the cliff, looking at the queer Tall Building you see in the picture at the left.

Well, Creamer found a lot of funny little men living in that Tall Building, and he said: "What's the name of this place, anyway?"

"It is the Island of Skye," they answered, "and that's why we build Skye-scrapers, of course!"

"Of course!" said Creamer. And just then the Djinn came back with Johnson, the mechanical horse; and in about five minutes Creamer was back home in bed again, waking up from the most peculiar and preposterous dream of his life!

PAGES

The lieutenant, having slept badly the night before, was nodding and had caught only a part of what the captain was saying. Now he jumped aside so suddenly that his foot shot out from under him and he sat right down where he was.

The frog grinned. "No use looking for trouble," he laughed. "The thing to do is to look for the one who is in trouble and help him out of it."

"Periwigs, look for the one who is in trouble," called the captain. Then they all hopped away, the frog in the lead.

When they reached the pine-tree they stopped for a moment's rest.

"Oh," came a muffled voice from near by. The corporal, much startled, hopped upon a piece of pine bark. The bark tilted, and from under it a large black beetle scurried away. Upon the back of the beetle the wondering periwigs beheld Pert seated and clinging to its sides with both hands.

"Take me off!" he was shouting. "Every time I try to get off he starts to move again."

So they started in pursuit with Mr. Frog in the lead. On they went, over dead leaves and through tall grasses. Pert, looking back, suddenly began to laugh. It wasn't so bad now that his friends were near him—for surely they could stop the beetle.

But could they stop him after all? The beetle was gaining rapidly. Pert stopped laughing and began to realize how numb his hands were and how tired he was. His head was swimming again. Then he found he couldn't look back any more, for the beetle was passing under the thick leaves of wild violets and low-spreading dandelions. He had to hold on with all his might and duck his head constantly to avoid being knocked off violently.

Suddenly he saw the frog leap over him like a swift dark cloud and stop in the path of the beetle. The beetle checked his headlong flight so quickly that Pert flew off like an arrow from a bow and alighted upon the broad back of the frog. With that, Mr. Frog darted out his long red tongue and swallowed the beetle.

"Sorry to eat your runabout, Pert," laughed the frog, "but the captain prefers to have his men travel on foot."

When Pert explained to the captain that he had rolled out of bed and fallen on the beetle he was forgiven, and they all hopped merrily away to Weeping Willow Pond.



THE SCHEMERS

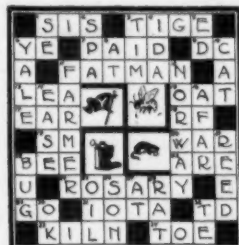
By Russell Gordon Carter

Johnny said to me, he said,
"I'm goin' to be an engineer;
I've got the cap an' overalls;
I'll get a train of cars next year."

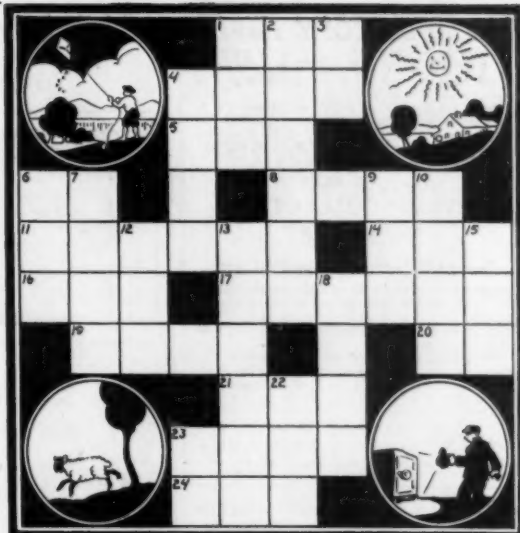
So maybe, if we're nice to him
And always sort of take his side,
He'll stop his train when on a trip
And give us each a good long ride.

THE CHILDREN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| Across | 14. Kind of meat | Down |
| 1. A country in Australia (abbreviation) | 16. Another name for Yale | 1. What frosts do |
| 4. Picture (upper left) | 17. Ogre's wife | 2. Powerful |
| 5. A month (abbreviation) | 19. Picture (lower left) | 3. Pronoun |
| 6. Preposition | 20. Place of instruction (abbreviation) | 4. Girl's name |
| 8. What horses like | 21. Youth | 6. Consumed |
| 11. Inn | 23. Vegetables | 7. High |
| | 24. Annoy | 9. Adjective |
| | | 10. A ribbon that ties at the waist |
| | | 12. By way of |
| | | 13. Picture (lower right) |
| | | 15. Papers written for publication (abbreviation) |
| | | 18. Picture (upper right) |
| | | 22. A tree |
| | | 23. A United States possession (abbreviation) |



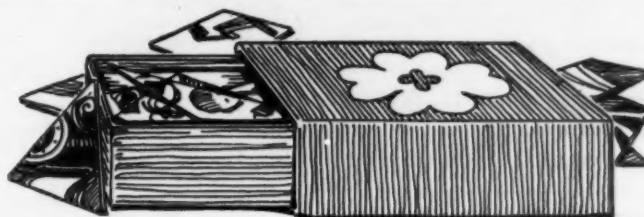
ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE ARE ON THE LEFT. ANSWERS FOR THIS MONTH'S WILL BE PRINTED IN APRIL.



Match-Box Treasures

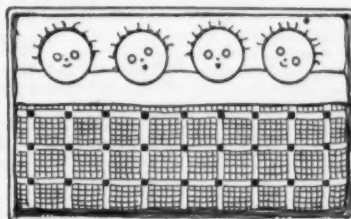
A pocket puzzle and button babies in bed—all in a match-box

By Rachel Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell



DID you ever think you could have a puzzle or put four button babies to bed all in a match-box? You need only three safety match-boxes to start with, and they are easy to find. And everything else is right in your house, if you will look for it. For the puzzle you will need some fancy paper, a small picture to paste on the top, and another picture to make your puzzle itself. Have your paste ready, your pencil, your ruler, your scissors, and there you are.

For the button babies you will need four small bone buttons, which are going to be the faces of the button babies, some white cotton cloth, some figured cotton cloth, your needle and white thread, some brown, red, yellow and black sewing silk, a little cotton batting, your paints and your paint brush.



Here are the button babies in bed. Aren't they cunning?

from paper of a contrasting color and paste on the top and the bottom of your cover. The box that you see above was covered with green paper, and the decoration was cut from bright orange. The one in the center was blue, with a red and yellow butterfly.

For the puzzle itself you need only the cover of the second box. Take this cover, cut the paper which holds the edges of the cover together and open it out flat. To the printed side paste a colored picture

into your decorated box and slip it all into your pocket ready for use at any time.

The Button Babies in Bed

The button babies in bed are such funny little things you will love them. The bed is the match-box, of course. Cut a piece of the white cotton cloth four inches by five inches. Put a little fluff of cotton batting on the cloth. Fold the edges over, making a pad which exactly fits into the bottom of the box. Fasten the cloth on the under side with a few stitches.

Use four very small bone buttons for the babies' heads. Lay them along the upper edge of the pad. Stitching with white thread through the under side of the pad, catch each button down with one stitch. Fasten the thread on the under side. Thread your needle with brown silk. Beginning beside what would be the left ear of the first baby, blanket-stitch around to the right ear. Your mother will show you what a blanket stitch is. Leave all these stitches quite loose. Fasten your thread on the under side of the pad. Around the next baby's head make yellow stitches. The third baby has red hair, and the fourth has black hair.

To make the coverlet for the bed, cut a piece of finely figured cotton cloth about three and a half inches long by two and a quarter inches. Make a narrow fold along the top edge of the coverlet. Tuck the fold under the babies' chins. Fold the cloth neatly over the sides and the bottom of the pad. Fasten it underneath with your needle and thread. Next mark noses and mouths on the button faces and paint the babies' cheeks rosy. Now place the pad in the bottom of the box. Aren't they cunning, all in a row?

And here is something else to do! Start now making a collection of empty safety match-boxes and bright paper and the other things needed for the match-box treasures. Then when the next rainy Saturday comes along give a Rainy Day Party. Tell your friends that you are all going to make match-box treasures at your house, so not to wear party clothes. Of course you will wish to have enough boxes and paper and all on hand. But you will if you start collecting now. And you will have great fun, I know.

If you would like to know how to make a doll's bedroom in a safety match-box and any number of other fascinating things, you will find complete directions in the "Make-It Book," by Rachel Taft Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell, soon to be published by Rand, McNally & Co.

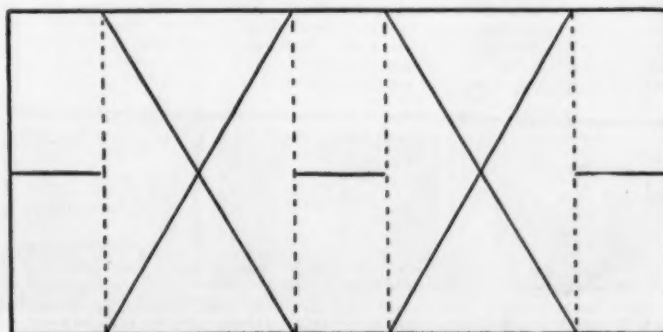
Your Own Surprise Puzzle

Suppose you make the pocket puzzle first. You will need two of your match-boxes for it, one to cut into the puzzle itself and the other in which to carry it around. It will be a good idea first to decorate the box which you are not going to cut up, since it will then be ready for the pieces of your puzzle.

Slip off the cover and cut a piece of paper just large enough to paste around the four sides. Figured paper looks very pretty for this, and if you have figured paper you may not wish to paste a picture on the top for decoration. If you use plain paper, you will surely wish a picture. Cut two very small pictures for your decoration or cut two flower or butterfly shapes

covering the whole surface. It may take you a little time to find just the right picture and one that fits nicely, but it will pay to get the one that suits you exactly.

Now on the plain side draw lines dividing your flat cover into pieces, as in your larger picture puzzles. If you look carefully at the diagram at the bottom of this page you will see how one boy divided his. With his scissors he cut along the lines which you see there and also on the folds, and his puzzle was divided into fourteen pieces, all of them small enough to go into his other safety match-box. You will probably find it much easier to make your puzzle fit if you will trace the divisions from this diagram and divide your flattened cover in the same way. After you have done the cutting, pack the pieces



Draw the lines on your match-box puzzle picture to look like this

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A new air-mail stamp from Persia; four values from Netherlands' new semi-postal charity set. The portraits are those of famous Dutch scientists

STAMP NEWS

Other Commemoratives

ONCE more Japan has issued stamps in honor of the coronation of a ruler. Hirohito, 123rd emperor of the Nippon land, ascended the throne in November at Kyoto, and the special adhesives are four in number—1½ sen, green, 3 sen, mauve, 6 sen, carmine, and 10 sen, blue, all on yellowish paper. The design on the 1½ and 6 is the phoenix, the Japanese "ho-o," standing on the roof of the imperial throne, with branches of the *tachibana*, or orange, tree at the left, and *sakura*, or cherry, blossoms, at the right. On the other two denominations is shown the Daijo-ku, the palace where the great harvest festival was held as part of the coronation ceremony, and below are rice plants specially grown for the festival.

As announced in the February Companion, France this year postally honors Jeanne d'Arc, the heroine credited with having saved Orleans when it was besieged by the British in 1429. A 50-centimes stamp bearing her portrait is to supersede temporarily the current adhesive of that value. It was on February 13, 1429, that Joan of Arc left Vaucouleurs in obedience to the mysterious voices she heard at her home village of Domremy. In May the siege of Orleans was raised, and in July Charles VII was crowned at Rheims.

For the third year in succession, Portugal has issued an "independence" series. The 300th anniversary of actual independence will not arrive until 1940, but in 1926 Portugal put forth an "independence" set, and another in 1927, with the announcement that a new one would appear annually thereafter until 1940, when the funds raised through the sale of this deluge of adhesives would be used to help finance the building of some monuments. The recent series inscribed 1928 has designs including the storming of Santarem and the battles of Rolica and Atoueiros. There are sixteen values, ranging from 2 centavos to 4.50 escudos, all of pictorial character, and they have been overprinted "Acores" for use in the Azores. Such stamps represent rank speculation, largely at the expense of philatelists the world over.

The commemoratives which Abyssinia issued to mark the opening of a general post office were mentioned in the January Companion. It transpires that several values of the series bearing a portrait of the new emperor, who was Prince Tafari Makonnen, were surcharged with cross and crown and the title "Negous Teferi," thus providing coronation memorial adhesives.

Charity

HOLLAND'S Christmas-time semi-postal issue, on sale during the month ending on January 9, carries portraits of noted scientists who were men of Netherlands. The 1½ cents, purple, honors Jean Pierre Minckelers, 1748-1824, a chemistry and physics professor who aided in developing gas distilled from coal as an illuminating agent. The 5 cents, green, brings us Hermann Boerhaave, 1668-1738, physician, professor of medicine and botany, whose fame attracted patients from all parts of Europe. On the 7½ cents, red, is a likeness of Hendrick Antoon Lorentz, 1853-1928, professor of mathematical physics, who shared the 1902

Nobel prize for physics. The 12½ cents, blue, shows Christian Huygens, 1629-1695, mathematician, physicist and astronomer, who was the first to apply the pendulum to clocks and to use the device to determine the acceleration of gravity, who was the first to construct a powerful telescope, and who in 1655 discovered the ring of Saturn. These are "for the children" adhesives, part of the revenue received being devoted to charity.

Belgium issued a Yuletide set to raise funds to combat tuberculosis. These stamps were on sale until January 15, and notable among the designs is the University of Louvain, on the 5 francs plus 5 francs, purple, the reproduction having been selected as a tribute in gratitude to the United States, through the generosity of whose people the Louvain library was restored after having been reduced to ruins during the World War.

The other values, colors and designs are 5 centimes plus 5 centimes, red, St. Waudru Cathedral, Mons; 25 plus 15 centimes, sepia, Notre Dame Cathedral, Tournai; 35 plus 10 centimes, green, St. Rombaut Cathedral, Malines; 60 plus 15 centimes, brown, St. Bayon Cathedral, Ghent; 1 franc 75 centimes plus 25 centimes, blue, St. Gudule Cathedral, Brussels.

Luxemburg, too, put forth a holiday charity set, the uniform design being a picture of the baby princess, Marie Adelaide. The values are 10 plus 5 centimes, 60 plus 10 centimes; 75 plus 15 centimes, 1 franc plus 25 centimes, and 1.50 francs plus 50 centimes.

Air Posts

THE Dutch East Indies air-mail provisionals—current denominations overprinted "Luchtpost" and an airplane device, as illustrated in the January Companion—have been retired, and in their place has been issued a definitive set with a uniform design showing three monoplane flying above a Menanka house, flanked by a Bali temple door against a background of mountain. Values and colors are 10 cents, purple, 20 cents, brown, 40 cents, carmine, 75 cents, green, and 150 cents, orange.

Panama has issued its first air-mail stamp—a provisional created by surcharging a 2 cents, green, issued in 1921, with an inscription significant of the opening of "flying machine" postal service.

A Persian set with the familiar lion as the central design has been overprinted with an airplane device and the inscription "Poste aerienne," thus producing further air-mail stamps from this country.

A New U. S. Envelope

THE United States air-mail stamped envelope was placed on sale in Washington on January 12, and subsequently at post-offices elsewhere. This postal newcomer, five cents in value, has as its design in the upper right-hand corner a circular embossed impression showing a monoplane outlined in white and printed in blue ink, with the inscription "U. S. Postage—Via Air-Mail" encircling the border. A large numeral 5c appears in a field of blue directly beneath the plane. The envelope itself has a border of red, white and blue parallelograms.

Postmaster-General Harry S. New estimated that about a hundred thousand of these envelopes would be issued during 1929.



Dutch East Indies issues a new air-mail stamp; the portrait of Jean Henri Dunant, founder of the International Red Cross, appears on a recent Swiss charity stamp; one of the set issued by Japan to commemorate the enthronement of Hirohito as 123rd emperor. The design shows the Dai-ko palace

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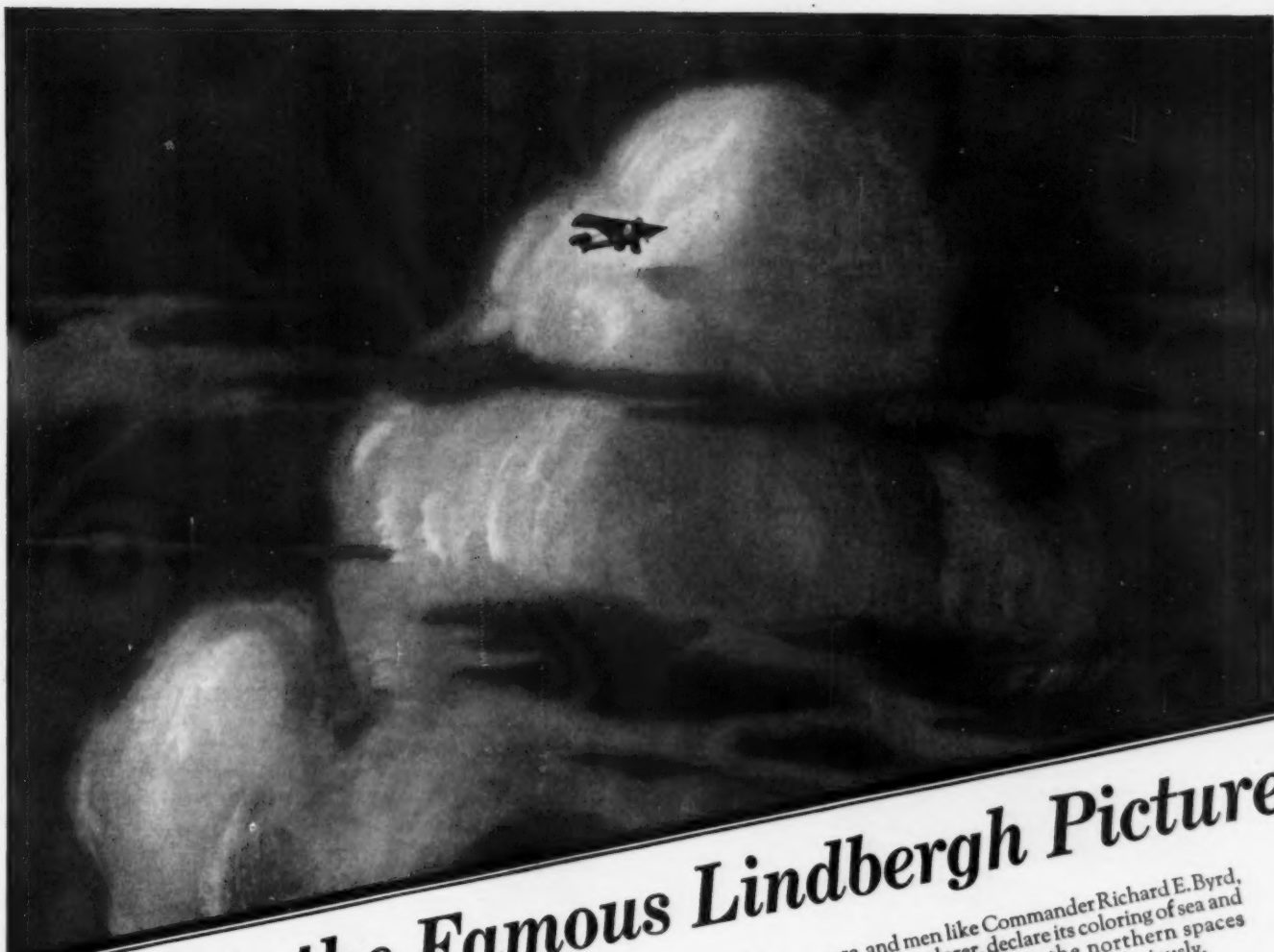
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This glorious painting shows the Spirit of St. Louis in lonely flight across the waters of the north Atlantic. No deed of modern times has so stirred the imagination, so thrilled the hearts of mankind, as this adventure of splendid American youth. In this picture—partly shown, reduced in size, on this page—the artist has caught the spirit of high adventure and the majesty of sky and sea conquered by the intrepid flier and his plane.

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To Hang in the Capitol

The YOUTH'S COMPANION has secured the exclusive publishing rights to this splendid picture, the beauty and historical value of which is indicated by the acceptance by Congress of the original painting to hang in the Capitol of the nation at Washington. In order that every home may share in the inspiration of “WE,” one of these art prints, together with a reprint of Nancy Bird Turner's poem, “Ballad of ‘Lucky’ Lindbergh,” will be sent each subscriber to THE COMPANION whose subscription is sent us while this offer is in force.

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Now John goes to parties – more clothes for the wash!



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Here, remembering the gaily-colored frocks we had seen on the line, we suggested, "And you have a little girl, too?"

"Indeed I have," she laughed, "and Peggy's clothes are the ones that really need a good soap like P AND G. That child is up trees and down banisters all the time. Dirty? I have to change her from the skin out—every day.

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*Not her real name of course.



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